

School of Theology at Claremont

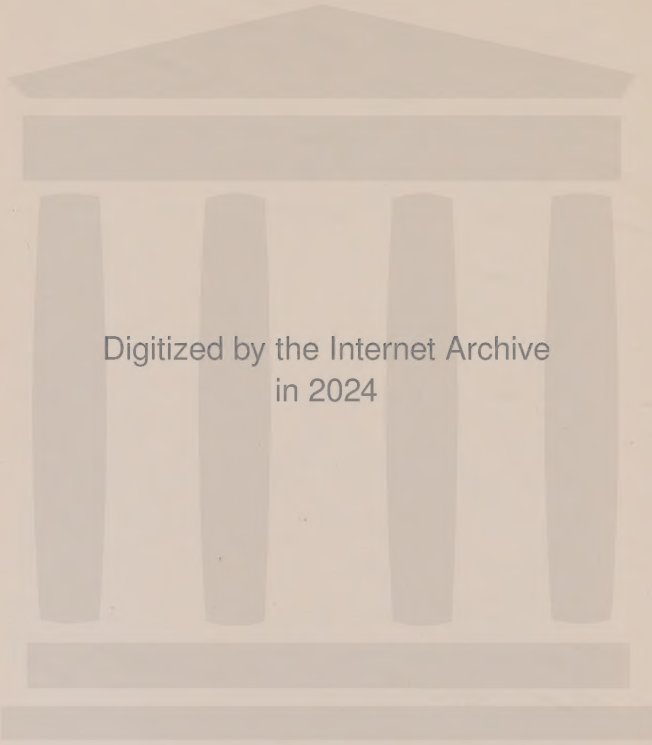


1001 1418725



The Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

CHICAGO

AND HER

CHURCHES.

F
549.62
P55

BY

GEORGE S. PHILLIPS,

(JANUARY SEARLE,)

AUTHOR OF "THE GIPSIES OF THE DANE'S DYKE," "ESSAYS AND AN
ELUCIDATION OF THE BHAGVAT GEETA," "MEMOIRS OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH," ETC., ETC.

CHICAGO:

E. B. MYERS AND CHANDLER,

87, WASHINGTON STREET.

1868.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

GEORGE S. PHILLIPS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern
District of Illinois.

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.



Table of Contents.



CHICAGO AND HER CHURCHES.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. The Jesuit Missionaries	9
II. The Massacre at Chicago and Fort Dearborn	29
III. Early History of Wolf's Point	52
Additional History Items	107
IV. Early Religious History	115
V. Young Men's Christian Association	129

PORTRAITS OF THE OFFICIATING CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Ryder	145
Rev. J. R. Hibbard	170
Rev. Robert W. Patterson, D.D.	189
Rev. Otis Henry Tiffany, D.D.	198
Rev. Dr. Cummins	218
Right Rev. James Duggan	242
Rev. Robert Collyer	271
Rev. Robert M. Hatfield	288
Bishop Whitehouse	303
Rev. D. C. Marquis	323
Rev. Professor Swing	333
Hebrew History and Religion	343
Rev. William W. Patton, D.D.	363
Rev. William W. Everts, D.D.	380
Rev. Dr. I. A. Smith	403

A6644

	PAGE
Origin and Growth of the First Unitarian Society	412
Rev. Robert Laird Collier	417
Rev. Dr. Gulliver	425
History of Evangelical Association	440
The North-Star Mission	449
Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance	454
Rev. Charles Henry Fowler	464
Rev. H. N. Bishop, D.D.	473
Rev. Clinton Locke	477
Rev. Z. M. Humphrey	483
Rev. Joseph W. Healy	505
Rev. Nelson Millard	511
Rev. Charles Edward Cheney	519
Rev. Mr. Keeling	525
Rev. H. W. Beers	529
Rev. L. E. Matson	530
Rev. James T. Matthews	532
Right Rev. Dr. A. Damen, S. J.	534
Chicago Liberal Christian Union	539
American Reformed Church	549
Condensed History of the North-Star Mission	553

APPENDIX.

BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Second Baptist Church	554
Wabash-Avenue Baptist Church	554
Union Park Baptist Church	554
Fifth Baptist Church	554
North Baptist Church	554
Olivet Baptist Church	555
Providence Baptist Church	555
First German Baptist Church	555
Second German Baptist Church	555
First Danish Baptist Church	555
First Swedish Baptist Church	555
Shields Mission Sabbath School	555
North-Star Mission	555
Rolling-Mill Mission	555

CONTENTS.

5

	PAGE
Union-Band Mission	556
Union Stock-Yards Mission	556
Providence Mission	556
North-Avenue Mission	556
American Baptist Mission Union	556
American Baptist Publication Society	556
University of Chicago	556
Chicago Baptist Union	556
Young Men's Baptist Union	556
Mariners' Bethel	557

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

First Church	557
Second Church	557

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

New-England Church	557
Salem Church	557
South Church	557
Tabernacle Church	557
Union-Park Church	557

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

Church of the Holy Communion	558
St. Ansgarius	558
St. Mark's Church	558
St. Stephen's Church	558
The Church Guild	558

EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

First Evangelical Gemeinschaft	558
Second Evangelical Gemeinschaft	558
Third Evangelical Gemeinschaft	558

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

First German Evangelical Lutheran, St. Paul's Church .	559
Second German Evangelical Lutheran, Immanuel's Church	559

	PAGE
Third Evangelical Lutheran, St. Paul's Church	559
Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church	559

UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

First German United Evangelical Lutheran, St. Paul's Church	559
Second German United Evangelical Lutheran, Zion Church	559
Third German United Evangelical Lutheran, Salem Church	559
Fourth German United Evangelical Lutheran, St. Peter's Church	559
First Mission Building Church of God	560

INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

Illinois-Street Mission Church	560
--	-----

JEWISH CONGREGATIONS.

Sinai Congregation	560
Kehilath Anshe Maarib	560
Kehilath Benay Sholom	560

METHODIST CHURCHES.

Bridgeport Methodist Episcopal Church	561
Desplaines-Street Methodist Episcopal Church	561
First Methodist Episcopal Church	561
First Scandinavian Methodist Church	561
Free Methodist Church	561
Park-Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church	561
West Indiana-Street Methodist Episcopal Church	561
Wesley Chapel	561

GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church	562
First German Methodist Episcopal Church	562
Maxwell-Street German Methodist Episcopal Church	562
North-western German Conference	562
Quinn's Chapel, African Methodist Episcopal Church	562
Van Buren German Methodist Episcopal Church	562

NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

PAGE

First Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church	562
Our Saviour Church	562
Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church	563
The Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Unchanged Augsburg Confession	563

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, NEW SCHOOL.

Calvary Presbyterian Church	563
First Hyde-Park Church	563
Ninth Presbyterian Church	563
Olivet Church	593
Third Presbyterian Church	563
Welsh Church	563
Westminster Presbyterian Church	563

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, OLD SCHOOL.

Central Presbyterian Church	564
First Scotch Presbyterian Church	564
Fullerton-Avenue Church	564
Jefferson-Park Presbyterian Church	564
Reformed Presbyterian Church	564
Seventh Presbyterian Church	564
South Presbyterian Church	564

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, UNITED.

First United Presbyterian Church	564
Second United Presbyterian Church	564
Third United Presbyterian Church	565

REFORMED DUTCH CHURCHES.

First Dutch Reformed Protestant Church	565
Second Dutch Reformed Protestant Church	565

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Cathedral of the Holy Name	565
Church of the Immaculate Conception	566
Notre Dame de Chicago	566
St. Bridget's Church	566

	PAGE
St. Boniface's Church	566
St. Columbkille Church	566
St. Francis of Assissium	566
St. John's Church	566
St. James' Church	566
St. Joseph's Church	566
St. Louis Church	566
St. Mary's Church	566
St. Michael's Church	566
St. Patrick's Church	567
St. Peter's Church	567
St. Wenzeslaus Church	587

SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH.

Temple of the New Jerusalem	567
---------------------------------------	-----

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST CHURCH.

First Church	567
------------------------	-----

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Second Universalist Church of the Redeemer	568
--	-----





CHICAGO AND HER CHURCHES.



CHAPTER I.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

THE French were the first people in Europe who gained a knowledge of the great lakes; and this they achieved by their possession of the vast territories round about the river St. Lawrence, which is the outlet of the lake waters. The old dream of Columbus, that America might possibly furnish, in some unknown way, a shorter route to the East Indies, seized the French mind also, and haunted it with the idea, which came of vague rumors through intercourse with the natives, that a navigable water-course over the continent would one day be found, which would shorten the way to China and Japan, and thus give them a monopoly of trade and commerce with those vast and widely sundered regions.

Religion and trade were among the chief motive-powers of the French in their enterprises of western discovery and settlement. Already the Atlantic coast, from the old Bay State to the Gulf of Mexico, was beginning to mark the eastern boundaries of a new and mighty empire attached to the crown of Great

Britain. Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, and an enthusiastic Cambridge scholar, — a Trinity man, — was preaching his first sermons to the Narragansetts, a few miles from Boston; and the colonists had established themselves with great bravery, both moral and physical, at many points of that eastern territory from Plymouth Rock to incipient Athens, — now Queen of the Continent, and then the little centre of the new civilization. Spain also, in the arrogance of her martial renown, and the pomp and pride of her historic position as a nation, had caught the fever of the times; and, having seated herself in Mexico and the West Indies, was struggling to reap the further fruit of the discovery which was made by her own daring navigators, by taking military possession of Florida and the Gulf, and establishing her settlements amongst the strange people, and the vast, unknown, and mysterious ruins of Central America. And, whilst these proceedings were taking place with the design of inaugurating upon this continent an extension of the old European monarchies, France was marching westward, through her Jesuit missionaries and traders, with the same object in view, but more individual and selfish; for she was animated by the still further design of check-mating the British advancement, and of finally absorbing her possessions and settlements. Religion and trade, as we said, were the chief motive-powers which urged her to the settlement of the West: but these were also the means by which she hoped to accomplish a dominion which would extend from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and from thence to the Gulf; thus describing a circle round the entire possessions of the British, which she could narrow at

discretion or opportunity, and so crush "perfidious Albion" in its terrible anaconda embrace.

There can be no doubt, that this was the scheme of the hopeful French in the brilliant days of the "Grande Monarque," Louis the Fourteenth; and it must be confessed that few monarchs were ever served so well as the Jesuits served Louis in this respect. Their ostensible object to the sovereign was to extend his empire: to him they were politicians, patriots, and good subjects. But their real object was the sovereignty of the Society of Jesus as an ecclesiastical institution; and whatever would forward this, their supreme purpose and mission, they were both able and willing to advance to its ends. They knew that, by securing this political dominion for France, they also secured their own dominion as the foremost potentiality in the great hierarchy of Rome. This is the secret of their prodigious labors, their sleepless zeal, and the immense intellectuality of their scheme of proceedings. For it was this which called forth all these dormant powers, and set them to such swift and indomitable activities. When Marquette and his brave companion, Joliet, discovered the Mississippi, they took formal possession of the Great Father of Waters from source to mouth, and all the valley of the Mississippi. Nominally, and also by the law of nations, the French considered themselves the owners of this enormous tract of country. Therefore they designed to secure all the various Indians upon the soil as allies of France: and, to a large extent, they did so for well-nigh a century; establishing a long line of outposts, military, religious, and trading, from Quebec all through the northwest to the delta of the Mississippi. La Salle, who resided at Fort Frontenac,

and, though a Jesuit, was more worldly than Marquette and Joliet, and a man of adventure. subsequently undertook to explore the source of the Mississippi, which he did as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, which received their name from him ; and, to show the rapidity of the Jesuit settlement, it may be stated here, that in a short time after La Salle's expedition, — which was to aid in the completion of the chain of military occupation, as well as to discover the sources of the great river, — there were posts at Lake Erie, Detroit, Mackinaw, St. Joseph, Chicago, St. Louis, Rock Fort, Crevecœur, below Peoria, Fort Chartres, Fort Massac on the Ohio, near that river's mouth, on the lower Mississippi, along the Illinois at Green Bay, Milwaukee, on the shore of Lake Superior, St. Marys, &c., &c., — in all thirty-five military settlements from Fort Frontenac to New Orleans.

The rapidity with which the French extended their settlements, compared with the slow movements of the British, is something quite startling, when we consider the great and almost insurmountable obstacles with which they had to contend. Whilst Eliot was preaching to his Massachusetts Indians, the Jesuit missionaries were christianizing the Ottawas and Chippewas at the Falls of Lake Superior. Thus we see that the two extremes of the early civilization of America were immensely influenced by two very opposite forms of the religious idea ; namely, that which the Puritans represented in the East, and that which the Jesuits represented in the West. Both had a great work to do, and did it. A mighty enthusiasm animated and sustained them in their battles with the elements, with the natives, and the physical dangers

and obstructions which beset their path. The Puritans and the Jesuits were alike terribly in earnest. The religion which they taught was the same in all the great essential features, although widely different in dogma and method, in ritual and in ceremony. The former were narrow and limited, both in their inlook and outlook ; but they were simple-minded, sincere, and full of piety and reverence, caring more for the souls than for the bodies of men, and too often, in excess of unenlightened zeal, punishing the latter to save the former : the Jesuits were full of wild energies and courage, pious also, and of indomitable resolution ; comprehensive in mind, learned, and skilled in the art of human dealing, which they had reduced to a science, and by which they effected, through the aid of a wondrous personal magic and charm of persuasion, so many conversions to the faith of the Romish Church. In all the history of human societies, whether public or private, there is nothing to match this paragon scheme of the Society of Jesus. It extends throughout the world ; it has a deep, magnetic hold upon millions of human hearts ; it carries the cross to the remotest regions of the earth ; it sits down with civilized and savage alike, adapting itself to persons and circumstances with the enchantment of a wizard power against which there is no earthly antidote ; it deals with falses, and the simulacra of all sacred things, ideas, services, rituals, and vestments ; and, as most men dwell in these falses, they become to them seminal and vital, and the very bread of life. It usurps the holy symbols, representations, and correspondences, and presents the falses of these for the real arcana, the genuine truths, lights, loves, charities, and uses of the gospel of Jesus Christ

the Lord ; it has made of heaven a great picture-book of semblances, — a sensual dream of worship, with censers and incense, and song and praise without end, — a surfeit of satiety, full of fabulous saints and heroes, and things gross and material. It has the cunning of the serpent and the ambition of Lucifer. It has blotted from the celestial world the Sun thereof : it has put a skeleton on the throne of the universe, and usurped the power of the Almighty ; holding in its hands the keys of all the worlds, supernal and infernal. It has been banned by its own chief and by the Christian powers. It has been dismembered and scattered, and, as an order, annihilated ! Yet it exists to-day in the fulness of its brightness, behind the clouds of the night, and will continue to exist until the clouds also are dispersed : for these are the palladium of its strength and sovereignty ; and, after that event transpires, it will vanish from the earth and the vision of men in long rolls of angry and sullen thunder, in fire and in smoke, like an evil enchantment.

But, apart from its religious significance and its assumption of the divine authority, it has had its secular and religious mission to perform, in the decrees and ordinations of the Divine Providence. It has carried, as we said, the good tidings to the furthestmost ends of the earth, though never so much mixed with evils and untruths ; and what wisdom and truth and light were in its teachings have not failed to produce divine results. John came before Jesus, — the old before the new church ; and each was essential for uses, and these were graduated upon an unerring gamut. Besides which, many individual Jesuits have been far above their order, even whilst obedient to its institutes

and commands. Of such Marquette seems to have been ; and his self-sacrificing life, in preaching about Chicago and the lakes for years after he had discovered the Mississippi, shows that he was a long way in the truth. Nor do we design to utter one uncharitable word against any of those who belong, or have belonged, to that masterpiece of Satanic intellect, the Order of the Jesuits. Those bred and nourished in falses are not to be shamefully, but lovingly, entreated ; and whoso shines faithfully, according to that light which is in him, does not ill, but well, and shall have his reward. A man may be as sincere in the preaching of errors as in that of truths. He may unknowingly believe in a lie. He knows best, of mortals, how far he has obeyed the interior revelations, and the promptings of the spirit, in his endeavors to test his position. To prove all things, and hold fast that which is good, is the Pauline test of a man, and all that can be required of any man. To us there is something unspeakably grand and touching in the character of the Jesuit missionary, as he is revealed to us in this Western history. He has nothing to gain for himself in his abandonment of all civilized society and his indwelling with the savage. He has every thing to lose in a temporal sense, — ease, comfort, enjoyment, social intercourse ; the worship of the temple ; and the sight of Christian man, itself an inestimable blessing, not to be realized as such until it is lost. He preaches the Word, the good tidings of the Lord, — the greatest good of all goods. To bring souls to Christ through the ordinances of his Church, that is his object. He believes, that, outside this pale, all is desolation and eternal death. He sees no atheism in this, no as-

sumption of God's attributes and will. He is brought up and educated in that awful falsity. If he were not sincere in his love for the souls of these savages, believing that he will thereby add to the glory of God and the Church triumphant, he could not submit to become a savage himself, to live in squalor, deprived of the arts of life, and the glory of beauty, and the tender influences of refinement. So it is not, we repeat, of individuals which we spoke whilst characterizing Jesuitism, but the system, which is one of vast and inhuman ambition, self-glorification, and lust for dominion.

The first explorers of Lake Michigan—the first white men who hauled up their canoe upon the shore of lake or river here about Chicago, and pitched their tent under the sky of the prairie land, the home of the aboriginal “men of men,” the Illinois—were Jesuit missionaries. With these came fur-traders and adventurers, whose love of gain and excitement were thus turned into the interests of civilization. And this they were doing whilst the New-England colonies were being planted, and, curiously enough, whilst Cotton Mather and his consociates were persecuting Quakers and burning witches in Salem City. Curious, also, that these same Puritans, whose gloomy, uncharitable religion made them commit such dreadful deeds for the love of the sufferers' souls, should also inspire them to preach up and enforce those grand old doctrines of human liberty, and those great principles of popular government, which are now the base and the key-stone of our modern civilization. Strange, too, that the same religion, confessedly and nominally, which prompted the Jesuits to love the souls of sav-

ages, and the Puritans to kill the bodies of poor old witch-women as dealers in Satanic arts, should also have prompted William Penn to love both the souls and bodies of his savages, to deal justly with them, and show mercy and speak truth to them. One would have thought that there must be some great misunderstanding of the common religion, common to all these people then living (for the most part), and acting with the same object in view in these Eastern and Western portions of the continent. But we may know too much by too suddenly withdrawing the sacred veil of Isis. All things come at their appointed seasons; and that was the night of the Church, when the heavens were vastated, and darkness sat on the thrones of the stars, and no eye saw the significance of the vision.

The Jesuit history on the Western Continent is, to a great extent, the history of its early civilization. The Jesuits were identified with its interests in all ways, both secular and religious. They were the depositaries also of the state secrets of the French Government in respect to French ambition here, and aided in the practical embodiment of them in such institutions as were essential and necessary to the new scheme of empire. Wherever they went, they planted, as we have said, *the cross*, and established a trading-post. The discovery of the Mississippi was literally the discovery of a new world; and its history is not only wonderful, but surpasses all the wildest dreams of romance and poetry. Here at last was the great watercourse which was to carry the French commerce to Asia, which was to plant the tricolor in China, and christianize, through the Roman propaganda, that strange, calm, impassible people, and stamp the impress of the modern culture

upon their ancient and mysterious civilization. Already along the line of their explorations, they had given Chinese names to the cities which they had planted; and, in their zeal to extend the true faith, they had reached the farthest extremity of Lake Superior before Lake Michigan had been explored south of Green Bay.

We do not design to trace them any further, although their travels would make a book as interesting as that of Herodotus, or the Scythian Anacharsis. And we have introduced them, and accompanied them thus far, because no outline even of the history of Chicago would be a just record unless they figured largely in the premises.

The extension of the French empire in the New World was doubtless a favorite national project with Louis XIV., who, at the time we speak of, sat on the throne of France; and numerous French settlers followed, from Canada and *la belle* France herself, on the route of the missionaries. Forts and trading-posts, as we have seen, were established at all the important centres along the line of their progress. The colonists readily amalgamated with the Indians; and thus in time lost their individuality in half-breeds, and what are known as the mixed races.

In this they differed widely from the English, who preserved their nationality intact. It was the policy of the French, in accordance with their idea of Western supremacy, to encourage these alliances with the natives, that they might thus strengthen the French claims, authority, and power. As discoverers of the Mississippi, they exercised supreme control over all the territory drained by its waters. This excited the

jealousy of the other European powers, and of the colonies whose settlements and territories had been so completely encircled by the anaconda system of the French. Then followed the intrigues of the British with the Indians, and their strategies to incite them to outbreak and slaughter. It is the old story; made still more hideous, however, because into the evil mask under which all these promptings to revenge and murder were committed, the benign features of Christianity were woven in a caricature of unspeakable blasphemy.

The French right to the valley of the Mississippi, and to the Western country generally, which they claimed by virtue of discovery and occupancy, has often been disputed, and that, too, upon grounds of treaty law. The Six Nations of New York had overrun the Western lands, and subjugated the Indians thereof before 1680; and it was a stipulation of the Treaty of Utrecht, that France should not invade the lands of the Indian allies of Great Britain. The Six Nations being therefore the American allies of Britain, the pretensions of France to those regions were null and void. Of course, the French claim that these nations had no power over the Western Indians; but it is pretty certain that they were dreaded by them from Lake Erie and Michigan to the Ohio, and over all the region thence to the Mississippi. Allouez and Dablon relate, that when, in 1673, they visited the Miamis, these Indians were in unmistakable trepidations from a rumor that the Iroquois had threatened them with war. In 1680, La Salle encountered them upon the banks of the Illinois River; and, for a long season, the Ohio, which was called by the French the

river of the *Iroquois*, was left unexplored through dread of these splendid savages.

Therefore, although the French held their possessions for a century in the face of Spanish intrigue, and despite their unscrupulous jealousy, and in defiance of English protest and their diplomacy with the Indians, they had really no claim whatever to the soil, either in law or right, and were finally driven from it, as we know, by the "perfidious Albions"! Their scheme for hemming in the Atlantic colonies of the English, and eventually of crushing them, was also well known to the British Government, through Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, — made governor in 1710; and that fine-spirited gentleman and bold adventurer suggested a scheme of counteraction. He had no notion of the English colonies being confined within the mountains; and, although it was said that the Alleghanies were impassable as walls of adamant, he managed to equip an expedition, and cut his way through them, as Hannibal through the Alps, "by vinegar"! All which, and the possibility of checkmating the French checkmates, he represented, and without avail, to the British Government, who, forty years later, assumed the sackcloth for their egregious folly at that time.

Before closing these remarks, and in justice to the British, whose slow progresses we have compared unfavorably with the rapid advances of the French, it is right to say, that, with the instincts of that nation for permanency, they built *stationary* colonies, and arrayed them with all the insignia of regal power and authority, designing, at the onset, not a temporary settlement, but an enduring civilization; whilst the French, with their

instincts for change and rapid movement, for brilliant achievement and surprises, were content, as we have seen, with establishing trading-posts, military stations, and missions. Now where are the French and their frostwork settlements? Gone for ever! Not a wreck remaining, save the names they have given to the locations which they occupied; whilst the English, through their descendants, cover the continent, and are the masters of two mighty oceans, which bear to their ports the commerce of the world, with a destiny before them greater than that of England, more beautiful than that of Greece, and more grand and terrible than that of mighty Rome.

After a century of supremacy in the West, the French title to all territory in Canada and the North-west was extinguished. Immediately after the English had conquered the French came the war of revolution, when the American people fought themselves free, and established the Republic of the United States. But so bitter was the animosity between the Indians on the border, which had been provoked both by English and French, that, after the peace, the Indians of the North-west had the audacity to challenge the conquerors of the British, who were the conquerors of the world: and the result, easily foreseen, was the thorough subjugation, for a long time at least,—until the Black Hawk War,—of all the nations in these parts; and they signed a treaty with General Wayne, 1795.

Chicago seems to have vanished altogether out of history during the hundred years of the French occupancy. In the treaty which the Indians made with Wayne, on the occasion specified above, they ceded to the United States the present site of Chicago, “where

there was formerly a fort." This, in all probability, was a French fort; for Fort Dearborn was not erected until 1804.

The Indians inhabiting this region at that time were the Ottawas north of the peninsula of Michigan, the Miamis in Southern Michigan and Indiana, lying around the head of Lake Michigan, and including the territory embracing the present locality of Chicago. These were the Indians the French found here, and with whom Father Marquette labored, alas! in vain; probably having at this very point a mission station. The tribe extended around the lake; and at St. Joseph, as is well known, was another Indian town and Jesuit mission. After the time of the first French visits, the Pottawattomies crowded back the Miamis, and they became the Indians of Chicago.

In after-intercourse with the traders, up to the time of the massacre in 1812, the Pottawattomies were the native population, and were parties to the treaty with Wayne in 1795, by which a tract of land six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago River, was ceded to the United States, — the first extinction of Indian title to the land on which Chicago is built.

We have stated that Jesuits were the first white men who set foot on Chicago ground; but there are traditions of traders having been here before them. Nicholas Perrot, however, was sent out by the French Government in 1671 as its agent to the West, and is said to have visited this locality. But it does not make much difference who was the first visitor; although, in so romantic a history as this of Chicago, one likes to gather up all the fragments, that nothing may be left. Nicholas, like a good loyal subject of France, held a

council with the Indians, and straightway took possession of all their "lands, tenements, and hereditaments," as the lawyers say, in the name of the French king. This barbarous provision of international law looks so very strange, regarded from the platform of the conscience, that one would like to see it abrogated. Such, however, is the law of nations; and of course there is no gainsaying it! The possession thus formally taken by Perrot was of magnificent proportions, extending over all the North-west, from the head waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Missions and settlements, as we know, were subsequently established by Allouez, Dablon, Marquette, and their associates, at Manitou Island, Mackinaw, Green Bay, at the mouth of the Fox River, on Lake Winnebago, at Milwaukee, and the other important points, most of which we have already named.

It was really a grand scheme for the inauguration of a new French empire in the West; and, thanks to the Jesuits, it was admirably executed in all the initial steps. But the great Providence of history, accepting these labors as a foundation of power, presently introduced quite another race of men to build upon it, — a strong race of much-enduring, hard-working Anglo-Saxons; Protestants by nature, and, as such, the sureties of universal freedom. Providence also had a "grand scheme of empire" in the West, for the successful operation and consummation of which these good Jesuits were used as accessors. One Mexico was enough on so fair a continent.

Nevertheless, Jesuit history is so attractive, we would gladly follow Marquette, "with Joliet as his associate, five Frenchmen for his companions, and two

friendly Indians for his guides," from the tenth day of June, 1673, to the end of the three months which it took to make the exploration of the course of the Mississippi, and record the incidents of the enterprise in this place, if our limits did not forbid us the pleasure. Little did they think, when they set out from the village of Fox River, above Green Bay and Lake Winnebago, what momentous results would spring from their journey. In the valley of that river alone, food enough could be produced to feed all the populations of Europe! And this vast territory they opened up to the wondering world, traversed its entire length downwards to its mouths, and, on their return, wrote enchanting pictures of the glorious countries through which they had passed, — countries which are now thickly populated, rich in cornfields and orchards, in farms and houses, in cities, towns, and villages, with a destiny before them such as history gives no archetype of, and such as the mind of man is not capable of conceiving.

On his return, and whilst engaged in that preaching business with the Miamis round Chicago, he made a rude map of his late explorations and the geography of the lake region, and deposited the same in St. Mary's College, at Montreal, — one of the most precious of all the historic documents of the West, which ought to be in the collection of the Chicago Historical Society. Our readers would hardly pardon us, if, in a memoir of this nature, we neglected to say how Marquette died. It is a very touching, lonely, and sorrowful history. On the 18th of May, 1675, he was on his way up Lake Michigan to Mackinaw, when he suddenly turned upon his boatmen, and desired

that they would put him ashore, that he, being unwell, might go alone into the wilderness to pray. He had a strong presentiment that he was going to die; and, as he staid a long time, his people went in search of him, and found that he had really died on his knees, in the act of worshipping his God. They mournfully gathered up the remains of the brave, good man, and carried him away to the bank of the river, where in the sands on the beach they dug a grave, and lowered him — those rude, hardy men, in silence and in tears — to his last resting-place. Fifty years afterwards another missionary, Charlevoix, visited the spot, and found that the waves had cut through a contiguous high bluff, but had left the grave of the good missionary untouched. The body was afterwards removed, with all the wild, barbaric pomp of the Romish Church and of those times, in a solemn and mournful procession, accompanied by priests and music and banners, to the mission at the point of St. Ignace, on the mainland north of the Island of Mackinaw, and there deposited in the tomb of the chapel.

“Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

Marquette was a more saintly man by far than La Salle, and the odor of piety remains with him to this day and hour. He loved God and man! What an apotheosis is this for a tombstone! La Salle, as we said before, was more of an explorer than a saint; and he put all the West under France, he and his

warrior-priests, as the Atlantic colonies were banded under England. Man makes and God breaks, however. Neither of these grasping European powers was destined to hold its own on this continent. They would have reproduced here the old forms of the European societies, — the old laws, government, religion, and manners. But the secret project of God was to establish a powerful race of men here, from whom should be evolved a new civilization and a new experiment of government and of human life; the beginning of which, in the wild, rude way of our brilliant and persistent people, is already shown in the Republic and its institutions. It is true, that, for more than a hundred years after the expedition of La Salle, the colonial warfares put a veto upon the development of the West; and that Chicago, from 1681 to 1795, during the French possession, and after its cession to the English, was a mere tradition, almost a myth, lying there so far away on the shores of our mighty inland sea: but French settlements were maintained in Southern Illinois in full vigor. We have a civilization as old as any thing that the Eastern States can boast of. It is very curious, and very new to history; but it is fact. These things will creep out and sun themselves, like lizards on old walls among the hyssop flowers. Nobody thought of such a thing; but the French sowed the seed, and there is the fruit. Northern Illinois remained the hunting-ground of the red man until after the State — sustained by the population of the southern portion of it, which was kept up by an emigration *via* the Ohio and the southern rivers — was admitted into the Union. Our authority for this and other things is the “Chicago Magazine;” a

talented book issued here ten years ago, but not supported, we are sorry to say. We have verified this fact by other authorities; and it is certainly not the least startling of the many startling things in this rapid recital.

The history of the country is quite a blank during that French reign; and we know nothing about it besides those facts which are cited further back, and this other fact, that "from the head waters of the Illinois to the Chicago River was, during that time, the common portage for the trade and transit of the goods and furs between the Indians and the traders from the Illinois River and the lakes," and that the shipping-place for these goods was the port of Chicago.

These are the items and incidents which are least known about Illinois and Chicago history; and therefore it is that we have given them prominence in this introductory chapter. We have picked them up from all kinds of sources,—from old newspapers; old books; that "Chicago Magazine" aforesaid, which ought never to have failed; and from old men's memories of old traditions. The statistics and heroics of the city have been published so often that they fail to interest. But what we have now said is the true background of the history.

The treaty with Wayne by the Indians, before spoken of, which cedes that "piece of land six miles square" to the United States, also locates the land "at the mouth of the Chickajo River (Chicago means skunk or onion, both savories, and the reader can choose which he will have), emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where "*a fort formerly stood.*" In the same treaty, a "free passage by land or

water is secured from the mouth of Chicago River to the commencement of the portage between that river and the Illinois, and down the Illinois to the Mississippi." This is the first land-trade of the city. It was a very trifling thing, regarded in itself, and without reference to its unfoldings. But what a destiny was in it ! All the West was affected by it. Chicago grew out of it, and attracted here all the eastern merchants and foreign residents whose intellect and enterprise have raised the city to a first rank in the rolls of metropolitan history.



CHAPTER II.

THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO AND FORT DEARBORN.

WHEN the British and the Indian wars were over, and the Government could breathe more freely, and look about the country for uses and employment, Chicago, as the centre of North-western operations, came in for a full share of the paternal attention. Chicago is therefore the oldest nephew of his Uncle Sam, who erected a fort for him in 1804, both for the better protection of the trade already established with the Indians and for the safety of the settlers. It stood nearly in the place occupied by the subsequent fort of 1816, which was demolished in 1856. It was a curious building, having two block-houses; one on the south-east corner, the other at the north-west. On the north side was a sallyport, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade-ground to the river, designed as a place of escape on emergency, or for supplying the garrison with water in a time of siege. The whole was enclosed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets. At the west of the fort, and fronting the river, was a two-story log building, covered with split oak siding, which was the United-States Factory attached to the fort. On the shore of the river, between the fort and the factory, were the

root-house, or cellars of the garrison. The ground adjoining on the south side was enclosed and cultivated like a garden. The fort was furnished with three pieces of light artillery; and a company of United-States troops, about fifty in number, most of whom were invalids, constituted the garrison.

Here, then, we have before us, in visible form of primitive architecture, the old Fort Dearborn of 1804. Up to the time of its erection, no white man had built his house on Chicago ground.

The Kinzies were the original family, and to them were intrusted the interests of civilization in these parts, and well did they sustain them. A few Canadians, half-breeds, and French were settled near them; and the Indian villages were close to the fort. Quite a picture, if one had but the eyes to see it. That fort, with its fifty soldiers, "*mostly invalids*," — who, merely to behold, must have struck terror into the Indians, — did really represent the majesty of the new republic and the significance of the modern civilization! It was a palace compared with the bark or mat tents of the Indians, who nevertheless gazed listlessly at its strong walls and roofs, as they squatted in groups over their fires, each wrapped up in his painted blanket, like a piece of mahogany sculpture, smoking the luxurious weed. A strange and striking contrast, if we think of it, were these Indians and their great, fat, ugly squaws, with their papooses stuck, like so many young mummies, in a bag, and thrown over the otherwise naked shoulders, surrounded by their frail houses facing the great waters of Michigan, which to them presented no apocalypse of the coming commerce, — a strange contrast was presented, we say, between these red savages,

still bound by their umbilical cord to the bosom of their old mother Nature, and those white soldiers (though "most" of them were "invalids"), with their handsome wives, accoutred in some forgotten Paris fashion, their bright, gay children, and all the belongings of the fort, with their meanings to the present and the future! These Indians had been conquered into submission, but they had no love for the white man. They had made a treaty with him, — more than one; but they were not his friends. The old and the new races had come together once more, and both knew in their hearts what they had come for. One race or the other must vanish soon from the soil; and they both knew on which the lot must fall, nay, had fallen already. And yet civilization was within their reach, and to be civilized was to become upon an equality with the whites. Would they accept the guerdon, or remain doomed? Alas! for them there was no reprieve from savagery. The old squalor and the old wild liberty, — liberty to kill and be killed, — this was their choice. They knew what the white man's presence meant amongst them; and they nourished evil, revengeful thoughts against him, which, eight years later, when Uncle Sam should have another war with Great Britain on his hands, and the garrison and the settlers around the fort would be all too weak in numbers to compete with them, was destined to break out into open and bloody massacre. The strife which the great Christian powers had kindled within them, to serve the purposes of their dominion, was not extinguished in these savage hearts. It was to bear its own red fruitage, and to become an avenging Nemesis upon the innocent white race, the new-comers, who were neither English nor French,

though descendants of the former ; and it was a terrible retribution.

Such scenes, however, were not the inevitable, or even common, results of settlement or adventure amongst the Indians. They were nearly always well enough disposed towards the whites at first interviews ; and the atrocities we have spoken of were either the fruitage of private wrong and personal quarrel, or of public fraud and treachery. Unhappily, in most cases the innocent were the sufferers for the guilty. With the instinct of race and of self-preservation, subsequently quickened to white heat by the continual presence of the white man amongst them, they apprehended, at a glance, that he was their inevitable enemy, and the harbinger of their doom as a people. They honestly tried at first to establish and maintain friendly relations with him, out of respect for his power, his talents, and his mysterious connections with those far-off countrymen of his, who, as they imagined, knelt every morning at the gates of the Dawn, and beheld the awful face of the rising Sun as he unbarred his eastern posterns, and, descending the long flight of amber steps which led to the flaming causeway of the blue immensity, started on his glad career of light and glory, until at night he reached his mighty wigwam in the West, and toddled off to bed tired and happy, like the good old grandee that he was !

These and other considerations undoubtedly influenced him at first, and might have retained him as a faithful friend and ally to the white race, if the cupidity and injustice, the fraud and wrong, so systematically practised upon him by the agents of the

Government and their hangers-on, had not at last maddened him beyond all endurance, and impelled him, as by a new influx of demonic passion from some dreadful and unaccustomed mouth of hell, to revenge himself, in his own awful way, as the opportunity occurred.

The very earliest pages of Western history are disfigured by these pictures, and splashed with the blood of the victims, and the fire with which the savages flooded their glaring forms at the stake. Chicago was not yet a village, nothing but a wretched trading-point, with an agency and military station attached, before the causes of massacre were ripening into effects, and hurrying their combinations to produce them. It was at a time when preparations were being made by the Americans to make war upon Great Britain,—the time of the memorable year 1812. Already the British through their agents, through large promises and considerable bribes, had stirred up the Indians to hostilities against us. Long before war was declared between the two great civilized powers, this by no means contemptible savage power of the North-western Indians was brooding over real and fanciful wrongs, and silently awaiting the opportunity when American troops would have plenty of work on hand elsewhere, to avenge themselves upon the few neighboring settlers, who had never injured them, and upon the fort of Chicago. It was at this very time that the British were investing Detroit. General Brock, who was the British commander, arrived at Malden on the 13th of August, and joined General Proctor there, who had previously commanded the few troops which were in that part of the then frontier. They made short work of De-

troit and General Hull. On the 14th, they reached the heights of Sandwich, directly opposite and overlooking the doomed city. Here they planted their batteries, menacing Hull with unmistakable significance. Nor did they give him much time for reflection; for, on the next day, he was summoned to surrender. That was on the 15th, the ever-memorable day of the Chicago massacre, which, taken in connection with the preceding attempts of the British to incite the Indians to insurrection and war, is not a little curious. Hull sent a haughty message back to General Brock, and told him not to calculate upon his chickens before they were hatched, refusing to do any such thing as surrender. But, during the succeeding night, he found leisure enough to reflect; and we are sorry to say that his reflections landed him in infamy, and plunged his countrymen into mingled consternation, rage, and sorrow. He had under his command an efficient force of fighting men, to the number of fourteen hundred. Before him was the enemy, whom he had not such great reason to dread, notwithstanding the terrible show of his cannon. But, on the other hand, he was short of provisions and ammunition. His government had treated him with such unaccountable neglect, that he was not so much as informed of the declaration of war; and his vessels containing the army supplies were actually captured by the Canadians before he was acquainted with that fact. Stung by these gross acts of neglect on the side of the War Department, he surrendered on the 16th, to the great surprise, no doubt, of Generals Brock and Proctor.

The American people have long since pronounced judgment upon this deed of their general; and it

will for ever remain in history as the grossest act of treachery perpetrated during that war of 1812. We record it here as an historical fact, running parallel with the Chicago massacre, and connected with it in a remarkable manner. Chicago was far removed from all American civilization at that time. A company of United States troops occupied the fort; and John H. Kinzie kept a trading station there. In all, there were but five houses outside the fort; and the population consisted chiefly of Indians, and a few Canadians and Americans, who were mostly traders and soldiers. Mr. Kinzie's house was on the north side, and opposite the fort. A Frenchman named Ouilmette, a servant of Mr. Kinzie's, lived in a house on the same side of the river, but a little more to the westward. A most primitive and lonely station, with nothing to relieve the eye of the every-day beholder but some Indian, it might be, riding over the prairie with a pile of furs before him; a forlorn hunter, just coming in from the neighboring woods; a slouched and tattered cit tumbling, half-seas-over, into Mr. Kinzie's canoe, which was always in readiness, at his wharf, for any one who might desire to paddle himself across the river; or, last, not least, a sentry going his rounds at the fort. A discharged soldier, named Burns, living mysteriously on his pension, dwelt in a log cabin further up the river, and on the precise spot where now stands the east end of the Chicago and Galena Railroad Freight House. On the south side of the river, attached to the fort, was a very important building, called the United-States Factory. It was in this commodious building where all the government stores and the goods of the Indian agency were kept, and where, in

after-years, all the business of the fort and of the Indians was transacted. Here, on the payment days of the Indians, came the old trapper, in his wolf-skin coat fastened with a girdle, wearing buffalo busks, whilst his wallet and traps were thrown over his shoulder; here, too, came the half-breed with his gun and rough-haired hound,—half pointer, half setter, and three parts mongrel, but with a mighty nose for a deer or bear! Mingled with painted savages, on the top of whose heads a tuft of hair had been chivalrously left to aid the first gentleman with a red or any other kind of skin in taking it, who might chance to *want* that particular “lock of his *harr*,”—mingled with these savages were gay young Americans; a Canadian or two; a dozen or more settlers from away up the lake-shore, the river, or the prairie; and, not unfrequently, fur-traders and transitory visitors from afar. This motley picture of varied humanity was rendered all the more picturesque, and astonishing as to color, after the blankets were distributed, when each warrior, young or old, stood erect in his uncouth toga, a genuine Roman of the forest and prairie.

There was yet another log-house on the lake-shore south of the fort, occupied by Mr. Lee, owner of the South-branch Farm, and of Lee's place; and here it was that the *first* murders (April 7, 1812), precursory of the general Chicago massacre, occurred (Aug. 15, 1812). Lee's farm lay on both sides of the south branch of the river, about four miles from the mouth of it, and a little above the present outlet of the canal. The house stood on the west bank, and was occupied by Mr. White and three other persons,—two men and a boy, who were employed in cultivating the farm. It

was well known by all the settlers, that the disposition of the Indians towards the whites was no longer friendly and unreserved; and that they had been tampered with by British agents and spies, with a view to working them up into open warfare. Still, nothing had occurred at this time to break the gloom which hung over the remote and lonely settlement of Chicago. Mr. John H. Kinzie was still employed at his agency, and was on the best terms with the natives, over whom he had great influence. But, on the morning in question, there came to Lee's farm a number of Indians in their war-paint—about a dozen of them. This is the same place which Major Richardson has described, in one of his stories, under the name of "Hardscrabble;" and the place itself is now known by that barbarous designation. The Indians entered the house, and, according to their custom, took seats in silence. But they aroused the suspicions of Mr. White's Frenchman, who told another hired man, a discharged soldier, that "they were none of their Indians," and that "he did not like them." They gave no account of themselves, and acted in that mysterious, indescribable, but *felt* and well-known manner, which all evil men, bent upon evil deeds, assume in spite of themselves. The man thus made acquainted with the Frenchman's suspicions spoke to the farm-boy, and whispered him, that, if that were the case, it was time they made "quick tracks," and bade the lad follow him, and "do as he saw him do, but ask no questions."

There were two canoes lying in the river, which they had to cross every night to get in hay for the cattle; and, towards dusk, the two servants set out as

if for this purpose, when they were stopped by one of the Indians, who asked them where they were going. They made him understand what their object was ; and, fortunately, he did not hinder them. So they took each a canoe, and acted their part so well in driving up the cattle, that the Indians did not suspect them. As soon, however, as they were hidden from sight by the haystacks, they made a crow-line for the woods, and from thence to the fort, which they reached in safety ; not, however, before they heard the report of two guns on the farm, which told them, in unmistakable language, that it was the death-knell of two at least of their remaining companions. On their way to the fort, they had to pass Mr. Burns's cabin, through a belt of timber skirting the east side of the south branch. The cabin stood on the north side, as already stated, near the present site of Walcott Street ; and here they halted for a moment, and raised the long-dreaded alarm of the Indians and the massacre.

It was indeed a distressing time for poor Burns and his family. He knew the remorseless character of the Indians from an all too sad experience, and knew what he had to expect if they came down upon him, as there was every reason to believe that they would. It was no ordinary peril in which he was placed, for he had no means of escape. In a chamber of the little cabin, his poor wife, who had given birth to a child only two days before, lay sick and feeble, and unable to move or to give advice. But thanks to the bravery of a young and gallant heart at the fort, — young Ensign Ronan, relief came to them at a time when they were almost sunk in despair. This generous young officer volunteered, with four or

five soldiers, to bring them into the fort. And thus, pushing silently down the river in an old scow, they carried Mrs. Burns and her child on a bed to the boat, and finally got them all off in safety.

There is an episode to this short history, of a very touching character, and full of the romance which crowds the records of the early settlements. A party of soldiers had gone out, on the afternoon of that day, to hunt and fish. As soon as the intelligence of the massacre reached the fort, the commandant ordered a gun to be fired, to warn the party of their danger. Too well they knew the meaning of that awful signal, as it boomed through the dark night over the prairie. Immediately they extinguished their torches, and dropped silently down the river. Arrived at Lee's place, they landed two of their party to alarm the house. All was silent as death, as they crept through the darkness; and no gleam of light shot through the window-panes, or the crevices of the building, as they approached it. Still the men had no suspicions. They stole softly to the door; opened it gently; and, feeling their way along, one of them put his hand upon something cold and wet, which, accustomed to sudden surprises as he was, made him shudder to the core. He knew by that awful touch, that it was the face of a murdered man; and he soon discovered that he had also been scalped. A faithful dog, that must have known the intruding soldier, for he seems to have given no alarm on his approach, lay beside the poor, palpitating body of his master. He also knew what had happened; and, obeying the noble inbred virtues of his canine nature, he felt, that, no matter who might forsake his master in that dreadful hour of darkness

and calamity, *his* place was where the soldier found him.

On making this discovery, the men once more embarked, and proceeded silently to the fort, where they told their sad story. On the next day, a party went out to learn the extent of the calamity at Lee's farm. Here they found the body of Mr. White, cut to pieces by knives, and pierced by two bullets. The Frenchman lay there in his blood, as the soldier had felt him the night before in the darkness; and there, still watching his master's body, sat the faithful dog, — dumb, it is true, but with a great sorrow in his heart. The murdered men were conveyed to the fort, and buried in its vicinity.

The savages who committed this unprovoked slaughter were Winnebagoes from Rock River; and they intended to kill all the settlers, and then to surprise the fort, and put the garrison to death. The booming of the fort-gun, after the discovery of the massacre, scared them from the neighborhood; and the inhabitants were saved for that time. They lived, however, in continual alarm, until, at last, they were all taken, for mutual protection, into the agency house, which then stood on the plain near the site of the present lighthouse. It is described as a log building, having a hall through the middle, and a room on each side of it. Piazzas, in front and rear, extended the whole length of the house. These were planked up for protection, and port-holes cut through them, and a watch kept nightly. The condition of the settlement at this time can be imagined better than it can be described. They were far away from civilization. Ohio was then the most western State, and contained not much more than two

hundred thousand souls. There were no white settlements, properly so called, west of that State. A few traders were settled round the forts and Indian trading houses, such as Fort Wayne, Detroit, and Chicago; but this was all. Chicago was then the centre of a vast tract of country, occupied by different tribes of Indians, who had owned the lands from immemorial time. They never liked the white man in reality, as we said before, and were jealous of his presence and his encroachments. The French had nominally seized all their territories, and had occupied them with military posts, missions, and agencies since the seventeenth century. The Pottawatomies were the Chicago Indians, and were parties to the treaty made with Wayne in 1795. The Illinois, from whom the State derives its name, occupied the territory of Illinois west of the Wabash to a line running north-east from the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Des Moines, through the town of Ottawa to the lake shore. Above this line were the Pottawatomies, the Sauks and Foxes, and other wandering tribes. The Winnebagoes occupied that part of what is now Wisconsin lying along the lake shore, including Lake Winnebago. The Menominees lived still further north, toward Green Bay, and between it and Lake Superior. The Chippewas were on the south shore of Superior, west of the Menominees. The Sioux were a great and powerful tribe of the Dacotah race, which roamed the country west and south-west of Lake Superior, in the present State of Minnesota.

At the time of which we are now speaking, therefore, these little forts and trading stations were the only centres, or rather dots, of civilization in the North-

west. The Jesuits and their labors were clean gone for ever; and the white man had really left no important results, so far, behind him. The war with the British furnished the Indians with a pretext to break with the Americans, and crush their attempts at colonization. Hence the Chicago massacre, the prelude to which we have just sketched in the catastrophe at Lee's farm, was no doubt a long premeditated act of treachery. As we have seen, this catastrophe happened four months before the general massacre, and was perpetrated, not by "our Indians," as Lee's Frenchman said, but by Winnebagoes, which shows that the treachery and hate of the Indians were wide-spread and deep rooted. After that event, and during those next four months, the Chicago settlers were in a condition of perpetual alarm and dread. When the war broke out between Britain and the United States, they were in utter ignorance of that event, until, one fine morning,—the 7th of August, 1812,—a famous and friendly chief, named Win-ne-meg, or Catfish, arrived from Detroit with despatches from General Hull to Captain Heald, the commandant of the fort at Chicago. In these despatches, which fell like the bolt of doom upon the settlement, and proved to be such also in reality, the general specified that he and his army had arrived in Detroit; that the post at Mackinaw had been captured by the British; and commanded that Captain Heald should at once evacuate the fort, distribute his stores among the Indians, and march for Fort Wayne.

The Indian, who was an old friend of Mr. Kinzie's, went at once to the house of the trader, and told him that he was acquainted with the contents of the de-

spatches, but advised that Captain Heald should not evacuate the fort, as it was certain that the Indians were ready to rise at any moment, and would certainly slaughter the settlers if they attempted to quit the place. The two friends then sought Captain Heald, and Mr. Kinzie told him what the Indian had said. He declared, however, that his orders were imperative, and left him no alternative. Then the officers remonstrated with him, and there was insubordination even among the soldiers; but all was of no avail. This proud, military man, with his ideal of duty, believed that, rather than disobey his superior officer, he had a right to run the risk of involving his command and the whole settlers — men, women, and children, including the sick, the old, and the halt — in one indiscriminate slaughter.

In the mean while, between the 7th and the coming judgment of the 15th, the Indians, who appear to have received some secret intelligence, although certainly not from Catfish, grew insolent, and every day more savage and overbearing. They forced their way into the fort, past the sentinels, and intruded into the quarters of the officers. They defied the commandant in his own room; and one of them dared to fire off his gun there, in contempt for the man whom they no longer feared. The report of the gun roused the savages outside, who did not know what had caused it; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that the old chiefs restrained the impetuosity of the young braves, who were ready at that moment to begin the slaughter upon which they had determined. It was a moment of imminent peril. There stood the old chief, Catfish, anxious, gloomy, and full of forebodings, talking to

Mr. Kinzie, before the fort gates. Around them were the savages, with their flaming eyes, and wild black hair flying over their swarthy faces and naked shoulders, as they hurried to and fro, demanding the cause of the gun report. There were the anxious old warriors, every feature alive with excitement, doing their best, as we said, to restrain the young men; and, mingling with the ever-increasing throng, were the squaws, coarse, ugly, and abominable, their lean papooses lashed to their naked backs, their unsightly bosoms bare, shrivelled, and tumultuous with mad passions; whilst the lithe, supple bodies of the children, boys and girls, flashed continually amongst the crowd, all equally as excited, and yelling at their topmost bent.

It was with the utmost difficulty that this passionate outburst was smothered. The explanation, however, satisfied them, but it increased their audacity; for it was now evident that the commandant was afraid of them. Strange to say, Captain Heald could not be persuaded that the Indians were hostile to the settlement. It was soon known that the fort and factory stores were to be distributed among them. Indeed, Heald had told them so, stipulating that they should send with him an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a large reward when they arrived. The wise Catfish, who knew his race, advised, if the captain would leave the fort, that he should abandon every thing to them, and march whilst they were dividing the spoil. But he would take no advice. He had doomed himself and his people. On the 13th, the goods and blankets were distributed, according to promise; but the ammunition, guns, flints, shot, powder, and the whis-

key were destroyed. The latter was emptied into the river in such quantities that its water was tainted with it, and the surrounding air was impregnated with its deadly forces. This enraged the Indians beyond bounds, and deepened their deadly revenge. On the 14th, a relative of Heald's arrived with an escort of fifteen friendly Indians (Miami), from Fort Wayne, to dissuade him from leaving the fort; knowing, as he did so well, the danger of travelling through a hostile country with women and children. But it was of no avail. There was a fatality about the whole thing. On this day, another council was held with the Indians; and, in the evening, a grand old chief, who had received a medal from the fort for good behavior and fidelity to the whites, suddenly appeared before the commander, and, presenting his medal, said, "I can wear this no longer. Our young men are resolved to have the blood of the whites. I cannot restrain them; but I will not wear a token of peace, whilst I am obliged to act as an enemy."

That was the last proof needed to show how inevitable was the doom of the settlement. This must have satisfied even Captain Heald, but it did not change his resolve. He might have held out long against an immense force, and any brave man would rather die fighting than be butchered like a dog in cold blood; but Heald would go, and he went.

That was on the morning of the 15th August, the same day, as we showed a while ago, that General Brock demanded the surrender of Detroit at the hands of the same General Hull who commanded Captain Heald to evacuate Fort Dearborn; and, although Hull promptly refused, he yielded the next day. But how

different his fate to that of Heald's! He went out a prisoner of war, he and his men, with the honors of war; and Heald went out — he and his men, women, and children — as victims to the slaughter!

That good old chief, To-pe-ne-be, sent a despatch to Mr. Kinzie, informing him that the promised escort for the garrison were even then, on the fatal morning, plotting for their massacre. He advised Mr. Kinzie to remain behind with his family; but, having put them (his wife and four children, their nurse, a clerk, and two servants, with the boatmen and *voyageurs*) under the protection of some Indians always friendly to him, he resolved to accompany the settlers, hoping to restrain the savages somewhat, perhaps, by his presence. It was a brave and generous action, worthy to be remembered.

At length the sorrowful cavalcade left the fort. The mounted troops marched in front, led by a band of Miamis; and then came the settlers and the long baggage-train and horses; and the women and children, with more Miamis, in the rear. Many of them were leaving their old home and the world for ever, and knew it. There were none of the regrets usual in such cases of forced departure from an ancient residence which had afforded them protection so long in the wilderness. Other and more solemn and awful thoughts occupied them; but it was only for a brief interval. The torture of suspense was not a long one; and it was quickly ended by as foul a butchery as ever occurred, even in Indian warfare.

Arrived at a range of sand-hills, about half a mile south of the present location of the round-house belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad, the escort of

Pottawatomies defiled to the right, leaving the sand-hills between them and the Americans. In a moment, without warning, a deadly discharge of musketry burst from the Indians behind this sandy barricade. In another moment the troops formed in line, and charged up the bank; one brave old warrior of seventy falling dead just as he reached its height. Captain Wells, with his *Miamis*, was present; but his Indians fled at the first volley, as if all the redskins were in a common league against the whites. And perhaps they were; although it must be said here, that the *Miami* chief, after the flight of his own band, rode up to the chief of the Pottawatomies, and, brandishing his tomahawk, charged him with treachery, and threatened to return with troops to punish his villany. But—he then rode after his flying followers. It was a terrible sight, this slaughter; and there was no escape. On one side, to the left, lay the glittering waters of the lake; on the other, those treacherous sand-banks; and before them and behind them the deadly Indians. They fought bravely and well. It is in the nature of an American to do so; but they lost two-thirds of their number in a few minutes, and then surrendered. The Indians agreed to spare their lives, and to deliver them up to some British post, unless they were ransomed by traders. Bad as this was, they had to submit; and they were doomed also to witness the murder of all the sick and wounded, and little children! One young savage, with his own tomahawk, killed twelve children before the eyes of the survivors! This was too much for flesh and blood to bear; and, alas! it converted Captain Wells, a humane, generous man, into a savage, with all a savage's revenge. He determined to

have blood for blood, and rode off madly to the Indian encampment on the Chicago River, where the butchers who constituted their escort had left their women and children. One is glad that he did not do that deed, but sorry that so brave a fellow should have been killed. So it was, however. They followed him, and first killed his horse. Then one of them stabbed him in the back, and, having cut out his heart and distributed it in pieces to the tribes, they cut off his head also; and Mr. Kinzie remembered seeing it set on a pole, and carried about in derision, while his poor body was left, with all its wounds and mutilations, unburied on the lake-shore.

There were many acts of personal bravery performed on the occasion of this massacre, which ought not to be forgotten; and some of these were the exploits of women. A sergeant of the garrison, named Holt, was accompanied by his wife, a splendid woman, of great natural bravery, who was mounted upon a magnificent horse. The Indians were very desirous to capture the horse without injuring it; and so they pursued her, as she fled over the sand, and struck at her with the butt-end of their guns. She proved, however, to be so expert a "swordsmen," that she not only defended her person, but wounded her enemies, and finally drove them off. They followed her a second time, and in greater numbers, and succeeded in capturing her; but they treated her with great respect. She had shown the one only human quality which they could appreciate,—courage; and they continued to treat her well until she was restored to her friends by a trader who ransomed her.

Mr. Kinzie used to relate that his step-daughter,

Mrs. Helm, was wounded in the shoulder by a tomahawk intended for her head, which, had it struck, would have made short work of her. Then happened a piece of romance which could only have occurred in those wild times. She closed with the savage who had wounded her; and, whilst struggling with him, she suddenly found herself in the arms of a large, mysterious-looking Indian, to whom *her* enemy immediately released her. He bore her off in triumph towards the lake; and the other imagined he was going to drown her, to revenge himself for some wrong or slight which she had put on him in days gone by. So indeed did she think. But after whispering in her ear that he was *Black Partridge*, and her father's friend (the leader of the massacre), he beckoned the Indian who had scalped Captain Wells, and who still held the horrid triumph in his hand. These two Indians then carried her between them to the Pottawatomie encampment on the Chicago River, and lodged her with the chief, Wau-bee-nee-mah, whose wife, as well as himself, treated her with great kindness. Once, during her imprisonment, a furious squaw began to torture a wounded prisoner with a stable-fork, and his cries were shocking. The old chief, who could not stop the torture nor the cries, did the next humane thing in his power: he threw a large mat across the tent, which formed a curtain, and effectually hid the cruel sight from her eyes. This, from a savage, was an act of humanity and kindness, and has to it a Christian savor which will not be forgotten in Paradise.

On the day following the massacre, Captain Heald and his wife were sent on the Indian trail to St. Joseph; and the rest of the prisoners were distributed

amongst the settlements of the Pottawatomies on the Illinois, Rock River, Milwaukee and Wabash Rivers. Strange to say, they were mostly treated with kindness, and returned to civilization through the various forts then in possession of the English, or they were ransomed by friends.* Whilst at St. Joseph, Capt. Heald and his wife were permitted to reside with a trader named Burnet; and, some few days after his arrival, the Indians went to Fort Wayne. He then engaged a Frenchman to take him to Mackinaw by water, and gave himself up there, with one of his sergeants, as prisoner of war. The commanding officer treated the little party with great favor, and, on receiving their parole of honor, allowed them to depart for Buffalo. He reached Pittsburg on the 23d, and wrote his official despatch from that place, detailing the above facts and circumstances.

Mr. Kinzie's family, who were placed on board a boat under the protection of friendly Indians, were saved from slaughter, but were sent to St. Joseph in the charge of the chief To-pe-ne-be. During the war, the Indians destroyed the fort and its attachments, as well as many of the buildings of the settlers. From St. Joseph, Mr. Kinzie was sent to Detroit; and there surrendered himself as prisoner of war. He was kept in perpetual expectation of being sent to England as a sample of the "Yankee savage;" but, when the British were conquered, he was released, and returned to Chicago in 1816. He found that the Indians had respected his homestead during his absence; so he entered upon it

* The "Niles Register," two years after the massacre, gives a very different account of their treatment. It publishes a list of the persons who were taken prisoners, and says they were treated with invariable cruelty.

once more, and re-opened his old trade with them. The bones of the slaughtered settlers, and the twelve tiny skeletons of the little children murdered by the tomahawk of a single savage, — and he a boy, — with the remains of the poor woman who had also fallen on that sorrowful day of the massacre, were still lying unburied on the prairie, and bleaching white in the sun. They were soon after gathered together, and committed to the bosom of the common mother of us all, who had been yearning to receive them during the weary months of those four long years.



CHAPTER III.

EARLY HISTORY OF WOLF'S POINT.

FORT DEARBORN was rebuilt in 1816, and it was very unfortunate that those Goths of 1856 had the power and the authority to destroy it. It was to "antiquity" just about the same crime, in enormity, as it would be to humanity if some villanous fellow were to kill his grandfather! Gone for ever is that venerable representative of the good and bad times that are past! No more shall we see, in ghostly outlines of fancy, the weary sentry going his lonely rounds. No more, as in some Paulo-Marco vision of a Timbuctoo desert, shall we hear the gay reveille sound in the morning air, or the long roll of the mighty drum, or the lively music of the band in the long summer hours after the evening's parade. No more shall we hear the fort-gun boom over the weltering waters of the lake at sundown; nor will any spectral Stars and Stripes float over the fort any more for ever. Clean gone are all the merry men intended to fight Indians when the time came. Factory, log-houses, block-house, have all vanished; and there is an end of the long-abiding relic which connected, in 1856, the merchant in his palace, trading for millions, with John H. Kinzie or Mark Beaubien in his log cabin, doing trade in 1816 for

pelts; which made one jolly landlord of our noble host, "French," at the "Briggs House" on Randolph Street, and "Old Geese" Wentworth at his "Cobweb Castle" on Wolf's Point. It is a thing for one to write threnodies about, and sign himself "Jeremiah;" or to weep himself, without "onions," into a straight waistcoat!

So long as it stood, that fort, which was erected upon the old site, was, as we said, the connecting link between us and the Indians and the wilderness. "It stood," said good Master Clybourne to us, with something like tears in his unpoetical eyes, "it *once* stood upon slightly elevated ground, on the south side of the river, near the lake-shore, formed by a bend in the river just before it mingles its muds, which ought to be waters, with the veritable waters of the lake. You may see by the course of the river, as it now appears, that, immediately before it reaches the ground of the old fort, it takes a turn to the north until opposite the fort; then, going directly east into the lake, it forms the mouth of the harbor. This latter part, from a point north of the fort directly to the lake, is a channel cut by the engineers of the government, in 1833, to make the harbor of Chicago."

As there was some difference in the structure of the second Fort Dearborn, compared with the first, we will give a description of it. As we said, it stood upon the same ground; but it was built on a larger scale, and in a more substantial manner. It was surrounded, like its predecessor, by a palisade made of timber standing upright, and driven into the earth. Within the paling, on the west side, was a row of buildings, which were used as quarters for the officers

and their families. Nearest the lake, on the east side, were the barracks, or quarters of the soldiers. Gateways were left on the north and south sides, admitting a free passage through the parade-ground and the enclosure. On the north, inside the enclosure, was a brick structure, repaired from the old ruins, which was the magazine. On the south, on each side of the main entrance, was the storehouse and guard-room. On the south-west stood the block-house, near where Rush-street Bridge now stands. South of the fort were the grounds, gardens, and shrubberies of young fruit-trees, and currant-bushes. These grounds were enclosed, and included a pasture and field, with a rail fence, extending as far as South-Madison Street, and west to State Street, which embraced the tract since known as Fort Dearborn Reservation. There was a space for a road from the south entrance of the fort along the lake shore, east of the pasture, where ran the Indian army trail; and here were the buildings of the factory erected, and the Dean House. The burial-ground of the garrison was on the spot where the depot of the Illinois Central Railroad now stands; but it was swept away by the lake waters, with all its dead, before that magnificent structure was built. There was an old Indian burial-ground adjacent to that of the garrison. A number of Indian skeletons were exhumed in excavating the cellar for a house on Michigan Avenue. One of them was a chief, and was profusely accompanied with metal ornaments, and other articles prized by the Indians. On the west of the fort were the barns, stables, root-house, and cellars, situate on the bank of the river west of the light-house.

There was a good deal of timber around Chicago, in different parts; but none on the west side, which was open prairie, except the grove on the south branch, on this side the canal. Along the river-bank, on the south side, as far east as Wells Street, there was a goodly piece of woodland, which followed the bend of the river, crossed Clark Street, and swept southwards for two or three miles. Looking southwards from the fort, there lay stretched before the eye one boundless expanse of prairie, skirted by a belt of timber on the river side, and shut in on the left by the wild, weltering waters of the lake and the sand-hills on the battle-ground of the massacre. The south side was low, marshy, and uninhabitable: now the lots are worth tens of thousands of dollars.

Along the river-shore was a complete bog, overgrown with tall rushes, weeds, darnels, and long grass and reeds. Where the court-house now stands,—which Governor Bross, writing in 1857, calls “our magnificent court-house,”—and, indeed, the entire locality of the public square, was a *black* pond, when it was not *green* with slimy vegetable matter floating on its surface. It was a favorite place, such as Mud Lake, twelve miles off, used to be, with the Indians, where they killed muskrat, and where the first settlers shot wild ducks, cranes, and snipe. Where the great Tremont House now stands, ran the sluggish waters of a “slough,” which was an outlet to this pond; the slough itself emptying into the river at the end of State Street. Even in 1840, the citizens had to cross this tortuous, Wandering-Jew of a stream, over a log-bridge to get into Water Street.

As the Nile had its lotus, so had the Chicago River

its onion, indigenous and representative. The air of Chicago was impregnated with the odor of this bulb of tears; and from it the Indians are said to have christened the locality Chicago. This denotes *onions* or *skunk*, and "you takes your choice," — for Chicago means both; and Indian words, like those of the aboriginal Asiatics, represented things, and were not arbitrary and senseless.

As we said, the Kinzies were the first settlers, in Chicago, of any importance. Mr. John Kinzie settled here, during the same year that the fort was built, in 1804; and his history is, in many respects, both interesting and valuable. We have seen him as a trader during the early years of the settlement, up to the time of the massacre, and the rebuilding of the fort, — 1816. He was a man born for his times, brave, courteous, just, and talented. He was born in Quebec, in the year 1763. He was an only child, and his father died when he was quite young. His mother subsequently married a Mr. Forsyth, and went to live with him in New York. He was sent to school at Williamsburg, Long Island; and, either because he did not relish his new home, or from an inherent love of travel and adventure, he set off on foot to Quebec, one fine morning, whilst he was yet in his teens, ostensibly to make a visit to the place of his nativity. He was fortunate in finding a home here which made him happier than the one he had left. Three years afterwards, when his parents removed from New York to the West, they chanced to take Quebec in their route, and discovered their young prodigal, and carried him off with them to Detroit, where they settled: and he became a trader with the Indians and frontiersmen;

loving that kind of life, from his natural affections and disposition. He soon became distinguished and famous. At Sandusky and Maumee, he established his first trading-posts. In 1800, he became Napoleonic in his ideas, and extended his empire to the St. Joseph territories, and the St. Joseph River, which empties itself into Lake Michigan, from the east, nearly opposite Chicago. About this time, he fell in love with an estimable lady, the widow of a British officer, named McKillip, and married her. She was the mother of John H. Kinzie, our late well-known, enterprising citizen. He lived, at this time (John Kinzie), in Betrand, near Niles, where there was a trading-post; and here he carried on his extensive transactions with the Indians. It was an old French settlement and mission, named by them, *Père aux Vaches*. Four years later, as we have seen, he removed to Chicago, and became sutler to the fort, as well as trader.

Round this family was clustered all the civilization of that time, and for long afterwards, at this point Mr. Kinzie himself was, luckily, a man of great probity, conscientiousness, and courage; and he and his gave to the society around the fort a sort of tone, which was highly useful and beneficial. His reverence for the law and his high sense of honor magnetized the colony; and even the Indians were influenced by it, and respected him beyond all his compeers. Chicago now became the centre of his trading operations, which extended to many points near and far off. From these, he received the contributions of the forest and waters, in the shape of furs and skins, which were brought on there by the Indians, and then transmitted to him, to be shipped to Canada and the East. In the

sketch of him which we find in the "Chicago Magazine," it is related that he had stations at Milwaukie, among the Menominees; on the Rock River, for the Winnebagoes; on the Illinois and Kankakee Rivers, for the Pottawatomies; and others in the Sangamo region, then called *Le Large*, and on the head-waters of the Kaskaskia, for the Kickapoos.

To give an idea of the extent and orderly arrangement of these trading-posts, the reader must know, that each one of them had its superintendent and corps of operators, called *engages*, and its train of pack-horses, and equipment of boats and canoes. These were the modes by which the transit of the Indian produce was effected to the central depot at Chicago, and by which also the goods required for them in exchange were returned to those remote points. Nothing could be more primitive, romantic, and exciting, than this life in the wilderness. These early traders, although they knew it not, were the pioneers of that wonderful civilization, which we know well enough; which obtains here now, all over those old hunting-grounds of the Indians; and which will spread, before another half-century, like a vast chain of ever-swarming beehives, over the entire western continent, across the plains, to the Pacific. Picture the mighty vision of transfiguration, in transport and travel, which *less* than half a century has conjured up in the West!—a half-century which was indeed the *officinum gentium* of those marvellous mechanic and spiritual forces out of which, as a new Minerva from the head of Jove, has sprung the godlike form of our modern civilization, with its horses and chariots of fire, its roads traversed by the lightning, which, through the discovery

of these forces, has been converted into a courier of human thought, as swift in its flight as thought itself, destined to become, in a new sense, the bringer of fire from heaven to the nations, the Prometheus of a regenerated humanity.

Between that packhorse mode of travelling, through almost impenetrable forests, where no man dwelt, where roamed only the savage and the wild beast, — between that mode and this of the steam-car, with its unobstructed pathway of iron, stretching over the continent in endless ramifications, like the skeleton of some mighty intelligence, as if the whole system were alive, — a new creation of power and beneficence heralding and hailing a new, strange, and unheard-of civilization in the swift-coming future ; — between these two forms, we say, there is a contrast so immense as almost to stagger the understanding and belief of man. But we are a progressive people, living in an age of progress, to which all the past is subservient, and of which all the future is to be born. It is the age long foretold by ancient bards and prophets, — the age of miracle and revolution, of vast spiritual upheavings and new heavenly revelations ; the date of a new epoch not yet discerned, save by the chosen few, which will close only at the final consummation of all mundane things.

It required, for those early times, men of great sagacity, indomitable courage, prudence, and persistence in labor. They were times in which the aboriginal faculties and forces of human character were developed continually ; which demanded sudden resolutions and prompt deeds, — Homeric times, when man was pitted against nature barehanded ; when he must either

conquer her obstacles, or be crushed by them. What grand, heroic actions, what impossible achievements, have been enacted in the dark galleries and secret chambers of the forest and the wilderness, with no applauding spectators to behold the triumphs of the matchless genius of the actors! Not a day passed, in the early history of our settlements, which was not curtained at night over some great victory, or some touching and ennobling romance. Necessity invented tools and implements; but here were men who often were compelled to work without either, and sometimes without important, and what we should think essential materials. All the remote forts, block-houses, factories, cabins, sallyports, and the rest, were, for example, put together without a single nail or attachment of iron,—forts that stood for long subsequent years, and laughed at the bullets of besieging Indians, and the rage of the pitiless storm. Mr. Kinzie's people brought him goods up the Illinois River from as low as St. Louis,—gathered up, says his memoir, from the Indians along the course of the Mississippi as well as the Illinois,—and were taken across the portage between the latter river and the lake by cattle teams. Mr. Kinzie, by virtue of his manhood and integrity, lived a long life, and did not go hence until the year 1828.

Some one of the local historians has said, that the first white man who built a house at Chicago was a negro; and he merely repeated that *naïve* saying from the Indians. There was a negative sort of truth in the paradox; for, somewhere about the year 1796, there came to Chicago a most ambitious and daring *negro*, named Jean Baptiste Point-au-Sable, who, find-

ing himself of no account among the whites, thought to make himself a god among the Indians. A black man was quite as astounding a phenomenon to the red-skins as the white Jesuit man had been, perhaps even more so ; and, reasoning upon the gamut of color, they concluded that, if white was great, black, being more absolute as an attribute, might be greater,— might have more power and magic in it. So they accepted it, for a time, as the representative color of the god-like, and Sambo as the actual god. But the illusion soon vanished, as they found, by daily experience, that Sambo was not so sharp as an Indian. This man had erected a sort of cabin on the spot where Mr. Kinzie built his house, retaining Sambo's cabin, which had been subsequently occupied and improved by Le Mai, of whom he bought the ground and appurtenances.

As we have said, the Kinzie house stood on the north side of the river fronting the fort ; and, between these two points, there was kept up a "foot-ferry," and a little boat swung in the stream awaiting the pleasure of the passenger. A foot-path on each side, from the gate of the fort, or the door of John Kinzie's mansion, to the platforms at the water's edge, from which the passenger stepped into the boat, marked the course of travel from one side to the other. The Kinzie house must have been an object of veneration to the simple Indian. It was the palace of the prairie. "A long, low building," Mrs. Kinzie describes it, "with a piazza extending along its front, which consisted of a range of four or five rooms. A broad green space was enclosed between it and the river, shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars. Two large cotton-wood trees stood in the rear, and a garden extended

to the north at the rear of the dwelling." Numerous out-buildings adjoined it on the premises, — such as a dairy, bakehouse, stables, lodging-rooms for the Frenchmen and *attachés* of the trading-post. To the north, along the lake-shore, which then was considerably inland from the present shore, was a low range of sand-hills, sprinkled over with stunted cedars, pines, and dwarf willows.

This was the beginning of Chicago, — the Fort and the Kinzie house! The intervening history, until the laying-out of Chicago City, is also full of interest to the present inhabitants; and, as a part of the history of the great western metropolis, it is not without a wide and general interest. The fort was occupied by the same troops from July 4, 1816, to May, 1823, when they left it for good; and it became the residence of the Indian agent. The commander, during the whole of this occupancy, was Captain Bradley. The fort was temporarily occupied, Aug. 10, 1828, by a company of volunteers, drawn thither by the menacing attitude of the Indians, who threatened another massacre. Two companies of regulars, under command of Major Fowler and Captain Scott, were afterwards stationed here, and remained until 1831, the May of that year, — when it was delegated to the charge of George W. Dole, who was appointed government agent, and employed John Kinzie as sub-agent.

The colony grew slowly, but surely; although no one could then have had the least idea of the great city that was destined to rise up within their lifetime, and excel, in population and extent, in public buildings and public spirit, all the cities of the West. There were Indian villages still on the Calumet; and, at

one time, it was thought, that the future city, if it ever existed at all, would spring out of the marshes round that Indian stream.

The next oldest American citizen after John Kinzie, and contemporary with John H. Kinzie, his son, is Guerdon S. Hubbard, Esq., who came to Chicago in 1818, and was a chief actor in most of the subsequent events of Chicago history. There was, however, a man named Antoine Vulinette, a Frenchman, living there when Mr. Hubbard arrived. This man was a trader, and had married an Indian woman, after Indian fashion. The American Fur Company had also trading-posts all through the country, and Mr. Hubbard was in their employ. John Jacob Astor was at the head of it. But neither Mr. J. H. Kinzie nor Mr. Hubbard lived altogether in Chicago at this time. Their business compelled their presence often for days and weeks at a time; but they were not permanently settled here until 1833 or 1834. Mr. Kinzie passed his youth at the old Chicago mansion, and his early manhood at Mackinaw and on the Upper Mississippi.

Colonel R. J. Hamilton was, in the year 1852, said to be the "oldest permanent" resident of the city. He settled here April 9, 1831, along with G. W. Dole, Esq., and P. F. W. Peck. There is an older inhabitant, however, than either of these gentlemen, who is still alive and well, and hopes to see Chicago with a population of three hundred and fifty thousand before he dies. This is A. Clybourne, Esq., who also lives in his old mansion,—like an old English manor-house,—on the west side of the north branch, about three miles from Lake-street Bridge. He came here Aug.

4, 1823, and has resided at his old place ever since; so that he may claim to be the oldest settler, with a good show of justice. Many a time has he driven his cattle into town to the market, smoking his short cutty pipe. He came here to seek his fortune, and found it. To him we are indebted for a first-class market on the north side, which goes by his name; and, although he does not own the cattle on a thousand hills, he has slaughtered the cattle from ten thousand.

In 1854, a young lady was living here, aged twenty-two, who was born in Fort Dearborn in 1832. She was the daughter of Colonel R. J. Hamilton; and, as she is now alive, she has seen the population ascend from fifty or sixty souls up to two hundred and thirty-five thousand.

Another of these early settlers was J. B. Beaubien, who arrived in 1817, and bought a house and field, near the fort, of Mr. Dean, an army contractor, for which he paid the large sum of one thousand dollars. Colonel Beaubien built another house on this ground, and remained in it until 1836. When the factory houses of the fort were sold in 1823, by order of the Government, and were bought by the American Fur Company, the Colonel repurchased the factory buildings of the Company for five hundred dollars. He thereby became the owner and occupant of all the premises of the so-called Reservation outside the fort, and claimer to the lands not covered by the government buildings. He set up, therefore, his claim as a pre-emptioner to a specified portion of these lands, on the further ground that he was sole occupant of the same when the Pre-emption Law passed, on 29th May, 1830. He had a great deal of trouble to maintain his

right; although a similar right, in one of the very courts to which he applied, had been conceded to Mr. Kinzie, and on the day, too, that his claim was rejected. He was successful at last, however, and obtained his certificate at the land-office in Chicago. But the Government disputed his title. The land, they said, was cleared by the Government for military purposes, and the case traversed the courts to the Supreme Bench of the United States; and the land was finally held by the Government, surveyed into lots, and sold by order of the President. Mr. Beaubien, however, was allowed some of the lots, by special favor, which were covered by his homestead; and one is heartily glad to learn, that, owing to the unexampled progress of the city, he finally realized, by the sale of these, far more than he had hoped to get from the whole of the Reservation.

He was an excellent citizen, public-spirited and humane. Once, in 1834, an order came to organize the State militia. Officers had therefore to be elected; and the citizens determined to carry Beaubien over all the other aspirants, and make him colonel, because they knew that he would carry out the law. The election was held at a tavern near where Lyonsville now stands, on the old plank road. The town turned out *en masse*, taking with them a keg of brandy, four packages of loaf-sugar, and six dozen lemons. John was duly elected; and then came the "good time," which was brought about by a very original invention, the like of which was surely never seen before, or heard of. At the foot of the bluff, near the house, remains to this day a fine spring of water. The jolly boys who meant to have the "good time" aforesaid determined to make of

this spring a punch-bowl, wherewith to entertain all the Colonel's friends. Accordingly, they dammed it up across the outlet; and, emptying into it all the brandy, sugar, and lemons, they stirred up the "materials" in genuine bacchanalian fashion, and invited every man there to drink his fill of the brewis. Then came the loud "hips" and "hurrahs" and exultations common to such occasions; and, finally, as there was plenty of drink in the punch-bowl, they all drank themselves very jolly. And thus they honored their officer, after they had made him chief of the militia of Cook County.

In 1821, the most important treaty made by the Government with the western Indians occurred in Chicago, and was called "The Treaty of Chicago." By this instrument, the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Chippewas ceded to the United States five millions of acres of land in Southern Michigan, including the St. Joseph Country, as it was called, and the right of constructing roads from Detroit and Fort Wayne to Chicago. For this handsome and princely domain, the poor redskins, the Ottawas, were to receive for their share one thousand dollars a year, for ever, in specie; and the government undertook to provide fifteen hundred a year, for ten years, for the payment of a blacksmith, a teacher, and a competent agriculturist to instruct them in the science of cultivating the soil, and for the purchase of cattle and farming utensils for their use. The Pottawatomies were to receive five thousand dollars for twenty years, and the services of a blacksmith and teacher. To-pe-ne-be and Ke-potah and Win-ne-meg were among the Indian subscribers to the document, which was witnessed by John

Kinzie, John B. Beaubien, and others, on behalf of the Government.

On this occasion, there was an immense concourse of Indians assembled, even to the squaws and children, and young braves,—in all, it is said, some eight thousand. It must have been a sad as well as an imposing sight; and they were fully alive to its importance. General Cass, so long connected with Indian affairs, and well known by name to all of them, was present, as chief commissioner, in person. They were quite helpless, and knew it; and this, as we have said before, maddened them often over their camp-fires in the depths of the silent forest. During the French occupancy, the Indians owned the soil, although the French military and trading posts were all over their vast domains. But at this time, though they were still legally and rightfully in possession of them, they did not own them. The white man—the hardy, adventurous, American pioneer—had pushed his way into their very fastnesses, and into the adytum of their territories. Look where they might, they were confronted by this indomitable, ubiquitous pale-face; and they read their doom in his persistency and perpetual presence. They might, and did kill him; but he rose again, in tenfold numbers of forms, haunting them like ghosts, silently threatening them with extermination. They had sworn to sell no more land to the Government, over and over again; but Pale-face came with his gold, his fire-water, and his irresistible tongue and magnetism of person, and they had always yielded.

It was so now in the case of this treaty. Some touching speeches were made by the Indians. “We are fearful, if we sell our lands, we shall offend the spir-

its of our fathers; and we are fearful, if we do not sell them, we shall offend you. You are never satisfied. You asked for a little, and we gave you a great tract of land, for the benefit of your children, to farm and live on. We have now but little left. We shall want it all for ourselves to live on, and make down our beds upon when we die. We know not how long we may live; and we wish to have *some* land for our children to live on and hunt on. You are gradually taking them all away. We are growing uneasy. Your children are driving us before them. You think, perhaps, I speak in passion; but my heart is good towards you. You are acquainted with this piece of land,—the country we live in: shall we give it up? Take notice! it is a small piece of land: if we give it away, what will become of us? If we had more land, oh! you should get more; but our land has been wasting away ever since the white people became our neighbors. We shake hands with you. Behold our warriors, our women and children! Take pity on us and our words!”

That was the speech of Me-te-ag, — an Indian who had fought against the Americans during the war, and was wounded at Fort Wayne, for which the British gave him a pension. He was an eloquent and talented chief, of great influence with his people. The period between the second building of the fort until 1830 was, geologically speaking, the Saurian period of Chicago's history. During that time, she had gained some twelve houses, and about one hundred inhabitants; although, when the Indians again threatened the city, 1827–28, we find that some seven hundred settlers, from various parts of the country, had taken

refuge in Fort Dearborn. Chicago was really created in 1830; and its people have lived in paradise ever since,—an improvement upon Adam and Eve's occupancy of their Eden.

In the fall of 1828, the Winnebagoes, who had their griefs and their revenges deep seated in their wild hearts, threatened, as we said a while ago, the inhabitants and the fort once more with slaughter. Guerdon S. Hubbard was one of the citizens who met in council, to determine what immediate steps should be taken to crush this scheme before it should have time to ripen. He undertook to ride alone to the settlement, for the military, and started at 4, P.M., of the same day. His destination was Danville, one hundred and twenty-five miles south; and, strange to say, he arrived there at dark, on the next evening! He exchanged horses once on the route, when about seventy-five miles from Chicago, at the Iroquois trading-post, which was then the only house between Chicago and the middle fork of the Vermilion River. This brave gentleman ate but one meal on this outward journey; and, going and returning, he was only out of the saddle once, during the seven days that he was absent. He brought with him a company of mounted men over almost impassable roads and swollen brooks. Their captain, Morgan by name, took possession of the fort, and put it into defensive condition immediately. After two weeks, a runner from the west brought the joyful news that the Indians were pacified. Troops had been forwarded from Fort Jefferson, by order of General Cass; and, owing to the overflowing of the Mississippi, the steamer which conveyed them met with no kind of obstruction in

her course, and was enabled to land her men close to the neighborhood of the troubles. They marched forthwith against the Indians, into the very heart of their encampments, and reduced them to subjection without a battle; and so ended happily this new terror of the settlers. The Winnebagoes had hoped to win over the Pottawatomies, Sauks, Foxes, and others, to their scheme; but, failing in this, they were easily dispersed by the unexpected appearance of the troops, and the Chicago garrison was disbanded, and sent back, each man to his home.

Wolf's Point was the first seat of the Chicago civility, and on it were congregated most of the cabins of the settlers. To speak truth, they were not the most comely or cleanly people in the States. But they were here to work, not to play the gentlemen. Cabin after cabin went up, until, in the year 1831, there were very nearly a dozen families, all told. Opposite the Kinzie house stood the far-famed "*Cobweb Castle*," once the agency house, and now the chief hostel in the "city," kept by Elijah Wentworth, — "Old Geese," as his neighbors, for some facetious reason, loved to call him. He was a rare fellow, this ancient Goose! noted as a landlord, good-natured, and fond of a joke, a story, and a song. To his tavern came all the drinking cits, and all the gossips out of that baker's dozen aforesaid which made up the population. Near by were the cabins of the blacksmith and interpreter of the agency. Miller's house was called "*Rat Castle*," and stood on the opposite side of the river; and there was a delightful feud between the lords of the same and their loyal retainers. "Old Geese," however, picked the pretty out of the townsmen, and held

them as customers. They used to assemble at his place, on summer and winter evenings, and smoke pipes, and drink drinks, and tell broad stories and big lies, and laugh horse-laughes over them. Very happy fellows, all of them! Once a year, nay, twice by this date, a little schooner came from the East, laden with the stocks and provisions necessary for so far inland a settlement; and many an anxious eye, for many an anxious day, has swept the waters of Michigan, in hope of catching sight of her white sail as she loomed up from the horizon. She was their only link now with civilization. She brought them the news twice a year, contained in vast piles of paper, — five months old, many of them, before they reached their destination on Wolf's Point; and as "Old Geese" said, "they always began to read the oldest paper first, lest any game should slip out of the bag." Near Miller's house lived Mr. Lee, — the Rev. Mr. Lee, who did the unction for the colony, and was much in request. He could not afford to preach, only because, at that time, it did not pay: so he united to his clerical functions those of the day-laborer, and did what other work fell to his hand. Mr. Alexander Robinson and Billy Caldwell, who married an Indian woman, and was a chief, also lived on the north side in cabins, near Cobweb Castle. Across the south branch, on the east side, dwelt Mark Beaubien, who also kept a tavern, No. 3; and it is recorded, that, in 1831, in honor of Billy Caldwell, then Indian interpreter, whose Indian name was Saganash, he called his tavern the Saganash Hotel, and raised it to a two-story dwelling, with green blinds to the windows. Chief Saganash was a noble old Indian, and was chief of the Pottawatomies, Ottawas,

and Chippewas, and by this time well off, and a distinguished citizen.

The most important facts of all, in the social history of the place, have yet to be recorded. There was a schoolhouse and a church at the point opposite Miller's, and both were well attended. Mr. Walker, who had a house in the country known as Walker's, now Plainfield Will Co., used to preach here very frequently, in an oblong building north of the town, which he built himself for this sacred purpose. When Father Walker, who belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, was not in town, good old Lee used to officiate, and always with acceptance. A debating society, composed of most of the male inhabitants of the fort, was also established, and was presided over by J. B. Beaubien. To vary the amusement, a dance was occasionally got up at the house of Mark Beaubien; and a religious meeting was generally held once a week at the fort, by Mr. Noble, jun.; his noble wife; and the noblesse, his two daughters, — who, with Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, were all members of the Episcopal Church.

In speaking of these meetings, Governor Bross, in his admirably digested histories, called "The Annual Review of the Business of Chicago," says, "These early meetings had a most happy effect upon all within their influence. Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, first wife of Colonel Hamilton, contributed very much to their interest, as she was a lady of great intelligence, enlarged views, and devoted piety. She was for many years among the first in all religious and benevolent enterprises. Colonel Hamilton pays a just tribute to the zeal and piety of Mr. Noble. He was the principal speaker at all these meetings, and his exertions in the

cause of truth were greatly blessed. He was a man of practical common sense and large experience, and was fitted for a 'standard-bearer' on the borders of civilization. It will be seen that the Methodists were here, as almost everywhere, the pioneers of Christianity."

The spring of 1832 had hardly passed away, before there were fresh rumors of insurrection among the restless Indians. Black Hawk, a young Sauk chief, was moving up the Rock River, it was said, with five hundred warriors of the Sauk and Fox nations, and intended to war with the whites, unless permitted to remain on the lands which had been ceded to the United States. The Hon. Richard Young, Circuit Judge of the State, arrived at Fort Dearborn, and confirmed the rumor. Chicago was, at that time, within his judicial district. The whole country was in arms about it. Major Stillman, of Peoria, was placed at the head of a Corps of Observation, to watch Black Hawk, and protect, if necessary, the settlers on his route. A mischance brought on a premature battle with the Indians, and the whites were totally routed. Then Black Hawk fell on the settlements. Strange to say, two Indian chiefs, Sha-bo-nee, our old friend of Chicago, and Billy Caldwell, saved, by their warnings, advice, and interposition, another massacre of the settlers. Colonel Owen, commander of the fort, — which now contained seven hundred refugee settlers, — convened, at the suggestion of Richardson and Caldwell, both chiefs, a council with the Indians, who were inclined, through the intrigues and successes of Black Hawk, to join his cause. They were addressed by Blackfoot, a wily chief, who urged them to war: but

Colonel Owen gave him so severe a castigation, that he turned the current of feeling against him, and saved the settlement; the Indians now offering to furnish five hundred warriors against Black Hawk.

The Black Hawk war was, in many respects, formidable. Three thousand militia were ordered out from Peoria and the counties south of it, and marched to Rock River, after the brutal massacre of the families Davis, Hall, and Pettigrew, on Indian Creek, May 21, 1832; and they were joined by a detachment of regulars from Fort Armstrong. A party of one hundred and fifty militia, under Major Dement, fell in with a detachment of Indians commanded by Black Hawk himself, and routed them. The main army continued to move up Rock River towards the head waters, where the Indians were *en masse*. Between Blue Mounds and the Wisconsin River, General Henry came in contact with them on a sudden, and formed a hollow square, which the savages tried and yelled in vain to break. They finally charged and routed the Indians, killing some sixty of them. They fled to the north-west, crossed the Wisconsin, and moved up the east bank of the Mississippi. They were overtaken about fifty miles beyond Prairie du Chien, and lost one hundred and fifty warriors. They then swam the river, and were shot and slaughtered wholesale. Black Hawk was taken, and the war ended.

A treaty was subsequently made with the Sauk and Fox, by which they relinquished all claim to East Iowa, and agreed to move west of the Missouri. An annuity was paid them, and a reservation of some forty miles square was made to their head chief, Keokuk, and some of his followers.

In 1831, the schooner "Telegraph" brought several new families to Chicago,—amongst them, the captain of the boat and his brother, Joseph and John Naper (Napier?),—and finally settled at the place now called Napersville. Then came Mr. Peck, of New York, if, indeed, he did not come with Naper; for we find him settled at Napersville until 1832, when the Sauk war drove him into Chicago, where he and his descendants remained. We name him here to introduce the fact, that he bought, for eighty dollars, in 1831, Lot No. 4, Block 18, in the Plan of Chicago, at the south-east corner of South Water and Lascelle Streets, fronting eighty feet on South Water, and one hundred and fifty on Lascelle; which, in 1834, sold for twelve thousand dollars. This item speaks for itself respecting the increase in the value of Chicago property. At this day, it is worth, perhaps, ten times twelve thousand dollars,—a pretty good investment of eighty dollars twenty-three years ago!

There are numerous records of this year very interesting as history; but, in a rapid outline like this, it would be impossible to set them all down. The Commissioners' Court, under the Act organizing the county, was opened on the 8th of March, 1831. Our old friend, William Lee, was appointed clerk of the court; and good old Clybourne, treasurer of the county. Our clerical friend, Mr. Walker, also appears again in this matter, and is delegated to enter certain lands for county purposes; and, with others, to borrow one hundred dollars to pay the fees, at six per cent *or less*.

Money was to be raised, likewise, for local government purposes; and a special term was held April 13, with this object in view. Samuel Miller and Gholson

Kercheval were present, and made a quorum. They levied a *half per cent* on town-lots; on pleasure carriages (which proves the ambition of these citizens, who have hardly yet thrown off the eggshell of semi-barbarism); on distilleries; on all horses, mules, and neat cattle above the age of three years; on watches, with their appurtenances, and on all clocks. These were things which could easily bear so light a burden; and it was evident that the desire was to spare the taxation of all essentials as much as possible.

Elijah Wentworth ("Old Geese") and Samuel Miller were also required to pay a license for keeping open their respective taverns of "Cobweb Castle" and "Rat Castle:" the former, being the Sherman House of that day, was rated at seven dollars; and the latter, five dollars. It is very pleasant to go back, in this easy way, to these old times of the planting of the city. From the first, all the public and private transactions were marked by a rare integrity, which it does one good to record. No man could exact unjust rates of payment for goods; and even the tavern-keepers had to submit, and submitted willingly, to a fixed tariff of prices, ordained by the local magistrates. It is curious to compare the prices of wines, spirits, and board for man and beast, at these hostels, with those of our own times. Thus, for every half-pint of wine, rum, or BRANDY (!), 25 cents was charged! Each pint, 37½; half pint of gin, 18¾; pint of do., 31½; gill of whiskey, 6¼; pint do., 18¾; half-pint do., 12½; breakfast and supper, 25 cents; dinner, 37½; horse feed, 25 cents; horse over night, 50 cents; lodging, per man, per night, 12½ cents; for cider or beer, one pint, 6¼; one quart do., 12½.

The first licensed *merchants* in Cook County were B. Laughton, Robert A. Kinzie, and Samuel Miller: the first auctioneer was James Kinzie; and in this record, behold! there turns up another tavern-keeper, Russel E. Heacock. It must be remembered, however, that, in those days, it was a public necessity to make a tavern of every lone country house, for the convenience of travellers; and Mr. Heacock, perhaps, lived outside the city. It is certain that there were already quite enough within its limits proper. People liked to keep tavern, also, not because of the drinking custom it brought, but because of the continual accession of new faces which it introduced to the landlord; and with them came also much news and more gossip, and much pleasant, agreeable talk of border life, hunting adventures, and Indian warfare. No doubt, these good fellows were also jolly fellows, and liked their cups; but we do not find any record of drunken strife and disorder in these early annals. They were then, as now, hospitable, friendly, and even magnificent, according to their means. Although the public exchequer was not overburdened with cash, but, on the contrary, very low and straitened, they took care of all the sick, the friendless, the homeless, and the unfortunate. Strangers they entertained; and, if penniless or disabled, they were provided with proper lodgings, nourishment, medicine, and attendance, — “careful attendance,” says Governor Bross, “at the public expense.” The treasury books contain several entries of money disbursed for these generous and charitable purposes.

So the city began well. If the Hamiltons and Nobles, the Walkers and Lees, preached to the people

in the fort, or in their simple meeting-houses, they did not forget that faith without works is dead ; and that the greatest of all the virtues, intelligences, and beatitudes, is charity.

The Beaubiens seem to have been important citizens at this time and in their way. The colonel carried the chief laurels, as we have seen ; but he had a son, Medert, who set up a trading "establishment" in a small log-cabin near the slough in the south division which drained the marshes of the south side, and emptied into the river at State Street. The colonel's place was familiarly known as "The Wigwam." Further south, the old Dean house, says the magazine writer, had started on the way to ruin ; the water of the lake had gradually encroached upon the shore, until it had undermined the foundations of the cabin, which had fallen backwards down the bank, and gone to wreck, — "an emblem," he adds, "in the estimation of the croakers (who really lived *then* as well as now), of the future of Chicago"! But Chicago has had a mighty revenge upon the croakers since then, and that account is balanced. A settler of taste, who had been surgeon to the garrison as well as the Wolf's-Point people, took up his residence about a mile and a half south, on the lake-shore. This was the well-known Dr. Harmon ; and his house and grounds were situate upon the very spot of the Chicago massacre in 1812. This place was subsequently known as H. B. Clark's, and was noted for its cultivation, and its groups of fine trees and shrubs, as well as for its flower-garden. Many trees planted by him are still there on the estate. He was one of the prophets of Chicago's greatness ; a great

looker and hoper; a great believer, and that, too, in times of despondency and distress.

The truth is, that he was on the spot, and heard the omens; otherwise, persons who deemed themselves quite competent to judge took a very different view of Chicago's future. The expedition, under Major Long, for the exploration of the sources of St. Peter's River, passed through the embryo city, in June, 1823; and one of their number, Professor Keating, who writes the narrative of the expedition, whilst he praises the SOIL and CLIMATE, forsooth! as admirable for farming purposes, almost bullies the Wolf's Point folk, because they are so detestably dirty. "A few huts," he says, "inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians, from whom they are descended. Their log or bark houses are filthy, low, disgusting, without the least trace of comfort." Professor Keating also mentions the tradition that "*a fort once existed there*," prior, of course, to Fort Dearborn; and we should like to find out what the Indians meant by so stoutly insisting upon the fact. We can find no corroboration of it in any of the French histories of the West, or elsewhere. Compare Dr. Harmon's hopefulness, aforesaid, with this delicate Professor's patronizing insinuations, which we are about to quote, and the *Quot homines tot sententiæ* of the Latins will make itself very manifest. "It is not impossible," he says, "in some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, and when the low prairies which extend between that river and Fort Wayne shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, that Chicago may become one of the

points in the direct line of communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi; but even the intercourse which will be carried on through this communication will, we think, at all times, be a limited one: the dangers attending the navigation of the lake, the scarcity of harbors along the shore, must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the commercial importance of Chicago." The extent of the sand-banks will also be a hindrance to any important works for the improvement of the post, says this long-winded prophet of evil that did not mean to come, of obstacles that were trampled down like straws beneath the foot of Behemoth, of impossibilities which are the playthings of our children. The professor's biliary duct must have been dreadfully deranged when he visited the city, or he never could have beheld such a nest of nightmares. Nothing really was, or was to be, as he saw it. It is notorious that our prairie soil would starve a litter of rabbits. The soldiers of Fort Dearborn, if they could rise from the dead, would indignantly confound the statement of the Professor respecting the productiveness of the soil. They could testify that the niggardly earth grudged them a fair yield to the corn which they so laboriously planted; and that, when the crops were up, it was an incessant war between them and the blackbirds, which should have the harvest. Unhappy soldiers! they could not say, *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint, agricolas!* "Thrice happy the farmers, if they did but know their own blessings!" unless with a spice of bitterness in the ejaculation; for they had no blessings to be happy about. The ravenous spring insects came upon their crops like a plague; then the stinging winds

from the lake, "like some Sarsar winds of death," blasted the green shoots. The shallowness of the soil was another drawback; and, in the fall, regular parties were detailed to shoot the blackbirds and crows.

"The crow, the crow, the old black crow!
He loves the fat meadow; his taste is low.
He loves the fat meadow, and dines in a row
With his fifty black cousins, all black as a sloe.
Crow, crow, you old black crow!
It's jolly to live like an old black crow."

But as there were no fat meadows round Fort Dearborn, this jolly old crow took to dining in a row, with his fifty black cousins, on the corn of the garrison; and many a jolly fellow got shot for it, which, in ethics, was a just retribution! on the principle, as Professor Teufelsdröck would say, that, although a *crow* must live, a *man* is "of more value than many *sparrows*."

In the year 1832, the tax list, on real and personal estate, ending March 1, was \$148.29; the non-resident delinquent list amounted to \$10.50. Of this amount, \$142.28 had been paid into the treasury. The treasurer showed that he had received, for the same year, in tavern licenses, goods, selling licenses, &c., \$225.50; paid in money, \$132.28: total, \$357.78. To balance this, he reported delinquencies in license tax, \$88.50; paid out for county orders, \$252.35: leaving a balance in the treasury of \$15.93.

These facts are surely worth preserving as a part of the financial history of the city. It is like a leaf from the famous "Doomsday Book" of William the Conqueror, which consisted of precisely such records respecting the property and population of England in

his grand and prophetic reign. The total receipts of Chicago City, from all sources, during the year in question, amounted to \$357.78; in 1852, they amounted to \$380,809.10. The assessed value of the personal property of the city in 1852 was \$2,711.154: real estate, \$13,841,821: total, \$16,487.627. The valuation for Cook County, for the same year, in personal property, \$4,450,630: real estate, \$18,487.627: total, \$22,937.657. Governor Bross, in commenting upon these figures, which are taken from his long-out-of-print and lost *annual* reviews, says, "Every one knows that the assessed does not represent one-fourth of the real value of the property in the county, and that it is safe to set it down at one hundred millions."

We have no space to follow the history of the city through all its details to the present time, and have brought together from many sources all that we could find of its early history, because a work of this nature would be incomplete without it, and certainly more interesting and valuable, both at home and abroad, *with* it. It is from first to last a splendid romance, — the romance of real life; abounding with enterprise, heroism, and conquests of all kinds, — physical, social, moral, intellectual, and political. The farther we advance, the more astonishing does the record become. In 1833, John Calhoun, Esq., published the first newspaper ever issued in the city. Now there are four dailies, besides numerous weeklies, semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, and one or two magazines. A more interesting sheet to us than this of Mr. Calhoun could scarcely be found, since, like all genuine newspapers, it is a record of the daily life of the people, — their wants and deeds, their wishes, ambitions, and desires.

This is the true glass of the times, the magic mirror in which the age beholds its own likeness without gloss or exaggeration. Distance lends enchantment to all views, either of men or landscapes; and whatever sentiment one might be inclined to throw over the beginnings of a much-loved locality, the newspaper of that place and period—magician as it is in the true sense of the word—is also the plain, matter-of-fact scribe, which, by its specifications, notifications, and rigid adherences to reality, destroys every illusion, and brings us back once more to common life and its affairs.

Mr. Calhoun's paper, therefore, records the facts of his time as they occurred; and very interesting they are, as we said. He tells us of the arrival of newcomers from the East and from Canada, and anticipates the period when they will come in shoals. It was evident enough, indeed, to all thinking men that there needed but an easy, or even a practical, mode of transit for passengers or emigrants, to flood the West with a sudden population. Wise men, therefore, began to cast about them for the invention and construction of these modes. Already a mighty system of water transit had been made possible by that Indian treaty in 1816, before spoken of, which ceded to the United States the land from Ottawa to Chicago, twenty miles square,—the navigable route of the Illinois, Des Plaines, and the portage to the Chicago Rivers. Here was a possible route to New Orleans by the river,—a route which in the "Niles Register" of 1814 was actually suggested,—commencing at Buffalo, by inland navigation through Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and down the Illinois River to the Mississippi.

At last, a project was set on foot, which, if successful, would not only benefit Chicago, but the whole North-west. It was this very project of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. It was introduced by Governor Bond, first governor of Illinois, in his inaugural address in 1818; and he asked the General Assembly to cause a survey to be made, preparatory to the construction of it. He suggested an appeal to Congress for a percentage of the sale of public lands in the State, to be devoted to this object: and, in 1821-2, Congress gave the necessary permission to cut the canal through the public lands connecting the Illinois River with Lake Michigan; on condition, however, that all articles or persons belonging to the United States should be sent free along its course for ever. Governor Cole eloquently advocated this and all internal improvements in the State; and a general act for such improvements was passed in the State Legislature. The plan of constructing the canal was on the scale of that called the New-York and Erie Canal: and the cost of the highest of the five routes proposed and estimated was \$716,110; and, of the lowest, \$639,946.

The act to incorporate the Illinois and Michigan Canal Company was passed Jan. 17, 1825; the capital stock being one million dollars, in ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. This stock was not taken up, and the act was subsequently repealed. In 1827, March 2, through the strenuous efforts of patriotic citizens, but chiefly through Daniel P. Cook, Congress made the liberal grant of each alternate section of land five miles wide on each side of the proposed canal, to enable the State to carry on the work.

Canal commissioners were appointed under the act of January, 1829; and these began to make the public lands valuable by laying out the towns on the line of the canal, — Ottawa, at the junction of the Fox with the Illinois River, being the first. They also, in the autumn of the same year, authorized the laying-out of the town of Chicago. The original map, or chart, made by Mr. James Thompson, is now in the Recorder's office, and bears date Aug. 4, 1830; so that, in reality, Chicago is to-day just thirty-seven years of age. Chicago before that period was simply Wolf's Point, a trading-post.

In the session of the Legislature of 1843-4, a bill providing for the completion of the canal on the *shallow cut* was passed; the substance being, that the holders of the Canal bonds should advance \$1,600,000, to complete the work. The canal was completed, and went into operation in the spring of 1848.

From that time, emigration to the West was accelerated beyond all precedent, and Chicago made a visible stride onward in the career of progress and prosperity. It is not our purpose to follow this history any further in detail. What Chicago has now become is patent to all the world; and we shall conclude this sketch with a general outline of its public characteristics.

Strangers at a distance can form no idea of the large metropolitan character of the Chicago civilization; and it is not unnatural that they should regard all descriptions of it by Western writers as somewhat exaggerated. But it is notorious that people who come here from the East, and elsewhere, are astonished at the magnificence and prosperity of the city. It has all

the appearance of a seaport, and it is in reality a great inland port for the commerce of the West. It is the centre of the common Western trade and traffic, with a vast network of rails and wires, which extend their ramifications over the entire continent. The Illinois Central Railroad is the noblest work in the West of that description, and connects the city with the great river and the Gulf of Mexico. It sweeps for hundreds of miles through the whole of Illinois, and, by its wise system of operations, it has established towns, cities, and villages all along its route, thus anticipating the ordinary processes of development, and conjuring the wilderness into civilization by the magic of its enterprise. The present superintendent, M. Hughitt, Esq., who has risen, whilst yet a young man, to that high, important, and responsible office by his own sagacity and merit, is a man of uncommon executive talent, and of amazing ability for details as well as for comprehensive schemes in the interests of the company. He has already introduced reformatory measures along the line, and we may look for improvement in the same direction hereafter, which will show their productive results in the future balance-sheets of the company. In connection with this great theme of the Illinois Central Railroad, we should scarcely be pardoned if we did not mention that grand example of engineering skill known as the Breakwater. It commences at the south pier, 400 feet inside of its extreme east end, and extends south 1257 feet into the lake; thence west 675 feet on the north line of Randolph Street; thence south-west 150 feet; thence to a point opposite the American Car Factory 14,377,—in all, 16,459 feet. From the pier to the engine-house, the

breakwater is twelve feet wide, and half that width thence down to the car company's works. The upper portion of the crib-work is built of square timber, twelve by twelve, locked together every ten feet, and the intermediate space is filled with stones; piles being driven on the outside to keep it in place. The first piece of crib-work sunk in building the breakwater has a very stout plank bottom. The water-line of the crib-work south of Randolph Street is 600 feet east of the east side of Michigan Avenue; and the outer line of the crib-work, between Randolph Street and the river, is 1,375 feet. The area thus enclosed and rescued from the lake is about thirty-three acres! The breakwater cost upwards of half a million of dollars. The North-western Railroad, under the management of W. B. Ogden, Esq., Perry Smith, Esq., and G. L. Dunlap, Esq., starting with only eighty miles of completed road, has now become, by extension and amalgamation, the largest railroad in the world, extending over twelve hundred miles. W. B. Ogden has, from a very early period, been identified with the interests of Chicago and the West, and through him mainly, aided by the great legal abilities of Perry Smith, Esq., whose zeal and fidelity to his company have placed him in the proud position of its vice-president, the success of this railroad is to be attributed. Mr. Dunlap has charge of the telegraph department, and the arrangement of the coming and going of the trains. It is curious, and, to an imaginative mind, wonderful beyond words to express it, to see this quiet and unassuming gentleman sitting in the silence of his little office, sending orders and receiving messages at will from every station along the immense longitude

of his line, and from quarters the most remote, at the same instant of time. He knows at any moment the position of every train that left Chicago on any given day: he hurries it to its destination, or detains it on the road, according to the necessity of the traffic; and this, too, without any visible means or agencies! Mysterious and wonderful indeed is all this, regarded from the true point of vision, and more like the work of necromancy than of modern science.

The canal and the railroads, combined with the talent and capital of Eastern and foreign settlers, have made Chicago a metropolis. But we venture to predict, that, at no distant day, on many a favorable point of Lake Superior, and even of the Red River, there will arise many a large city; and, at the west point of that lake, another Chicago will assuredly spring up as a depot and exporting place for the produce of the North-west and the navigation of the lake, with its immense riches of metal, timber, and fish. That narrow tongue of land at the height of the flow of waters has only to be severed by an artificial channel, similar to that between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River, and navigation is established between Superior and the Mississippi! We look further back into the interior: we see the land dotted with lakes and connected by rivers, which are natural channels of communication, some of which flow north into other lakes, which empty themselves into Hudson's Bay. Here, then, is another vast region, pointed out long ago by a writer in the "*Chicago Magazine*" as an inevitable region for civilized occupation.

We are only on the threshold of development. High up the Mississippi and Missouri, up the Nebraska and

Kansas, will spring forth mighty populations, and cities which will be built for centuries of occupation. We may see, in what Chicago now is, what these regions, in comparison, and according to their resource, will hereafter become. The stranger visiting our city, after travelling so many hundreds of miles inland, and away from any seaboard, is astonished when, rising next day, he walks about, and beholds the river bristling with masts, and hundreds of vessels creeping up and down stream, laden with imports and exports, as the case may be ; when he beholds those leviathan lake steamers rising up from the surface of the water three and four decks high, large enough to contain the whole of Chicago's population in the year 1830 ; when he hears the screaming and crowing of the little steam-tugs, as they proudly, like so many bantam cocks of the river, flap their wings, as it were, to the breeze, and trail in their wake seaward monstrous ships, laden with grain and other stores for remote ports. It is simply a dream of the night projecting itself into the day. But let them go down Water Street in either direction, let them traverse the wharves, and they will find that what they thought a dream is indeed a reality. There is as much bustle and business and travel and confusion and excitement, here are as many drays tearing to and fro, as many cars taking in lading and stores, in that single street, as in any one given street in any of the busy capitals of the world.

Chicago is the granary of the West, and, as a receiving depot at first hand, the largest in the world, — larger than Liverpool or London. It receives in one direction the cereals of the West, and in the other the manufactures of the East in exchange. The city is

not stationary, but progressing at a ratio which, in another fifty years, will quadruple its population and its actual buildings. New streets, warehouses, and buildings are springing up in all directions; and the people are no longer satisfied with wooden houses, which are mere Arab tents at the best, and the sign of a floating population of Ishmaelites, but they are building for posterity, — as Anglo-Americans should, as Anglo-Saxons did, — and for thousands of years. By a local enactment, there are to be no more wood houses within certain boundaries of the city. Stone, brick, and marble are the material of which our future dwellings are to be erected: the marble, equal to that of Athens, is found at our very doors; and one day it will be more precious to the city than a gold-mine.

Already we have buildings to match the best. New-York Fifth Avenue has nothing finer as architecture than Michigan Avenue, which faces the lake, and in front of which improvements are now making which will vastly enhance the value of the property. The front waters of the lake are being filled up, and will be laid out in a park and gardens, for the benefit of the inhabitants.

The streets of the city are being gradually widened; and, strange to say, the houses have in many instances been raised several feet, to the entire extent of the streets, the occupants continuing to dwell in them, and to carry on their business as usual: and in all these truly startling works (to an European) not a single accident has occurred! Most of the main streets are inlaid by horse-railroads; and one or two of the hotels are upon a scale of unusual magnificence. Indeed, the whole hotel system of the city

is as perfect as money and enterprise could make it. The visitor is sure to find what all need when from home ; namely, home comforts, kindness, and courteous attention. It is the character of the hostelry. The Sherman House is a fine marble building, appointed in almost regal magnificence, and would be an honor to any city ; whilst the Tremont and the Briggs Houses are well known as *family hotels*.

The chief externals, in connection with the commerce of the city, are the elevators and the slaughter-houses. The elevator is a lofty, massive structure, without windows, but divided inside into several stories. The lower story is traversed by a long passage, into which two trains drawn by locomotives can enter.

The Chicago River and the canal lie front and back of the elevators, and the canal connects with the river. The vessels are thus easily brought up to the elevator for lading. When the cars filled with grain have entered the basement, a door is lowered at the side of the tracks ; and the grain, mostly wheat, is emptied down an inclined plane, which extends to the decks, into the vessel. The operation of loading has been thus described by Langel, a Frenchman : —

“ At the top of the vast edifice turns an iron axle, put in motion by a steam-engine of 130 horse-power. At intervals, this horizontal shaft carries drums around, which pass a large strap, to which the buckets are attached. The latter draw up the grain in the lower trenches, and raise it to an upper story. After several revolutions of the wheel, the grain arrives under the roof, and pours into a cubical wooden bin of very great capacity. Once stored in this box, it is weighed

in cars, which pass over scales; then it is sent to one of the special reservoirs, where grains of every kind and quality are the same way assorted. For this purpose, there is placed under the lower opening of the reservoir, where the weight comes, a wooden spout: this movable spout can be directed at will toward any one of the twenty wooden troughs that empty themselves into the great towers which fill nearly the whole body of the building.

“When they wish to take the grain from the elevator, they merely leave it to its own weight; it readily fills the bags in the lower story, or descends into the vessels by means of quadrangular wooden troughs, like what every one has seen in mills. The river of grain flows without stopping, and is distributed in all directions, through the Eastern States and toward the ports of the Atlantic.

“The elevator which I examined in detail can receive as many as three hundred thousand bushels of grain. One might fear, that, thus loaded, the reservoir would give way; but the wooden towers are very firmly constructed, and the entire building is surrounded by thick brick walls. Thirteen elevating wheels raise four thousand bushels apiece every hour; consequently, there may be stored in that space of time fifty-two thousand bushels. The whole building can be filled in half a day. One can readily understand the use of those gigantic reservoirs: the producer may convey there, at his convenience, any quantity of grain; it is weighed, numbered, and he immediately receives a certificate of deposit, negotiable in the Chicago market. The company levies a storage duty of two cents per bushel, and engages to take care of the grains for

a length of time not exceeding twenty days ; after that term, the depositor is held to the payment of half a cent per day and per bushel. The expenses of the company amount to \$175 per day : this figure will easily enable any one to estimate the extent of the profits they realize.

“ The elevators, as may be seen, are only grain-docks : they are found wherever the trade in grain exists to any great extent, — in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Buffalo. Chicago has eighteen of them, which receive in all 10,000,000 bushels. The capacity of the largest is 1,250,000 bushels. In 1845 the amount of grain shipped upon the lake at Chicago was only 1,000,000 bushels ; in 1854 this figure rose to 12,000,000 ; from the 1st of April, 1863, to the 1st of April, 1864, it reached 54,741,839 bushels (comprising 18,298,532 of wheat, 24,906,934 of corn, 9,909,175 of oats, 683,946 of rye, and 943,252 of barley). The total tonnage of the vessels which, during the year 1864, entered the port of Chicago, — steamers, tugs, brigs, and schooners, — amounted to 223,970 tons.”

It is a curious fact, that the West has not been impoverished by the late desolating wars. If, however, the financial burden of them fell upon the Atlantic States, the West really fought the battles of the Union by her stalwart sons. She had no money to give ; but she gave all she had, and what was far dearer than money, — her sons, husbands, and fathers. On the whole, the wars enriched the West, by enhancing the price of farming produce, so that it is now rare to find a mortgaged estate amongst us. The year 1848 was an inflated year, and stimulated the farmers to buy beyond their means ; and the subsequent depre-

ciation of property and grain in 1850 and 1851 made them all land poor. Now they are rich, and hope to continue so. Wages are fearfully high, however, and out of all proportion to the price of produce. The West, indeed, is the paradise of laborers, who now receive fully seventy-five per cent over the prices of 1850. Machinery, however, will soon reduce capital and labor to a fair adjustment.

The other great feature, the slaughter and packing houses, is not a very æsthetical subject, although suggestive enough to a thinker ; for good beef makes good health and sound consciences and solid thoughts. hence good citizens and good literature. But Bridgeport, the place of slaughter, is likewise the Gehenna of the city, as well as its cloacum ; a place of utter abomination and filth, but far away from the centre of the city, and upon the open prairie. Streets are there, and houses and people ; but the roads are often impassable, and would be in wet times altogether so, if it were not for the plank roads. It is a strange sight, and full of picture, — rude, primitive, and pastoral, — to see the great herds of cattle driven up to the pens for the slaughter-houses. Here, for several days, they live mysteriously on nothing, until they are wanted by the butchers, who hold wisps of hay to attract the poor creatures to the door, beyond which there is no hope and no return. Once inside, they are seized by the horns, and bound by a cord which is attached to an axle. They are then despatched by a single blow.

“ The ponderous hammer, lifted high,
Falls crashing on each brain ;
And misty darkness veils their eyes,
And they forget their pain.”

The hind-legs are then attached to an iron hook, when they are skinned, cleaned, and cut into two parts. The horrible butchers, with knives and axes, stand all round the great long blocks, cutting and chopping the carcasses; and, in a few minutes, the great fire-breathing bull, whose roar affrighted the prairie, and in whose mighty limbs was the strength of a little steam-engine, is a barrel of salt beef! It is a repulsive subject, although roast beef is good for man; and, as war has lost half its brutality by the vastness of its operations and the enginery employed in its transactions, so this butchery, by its wholesale slaughter, and the orderly system thereof, assumes features something less like the "bloody juices and raw horrors," and cruelty of the old system. In many of these factories, they kill between three and four hundred oxen a day in the busy season; and, as one enters them for the first time, and beholds fourteen hundred halves of oxen suspended on parallel beams, and three hundred and fifty men working there at their awful trade, he might well fancy that he had got into the larder of old Thor, king of the gods and giants in Norseland. In one of these factories, besides the oxen, they kill nearly two thousand hogs a day!

The Frenchman alluded to above says, with his instinct for blood, that there is something Homeric in this perpetual massacre, and that one ends by finding a savage poetry in these bloody scenes: he forgets whatever is revolting and odious, in thinking of the order, activity, and grandeur of the results obtained. It may be so; but the subject is not the pleasantest to contemplate, nor would one be willing to have his son educated in the midst of such revolting horrors. As

a leading city feature, however, it could not have been omitted in a writing of this sort. Pork and beef are articles of an immense consumption and commerce in Chicago; and it is now claimed for the city, that it is not only the Garden City of the West, but the great Western emporium of pork and beef,—far eclipsing even the great marts of Cincinnati in its sales and exports.

The history of its grain markets, like that of every other department of its progress, is really wonderful, and presents us with a startling array of figures, which, year by year, show an astounding increase in the receipts and exports. In 1855 there were shipped from our port 21,583,221 bushels of grain; and the total receipts were over twenty-four millions and a half. Half a dozen years before this, there was but a single railroad, some twenty miles long, entering the city. In 1856 there were 3,676 miles of railroad completed and in operation; and the earnings of these lines in 1855 amounted to \$17,343,242.83, and more than a hundred trains then arrived and departed daily. The lumber trade exceeds by far that of any other city in the world, and in 1856 amounted to 456,673,169 feet. The manufacturing capital in the preceding year amounted to \$7,759,400, and the value of manufactured articles to more than fifteen millions and a half of dollars. In the same year, \$5,708,624 was expended in building houses with marble and iron fronts, private and princely residences, and other improvements.

There can be no longer any doubt that Chicago is also destined to be the seat of various extensive manufactures, as well as agricultural products. Every kind

•

of cabinet and furniture ware, boots and shoes, pianos, and all sorts of musical instruments, from the guitar to the banjo, are manufactured in our work-shops; and it is acknowledged by the best European judges, that our guitars are superior to any thing that has been made before in the United States, and fully equal to those of Germany and England. Indeed, so well is this understood, that these instruments are bought by Eastern houses at wholesale, and are said to be retailed very often as of foreign manufacture. The music trade of the city is very extensive, and an enormous number of pianos is sold during the year. We have five or six stores which must be allowed to rank in the first class of musical depots on the continent. Smith and Nixon, Lyon and Healey, and Root and Cady, are the leaders of musical taste in the city. It is a sign that refinement is going hand in hand with civilization. Indeed, there is scarcely a lone farm of any pretensions, in any part of the wilderness of the West, to say nothing of farms which are more readily accessible to the city, in which there is not some good piano, accordion, or Burdett organ. We are fortunate also in numbering among the music sellers and manufacturers of our city men of real talent and great executive ability. We have one composer likewise, George Root, Esq., who possesses a national reputation, and whose songs are sung with joy alike in the log-cabin and the marble palace. Nor are we deficient in literary ability. We have authors among us who have a wide reputation, and a whole host of *littérateurs* and journalists. Our newspapers, both daily and weekly, are, on the whole, edited with more than the average ability; and, in two special examples, the

leading articles are often marked by great sagacity and a masculine vigor.

It would be strange indeed if, amidst all this material and intellectual wealth, there were no efforts made to establish among us the fine arts of painting and sculpture, inasmuch as these arts are the handmaidens of civilization, and the great elevators and purifiers of society. Painting, even more than sculpture, by its faithful delineation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, by the harmonious disposition of its several parts, and by the richness and warmth of its glowing colors, appeals directly through the eye to the imagination, and is, as it were, the bridge which connects the natural with the divine. It is the highest æsthetic agent in the cultivation of the spiritual nature of man; and happy indeed is that people in whom dwells all the fulness of its glorious inspiration! We are fortunate in having, not only painters and sculptors among us, but a magnificent temple for the production and bestowment of their works. The Opera House, about which so much has been said and written that we need give no detailed description of it in these pages, is a noble architecture, in all respects worthy of the city, the people, and the genius of the West. Over its spacious halls, a gallery has been built for the exhibition both of native and foreign pictures; and on the same floor will be found the studios of the local artists. A handsomer suite of rooms could scarcely have been devised for the beautiful purposes of art. They were constructed expressly for the object to which they are devoted; and we are glad to say, that pictures have issued from them very frequently, of late, which do credit to the sacred vocation of the painter. Mr.

Healey, the well-known portrait master, — for such he assuredly is, in all the high requirements of his special department of the art, — is confessedly at the head of the Chicago school of painting, and has no competitor. He is remarkable for the fine drawing of his imaginative pictures, for their great truthfulness of expression, for the wonderful lucidity of his coloring, and for the honesty, delicacy, and skill which he shows in his extremities. Some of his earlier portraits compare favorably with his present performances; but, as a whole, we think they lose by it. They lack the breadth, strength, the light and play impulse of the later portraits, and impress one with a sense of weakness in the handling. Marshal Soult is perhaps the best of these earlier works; but, although there is almost a Vandyke tone to the color of the face, we feel, in looking upon it, that it is rather meretricious and evanescent than solid and flesh-like painting. How different, for example, is that masterly work, a full-length of our great General Sherman, who is destined to be the favorite of history, the immortal soldier of the war, almost as great as Grant, because of his unrivalled “march to the sea!” Healey’s picture of this dauntless, daring, dashing general, who taught a new art and tactics of war, who said that an army’s base of supply was the enemy’s country, who laughed at hunger, who trampled difficulties like straws, who, while insisting upon subordination, discipline, and duty, did so inspire his vast army with confidence in their own power and in the sovereignty of their swords, that they regarded the famous march through Georgia as a school-boy his holiday visit to some jolly friends who lived by the “sounding sea,”

and made the so-called and hitherto deemed "impassable swamp," and the haughty solitude of the primeval forest, and the mighty sweeps of the immeasurable prairie, resound with a jollity so hearty and so hilarious, that Nature herself forgot her old reticence and reserve, and joined in the matchless chorus, — Healey's picture, we say, of the hero of this grand march, — which was all the way like the procession of some Eastern victor, laden with the spoils of war, *bellorum exuvie*, *truncis*, &c., — this picture of the rugged old warrior is so brave in daring; so real and so ideal; so full of character, of soldierly camp ease, and of life, — life even to action, on a still canvas, — that it impresses one like a counterpart, an absolute reflex of the man. There it hangs in the outer court-room of the artist's studio, to be seen of all men. That weather-beaten, scarred, and furrowed face, sunburnt, and speaking to us in its expression with that fierce, defiant, determined look in the small black eyes, which are crimped up at the corners with an infinite, irresistible humor and drollery; that face of force, with its old family nose; that grand, broad, high head; that vaulted forehead, where thought enshrined lies amidst the geometries of war and the schemes and tactics of battle, — will never be forgotten by any eyes capable of seeing that once behold it. It is a great historical picture. Not the head is there only, but the slight, almost feminine, but wondrously wiry form, dressed in plain military costume, simple, like the man, or, rather, simple like as he is in *some* things; for at the bottom of his character there is a love of display and of power, great ambition, self-esteem, and love of approbation: but withal there is a great big boy's heart

in the dear old commander, which makes him love jollity and good fellowship and lightsome gayety as if he were a Greek, — a soldier, say, under Xenophon; those Greek soldiers being, all of them, a pack of overgrown, loving, and conquering boys.

This, we grant, is somewhat of a digression; but then the theme is so worthy, in all ways, that it would be cruel to blot it out. Healey's women are nearly always superb creatures; for he gets all the beauties to paint, and he manages, through their inspiration, to render them still more beautiful as their spirits pass through his spirit upon the canvas. But, after all, his masculine portraits are the best: although Sir Joshua Reynolds himself has scarcely painted more delightful children than he, so rounded in form, so pulpy, rosy, and cherub-like his infants; so fairy-fashioned, elegant, musical his girls; so brave and brusque his American boys!

Most of the other artists are landscape painters, — Reed, Ford, Bigelow, and the rest. Drury also paints landscapes and marines well, but excels in animals and flower-pieces. Gookings paints imaginative things only, as if he had been born and cradled in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare. Mr. Gookings is a young artist of great promise, highly connected in the city. Mrs. St. John is an animal painter; but latterly she has devoted herself to portraits in crayon, which she executes with a clever pencil. There are other artists, whose names and works are not familiar to us, but of whom we have heard very encouraging reports, whose studios are in the Opera House.

Mr. Volk is at the head of his profession in Chicago,

as a sculptor. His marble bust of Mr. Lincoln would of itself be sufficient to stamp him as a man of genius. But his works are legion; and his design and execution of the Douglas monument will long remain to attest his skill. He manipulates very admirable medallion portraits, also in marble. There is another sculptor in the city, Mr. Seivert, whose works have attracted much attention in artistic circles, and whose reputation is deservedly high amongst *connoisseurs*. He has executed some ambitious themes and pieces, in groups as well as individuals,—all of them meritorious, and prophecies of higher excellence in the future.

Such, in very imperfect outline, is a sketch of the condition of art in Chicago. We could not have said less than we have said about this great educational feature in the social history; and we feel that we have not said enough to do it justice. The public schools themselves, immense as are their claims upon the popular regard, are not of more importance to the community than this beginning to a history of fine art in the city. It is, in all respects, worthy of the highest encouragement and support. Already we are glad to learn, that a School of Design, and a Gallery of Art in connection with it, have been inaugurated with the happiest auspices. Our wealthy citizens will see to it that art shall not languish here for want of sustenance. It is an element which is as much needed as religion itself in our Western civilization,—in all civilizations indeed; but in ours the more especially, because we are so thoroughly immersed in material occupations that there is danger of our losing those grand enterprises of the spirit which can be reached and secured only

through æsthetic media,—through painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, and music. Religion has no such helpmates as these outside their pale. They are the darling themes of God, which he gives to man, wherewith to proclaim his magnificence and glory, that, through them, man himself might reach to deific heights, and touch the roofs of heaven, catching its inspirations, and becoming thereby a sort of demi-god,—a creator of beauty and harmony, of divine music and song, of mighty poems in stone and in colors, and of all other beautiful and holy things which are possible to art.

It is a cheering thought, that not only the most wealthy, but others who are far less happily circumstanced in regard to means, are deeply imbued with the spirit of art, in its various departments. Hence, it is not at all an uncommon thing to find the walls of comparatively humble homes clothed with valuable paintings, rare engravings, and medallions and busts in stucco and marble. An artistic taste is also exhibited in the architecture, and internal and external ornamentation, of the citizens' houses. During the past five years, since art-criticisms of a rare and appreciative character have appeared in the leading journals, a great change has come over the popular taste in respect to the choice of pictures. We are now speaking of *criticism proper* as the agent of this change, and not the vulgar bepraisement of pictures, whether good or bad, which has so frequently damaged art by its evident favoritism and incompetency. True criticism is of inestimable value, and is moreover a great teacher. It discriminates between the false and the true, between what is meretricious and what is genuine,

and shows cause for judgment. Hence there is fast growing up among us a real art-culture, which, as we said, is made manifest by the superiority of the paintings now found in houses of refinement, compared with those which were considered good in the same houses only five years ago. It is an immense stride in the right direction, and cannot fail of the best results. There are libraries, also, in the city, belonging to private gentlemen, which are really worthy of the name; not books with handsome outside bindings, but books well selected, with a view either to a comprehensive general reading or to consecutive study. Perry Smith, Esq., has a superb miscellaneous library, — a fortune in itself; and we have heard of others, but are not personally acquainted with their contents. Mr. Rice, of the Sherman House, is also the happy possessor of a library of rare books, and of the choicest editions, which he has collected at an immense cost, and of which he is justly proud. We name these examples as proofs of our position that we are progressing in our love for art and literature, and that this love keeps pace with our material progress. Scores of such instances could, no doubt, be adduced; and every citizen will call to mind some one or more of these in his own circle of acquaintance.

Add to these cheering and delightful aspects of our social life the deep and intense love of music and of dramatic representations which obtains among us, the encouragement which is cheerfully given to all competent and well-accredited lecturers, and the influence of our public schools upon the mind and character of the rising generations, and we have before us the sum of those moral and intellectual agencies which are des-

tined to fashion and build up the future greatness of Chicago.

The educational facilities of Chicago are unusually good. Besides the public schools, which are admirably conducted, there is the magnificent University, near the Douglas Monument, at the head of which is the Rev. D. Burroughs, an eminent clergyman and scholar, who, with his efficient and accomplished staff of professors, has given to it a Western, and we had almost said a national, reputation. The curriculum of instruction at this college is of a very solid and liberal character. The astronomical chair is held by a professor whose proud boast it is that he is able to conduct his observations through the aid of the largest telescope in the world ; and we can bear a willing testimony to the high qualifications of the Professor of Modern Literature, whose happy methods of instruction, and whose fine enthusiasm for his own department of learning, have so endeared him to his students. The young Professor of Greek, the mathematical professor, and indeed the entire faculty, are men of superior minds, as well as of high qualifications ; and no better chance in the West can befall a young man ambitious of learned distinction than to go through a course of study at the Chicago University.

Then there is the highly distinguished Rush College for the study of medicine, conducted by men of great ability and reputation. Here we have frequently had the pleasure of listening to the learned and eloquent Dr. Carr, of the Madison University, Wisconsin, whose lectures on chemistry and geology are of the highest class, and who ranks among the first of his

profession as a physiologist. He is a living speaker, and not a skeleton dealing with dead bones. His most learned discourses are full of color, picture, and reality; and the driest themes in his hands palpitate with life. To study medicine with him is like the reading of a romance; and, so long as he and his compeers remain in that college to teach, there will assuredly be no lack of students.

The public works, which have been constructed by the enterprise of our citizens, will long remain as monuments to their honor. That great example of engineering skill and indomitable energy, the Chicago Tunnel, — by and through which the pure water of the lake, at a distance of three miles from the shore, is conveyed to every home in the city, — is one of the mightiest achievements of modern times, and is worthy of the genius of George Stephenson himself. We have no space to enter into an elaborate account of this gigantic work; but it is a prophecy of future efforts, — of man conquering nature, subduing her terrific forces and energies, and making her subservient to his will and purposes. The Chicago of to-day is like the realization of some Titanic dream: standing there, with all its proud palaces, and public buildings and works; its majestical warehouses and palatial hotels; its superb mansions and picturesque villas. But the Chicago of 1900 will so far eclipse it in physical proportions and grandeur, in the immensity of its population and wealth, in the vastness of its commercial transactions, in the ubiquity of its marine, and in all those social, moral, and intellectual qualifications which constitute the greatness of man, that it will appear to them no more in comparison than Wolf's Point does to us

now. Already the bridges *across* our Stygian River, which superseded the old Charon boats, are being, in their turn, superseded by tunnels *under* the river; and, in a very short period, all the vast passenger traffic — so injuriously impeded at present by the continual incoming and outgoing of vessels to and from the lake, laden with produce — will be conducted far below the bed of the river.

We have now given a rapid outline of the history of Chicago, which we feel to be also very imperfect; but a more detailed account of its progress and prosperity would have been inconsistent with the plan and main object of the book. We leave it therefore as it is, and hope it will give as much pleasure in the reading as we have experienced in the writing of it.



ADDITIONAL HISTORY ITEMS.

The following sketch, received since the foregoing chapters were written, is from the pen of the Rev. A. D. Field, of Yorkville, Ill., and will be welcome to our readers on account of the additional facts which it contributes to the early history of the city. We are glad of the opportunity to include it at the end of these memoirs. It is taken from his "Historical Sketches of Methodism."

"During the Revolution, Patrick Henry, a States'-rights man, then Governor of Virginia, sent out an expedition to the forts of Southern Illinois and Indiana; and, taking the country, Virginia laid claim to

all the North-west, and Illinois was organized as a county of Virginia in 1778. In 1784 the State ceded to the United-States Government all the North-west territory; and in 1790 General St. Clair organized in Illinois the county which bears his name, and within which the first American settlements were made, and where, in 1793, the first Methodist class in the State was organized. In 1809, Illinois was organized as a territory, with Ninian Edwards as governor. The first Legislature convened at Kaskaskia, an old French town, in November, 1812: the upper house consisting of five members; the lower, of seven. After a session of ten or twelve days, they adjourned. Nathaniel Pope was elected as the first representative in Congress. The northern line of the State ran due west from the southern bend of Lake Michigan, leaving Chicago in Wisconsin. Judge Pope, seeing the importance of the lake ports to the State, procured a change of the line to its present position; throwing nearly all the territory now in the Rock-River Conference into Illinois. This one unimportant act of the representative has modelled many of the religious and secular organizations of the West.

“In 1818 the people organized a State government; and Illinois was admitted to the Union, having about thirty thousand inhabitants. Shadrach Bond was the first governor of the State.

“The history of the present city is closely connected with the construction of the canal from Chicago to La Salle; a thing little thought of now, but, in that early day, a matter of world-wide fame. The opening of a canal from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River was discussed in the papers as early as 1814. In the

first State Legislature (in 1818), the subject was under discussion ; and in 1823 a Board of Canal Commissioners was appointed ; and in 1824 the route was surveyed. At this time, the Sangamon River was the boundary of civilization. Daniel P. Cook, the member of Congress from the State, — and after whom Cook County, organized in 1831, was named, — engineered the canal project through Congress in 1827, and procured a grant of land, including every alternate section for six miles each side of the canal. The site of Chicago was nearly all canal land. The commissioners employed James Thomson to lay out the town of Chicago in 1829 ; and his first map bears date Aug. 4, 1830. The work on the canal was not commenced, however, until 1836 ; but the fact of the scheme being on hand caused settlers to come into the country, from 1830, in a steady flow, until the rich lands were settled and developed.

“ The families residing in Chicago in 1829, at the time the first sermon we can get any account of was preached, were those of John Kinzie and Dr. Wolcott, the Indian agent and son-in-law of Mr. Kinzie, who lived on the north side ; John Miller, who kept a tavern on the west side, at ‘ the Point,’ in his own log-house, and who was living in Lake County in 1856 ; and John B. Beaubien, who lives on the south side, near the Central Depot.

“ Besides these, there were some three or four Indian traders living in log-cabins on the west side ; and the officers and soldiers connected with Fort Dearborn, generally about fifty in number.

“ The abrupt banks of the river made a fine burrowing place for muskrats, minks, and skunks. The In-

dians had long called the neighborhood *Che-gau-go*, from *chegaug*, a skunk. This name the whites applied to their new town; and Chicago stands to-day with its grand magnificence, thirty-six years on in its eventful career.

“One of the first, if not the first, steamboat that made a trip around the lakes was the ‘*Thomas Jefferson*,’ which cast her anchor in the lake off Chicago on the 8th of June, 1835. The writer of this unpretending history was then a youngster among the crowd of passengers landed by scows on the dock of G. W. Dole’s warehouse.

“Lake Michigan was skirted all around its southwestern shores by black-oak sand-ridges. The country is low and level; and here and there sluggish streams, mere bayous, put into the lake. At Chicago, one of these streams made its way through the sand-banks, and poured its dark, malarious waters, from all the swamps of the surrounding country, into the lake. The river, starting from its mouth, extends three-quarters of a mile west, and then parts into the north and south branches, which make the most convenient natural canals of which any city can boast. The prairie to the west is low, wet clay land, left to this day to the prairie-grass. Thither go the mowers, each summer, to cut the wild prairie hay, within six miles of the centre of the city. The river was originally about two hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep. The shores were so abrupt, vessels could lie along the banks within a plank’s length of the shore, which rose about six feet above the river. The city commenced its growth in three clusters: one at the forks, or ‘point,’ on the west side; another near the fort;

the third on the north side, near the lake. These clusters continued separate until 1840, when they became one. The lots between the fort and the point were of little value, and for a time the point seemed to have the ascendancy. The richer part of the town, however, was on the north side, near the lake. There, in 1836, a fine hotel, the Lake House, and the St. James Episcopal Church, — the oldest church building in the city, — were built; and there arose the first private residences of any value.

“The timber skirted the river nearly to its mouth; and the north side was entirely covered with woods until 1836. The present writer cut pea-bushes and gathered hazelnuts, as late as 1836, near the ground occupied by the Board-of-Trade building, and southwest of the Court-house. In that year, the ground where Smith & Nixon’s music hall stands, on the corner of Clark and Washington Streets, was covered with stumps and bushes. Lynx and wildcats were killed in the woods between the city and Bridgeport in 1834. In one day in October, 1834, one bear and forty wolves were killed between the point and Bridgeport, most of them on the east side of the river. The city was built on a clay bed; and, up to 1844, when the first planking was done, teams were often mired on Lake Street.

“During the summer of 1831, two vessels arrived, and were unloaded from their anchorage off the mouth of the river. Out of Fort Dearborn, in 1833, there were about thirty-five houses (mostly built of logs), with one hundred and thirteen inhabitants. The first frame building was erected by G. W. Dole, in 1832. It was situated on the south-east corner of Dearborn

and South Water Streets. The first brick building was a dwelling-house, erected in 1833, on Monroe Street, between State and Clark.

"The only way the isolated inhabitants could procure news from the outside world was by sending a half-breed Indian, once in two weeks, around to Niles, Michigan, to procure all the papers, old and new, that could be found. The trip was made on foot, and usually occupied a week. A debating society was formed, presided over by John B. Beaubien; and an occasional meeting was held in the fort, conducted by Mark Noble, with some four or five others, who were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"In July, 1831, the schooner 'Telegraph,' from Ashtabula, Ohio, sailed by Joseph and John Naper, arrived at Chicago with a number of families, the most of whom settled at Naperville. Among them were the families of the two Napers. P. F. W. Peck was on this vessel with an assortment of merchandise. Mr. Peck put up a log-store, and began selling goods. The building was near the Central Depot. In 1833 he put up a frame building (the second in town), built of black-walnut and oak lumber, hauled from Walker's saw-mill, at Walker's Grove (Plainfield), forty miles away. This building, used as a store for years, stood on the south-east corner of South Water and La Salle Streets. The lot, eighty by one hundred and fifty feet, cost eighty-four dollars. About this time, two free ferries were established: one, across the north branch; the other, across the south branch of the river. Mark Beaubien, ferryman, neglected his ferries to attend horse-races, and was ordered by the court to ferry

citizens across the river, 'from daylight in the morning until dark, without stopping.'

"The first Circuit Court was held in 1831, in 'the brick house in Fort Dearborn, in the lower room of said house.' The public expenses of Cook County, which included Dupage, Lake, McHenry, Will, and Iroquois Counties, for 1832, were \$252.35; receipts from licenses and taxes to pay the same, \$278.28. In the spring of 1833, Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of building a harbor at Chicago. The 'Chicago Democrat' of April 30, 1834, says, 'An hundred emigrants arrived in the last ten days.' The first vessel entered the harbor, June 11, 1834; and, during that summer, one hundred and fifty vessels discharged their cargo at Chicago. As late as 1835, most of the provisions used in the city and surrounding country were shipped from Ohio. In 1834 the votes of Cook County summed up 528.

"The Indians had generally left the country previous to 1836; but the annual payment of that year was made in Chicago, and five thousand Indians assembled for allowances. The commissioner, on pay-day, held his office in an old frame-house on the prairie, between Washington and Randolph Streets, about half a mile from the river.

"Some forty miles to the north was a little burg, called Little Fort, now the charming Waukegan. Twelve miles north of the town, on the Milwaukee road, was a prominent tavern, kept by a Dutchman, where dancing and whiskey-drinking were the chief employments. This place was known, far and near, as 'Dutchman's Point.' That Dutch tavern-keeper, John Plank by name, was afterward German presiding

elder in the Rock-River Conference. Ninety miles to the westward, a quiet man ferried the travellers from the south to Galena over Rock River ; and everywhere 'Dixon's Ferry' was a noted point. That is Dixon now. Juliet (now Joliet) and Ottawa were small villages to the south-west."



CHAPTER IV.

EARLY RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

IT happens, sooner or later, in all societies, however “immersed” men may be “in matter” and in the accumulation of wealth, that they are compelled to listen to those inner voices of the soul which call to them from the depths of being, “deeps below deeps,” and will not let them rest until they have come to some kind of a settlement with them upon the high concerns of spirituality and religion. “No matter,” says Emerson, “where men begin, they will very soon be found mumbling their Ten Commandments.” It is inherent in man, and belongs, as the Sanscrit Indians said, to the “Goon.” He cannot help it. Religion is his deepest deep and his highest crown, although it varies in its degree according to the natural capacity of the recipient. There are some who appear to be born blind to spiritual things, and pass through life without so much as suspecting their existence; to whom religion is a form, and prayer a ceremony; who believe in God only on a Sunday, and then as a sort of Mumbo Jumbo, more terrible than loving, whom they acknowledge through fear, and thus appease the religious craving within them, which no one can utterly eradicate. But that great spiritual

empire which, to the humble and devout Christian, is at all times open, with its inspirations and beatitudes, is to them as a sealed book. They live entirely on the natural plane of life, and see as the animals see, and not as the angels. But even these men, and there are legions of such in the world, must, as we have said above, have some kind of a religion wherewith to hoodwink his spirit. They will make their own God, rather than have no God. They will worship Force or Nature or "Cause and Effect;" or it may be, that, every thing in the shape of religion being one and the same to them, they fall in with the popular tumult respecting it and with the popular worship, and become sectarian formalists and nominal Christians.

Others are eager for the reception of religious truth, — tender, loving, and gentle souls, — between whom and the spiritual world there is the thinnest kind of veil, whose life is quite ready to be "hid with Christ in God." And upon these the truth falls like light, opening up the most interior deeps of the spirit, so that their progress in the divine life is rapid and sure, and their radiations are stained with the glory of the highest heaven, and they are known of all men as God's children.

The society at Wolf's Point, in those early days, was composed mostly, if not altogether, of these "natural" men, who lived entirely for the satisfaction of the senses; mere soldiers, traders, half-breeds, and hunters, who were shut down under a heaven of brass, and pent up in that limited corner of the universe, with no outlets to civilization but the lake and the yet-untrodden woods and prairie. They were here for trade

purposes; half-savages in their ways and thoughts; living from hand to mouth, nor ever looking higher, nor dreaming of any thing higher; mere savages, as we said, — a sort of Autocthones, living on the earth and for the earth, — utter earthly creatures, as all such are, and must be from the very nature of their seeking and occupation.

There appears to have been no chaplain, even to the fort, for a long time; and, when he did appear, it was as a kind of nondescript, half-blacksmith, half-preacher, — a man chosen to the praying office for his unction, and because he was the happy possessor of what the settlers called, in their own picturesque language, “the gift of the gab.” This, however, was in 1831-2; and, for fear that there should be too much religion in the settlement, a dance was instituted at Mark Beaubien’s tavern, where those who desired that kind of exercise might take it in lieu of prayer and praise, or in conjunction with it. A billiard-table, with one old cracked ball, was also set up in competition with the meeting; but there appears to have been the heartiest good-will between all the parties concerned. At length, however, and for good, came Jesse Walker, before spoken of in these pages as an excellent and well-to-do man, a farmer, and a Methodist-Episcopal preacher duly authorized to preach the gospel to this heathen. Next to the Jesuits, the Methodists have always been the pioneers of Christianity in the wilderness, whether of savages or of so-called civilized men. John Wesley set them a brave example, which they have not forgotten. He went down into the slums of cities, into the vile places of the earth, anywhere where there were lost souls to save. No more

than his Master did he care for dignities, and the pomp and parade of the Church. In his gown or out of it, he was still John Wesley, the man of God and the friend of sinners ; nor did it matter to him a whit, that the place wherein he preached was not consecrated. The everlasting love of God had consecrated the whole earth. And on the hillside, or under the shade of the forest tree, or upon the open moorland ; or amidst the blackened and burning earth, with coal-pits yawning all around him, like so many mouths of subterranean hell, — he made his church, and took his stand for God, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. A most democratic preacher ! revolutionizing the Church, its services, ceremonies, and ritual ! He and Whitefield were the Melancthon and Luther of their time, — Whitefield himself a mighty man of God, before whose eloquence all hearts melted, and all pockets were drained. Even Benjamin Franklin, — an infidel on the sly, but an encourager of outward religion, because he saw that people could not be ruled without it, and that it was good for the public peace and the public morals, — even this man of granite intellect and immovable conviction, once heard Whitefield preach ; and, before he had half done, he concluded to give all the coppers he had in his pocket to the cause which the preacher was advocating. Before he was three parts through, he made up his mind to give the silver as well as the copper ; and when he had finished, and the collectors came round with their dishes, “ I emptied the entire contents of my purse into the same,” he says, — “ coppers, silver, gold, and all.” Marvellous logic, wondrous reasoning ! Mighty rhetoric indeed must it have been, thus to affect so stout and tough a champion of free-

thinking and indissoluble deity! But so it was; and the dramatic power of Whitefield was so great, his eloquence so overwhelming, that he swayed his immense audiences like reeds, and compelled alike their smiles and tears, their convictions and their purses.

No wonder, therefore, that, with two such forbears as these for exemplars, the Methodists of old should descend upon unconverted America with such power and fervor, and win so many souls to Christ and the Methodist Church; that brave old Walker was recognized, in his own day, as a veteran preacher, because he was always in harness,—always working, too, as if he heard his Master's feet behind him. There was, in those early days, a schoolhouse occupied by one Watkins, who taught therein the young ideas of Wolf's Point how to do their shootings. This schoolhouse Walker found convenient for preaching purposes, and here he held forth as occasion served. He was what Teufelsdröck would call a regularly irregular preacher, sometimes allowing as much as three weeks to elapse between his exhortations; that good blacksmith lay-preacher, Lee by name, occupying the desk during his absence. Walker preached in this place a good deal during 1831-3, and held his first quarterly meeting there. The schoolhouse stood on the southwest corner of Clark and old North Water Streets; and it is curious and interesting to know and record the names of the first communicants to the Methodist-Episcopal Church in this city, which has now grown to such vast proportions, with so many offshoots, missions, schools, and such various Christian enterprises, connected with it. How little did they think, that, from such small beginning, such great results would spring!

They were intent indeed, solely it may be, to form a Christian Church which should unite all the good hearts of that particular "persuasion," and thus increase the happiness and joy of that little and isolated community. Not a thought of the Chicago of thirty years afterwards ever crossed their minds. This mighty realization would then have appeared an impossible dream; for to their gift of grace the gift of prophecy was not added. The names are John Sinclair, Presiding Elder; Father Walker, Missionary; William Lee, William Whitehead, Local Preachers; Charles Wisencraft, Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, Mrs. Harmon. William Lee, whose name appears in the above list, is the blacksmith preacher before alluded to as the assistant of Father Walker, and was very popular with his parishioners. We have before spoken of a log-house which Father Walker built at the Point for religious services; and this, we suppose, was really the first rude temple specially erected for the worship of God in Chicago. In 1834, the first regular class was formed; and, in the spring of the same year, a neat frame church was built upon North Water Street, between Dearborn and Clark Streets.

A lot was purchased, in 1836, on the corner of Clark and Washington Streets; and, in the summer of 1838, the old church was moved across the river on scows, and placed upon it. It was enlarged several times to accommodate the increasing congregation, until at last, in 1846, it was found necessary to build an entirely new church, which remains to this day.

The year 1833 is the year of churches in Chicago history. It is claimed that the First Presbyterian Church is the oldest in the city; although we can-

not forget Father Walker's log-house, which was built somewhere about 1830-31, and was devoted to religious purposes. Considered as a church proper, the First Presbyterian is, perhaps, really the first. It was organized on the 26th of June, 1833, by its first pastor, Rev. Jeremiah Porter. A detachment of United-States troops came to Chicago early in that year, from Green Bay; and Mr. Porter became their chaplain. When the church was organized, twenty-five of their number joined it, along with several citizens, whose names are John Wright, Philo Carpenter, Elders; Rufus Brown, John S. Wright, J. H. Poor, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Mary Taylor, E. Clark, Mrs. Cynthia Brown. This church has been unusually prosperous, and many offshoots have sprung from it. So early as 1853, ten churches had been organized, in whole or in part, from this venerable old mother. The Rev. H. Curtis was the pastor of it in that year; and its history down to the present time, with that of all the other churches named in this brief memoir, will be found under the proper heading in the body of this work.

In 1833-4, also, the first Catholic Church was built, by the Rev. Mr. Schoffer, somewhere on State Street. It now stands in the rear of St. Mary's Cathedral, and is used by the Sisters of Mercy as a schoolroom. St. Mary's, in consequence of the lapse of the first Catholic Church into a schoolroom, is the oldest church of that denomination in the city. It was opened for divine service on the 25th of December, 1843. Its pastors were then the Revs. Fischer, and Saint Pailais, since Bishop of Vincennes. The house was completed by Bishop Quarter, and consecrated by him Dec. 5, 1845.

The oldest Episcopal Church in the city is that of St. James.* It was organized in 1834, with the following as its first members: Peter Johnson, Mrs. P. Johnson, Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie (wife of J. H. Kinzie, Esq.), Mrs. Francis W. Magill, Mrs. Nancy Hallam, Mrs. Margaret Helm; and from this beginning have grown the various magnificent churches belonging to the Episcopalians proper, which grace and adorn the city. It has always appeared to us, that the services of this Church — apart from any mere sectarian feeling, and regarded as the homage of Christian hearts profoundly affected by religious truth and the consciousness of man's immortality — are the most touching and beautiful of all the offerings of prayer and praise to God which the history of Christianity presents to the world. It contains the formula of the innermost confession of the hoping, trusting, and

* The Rev. A. D. Field, speaking of the early churches of Chicago, records the following facts:—

"The St. James Episcopal Church, on the North Side, the building now owned by the Central Presbyterian Society, was built in 1836. There was, this year, a small Catholic chapel a block south of the Tremont House; and the Presbyterians had a house about twenty by thirty, seated with school-benches, which served as church and schoolhouse, situated on Clark Street, between Randolph and Lake Streets, where the present writer received many of the elements of an education, and often sat, with aching bones, through the long sabbath services. The Methodists had a small church on the North Side, and the Baptists one on the corner of Washington and La Salle Streets. These were the church accommodations of 1836.

"The Presbyterian Church was organized May 13, 1833, by Rev. Jeremiah Porter, then a chaplain at Fort Dearborn; its members consisting mainly of officers and soldiers of the fort. The church was built, probably, in 1834. The Baptist Church was organized by Elder A. B. Freeman, with twelve members, Oct. 12, 1833, and a house of worship built as early as 1835. The town, in 1836, supported three schools; and rooms were hired, here and there, for school purposes. I have mentioned one school: there was another, at the Point, taught, in a room about twelve feet square, by a Mr. Wakeman. The highest classes read in the New Testament, this being the chief 'Reader' in the school. In the winter of 1837, the school on the West Side was taught by Mr. King, in a dwelling north of Lake, on Canal Street."

aspiring soul, conscious of its guilt in the sight of Heaven, but relying upon the promises of the Saviour, and the sureties of his death and resurrection. It offers to the sinner, in words which touch the very quick of life, and burn their way to the throne of the heavenly Grace, those wonderful utterances of abasement and of infinite sorrow for sin, winged, as they are, with rainbow hopes and the longings for pardon and the divine love, which have been the burden of the prayers of the saints and martyrs of the Church, as well as of the humblest believers in all the modern ages. How moving are its litanies! How grand its prayers! how elevating, inspiring, comforting, and ennobling! That reverend and mighty Church has marched through the centuries of the Reformation, the redeemer of the people, and the healer of the Protestant nations. Its ritual is the completed epic of spiritual experience, regarded from the historical platform of Liberal Christianity, and without reference here to its infolded revelation. It begins with the mysteries of childhood; it introduces the puny soul to its spiritual mother, and places it lovingly upon her holy bosom; it invests it with sacred guardians during its novitiate; presents it with a shield and sword at its confirmation; finds a voice for all its sorrows, agonies, joys, hopes, and affections, during its warfare with the world; and puts the eternal seal of the Church upon the dust of the body, while it wafts the conquering spirit itself to heaven in a storm of music and praise.

Next to the Holy Scriptures, the Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church is most like an inspired writing of all the sacred literatures. We are now speaking as a critic, not as a partisan; for we do not belong to the

Episcopal Church, although there is no religious institution, as such,—not even that of Rome,—which assumes so grand a personality, and is capable of so completely usurping the minds of a thoughtful man with the ubiquity of its presence, its claims, and its satisfactions.

We have, in all, some hundred and thirty churches in the city of Chicago; and among the most influential of these is that of the Baptist denomination. Apart from its mere sectarian distinction,—from the doctrines, that is to say, which constitute its individuality,—this church has great literary claims upon our respect and sympathy. One of the few immortal books which have been forged at the anvil of the world's heart was written by John Bunyan, Baptist and tinker, imprisoned in Bedford Jail. It is the Christian experience in fable, the Apocalypse of the modern soul. Robert Hall, the great preacher, the eloquent writer, and learned critic; and John Foster, the essayist, the great essayist, over whose bright but cumbrous spirit hung for ever an adamant gloom,—were both of this church, and its greatest ornaments.

It was the well-remembered Rev. A. B. Freeman who organized the first Baptist Church in this city, on the 19th October, 1833, with the following members: Rev. A. B. Freeman, S. T. Jackson, Martha D. Harmon, Peter Moore, Nathaniel Carpenter, John K. Sargents, Peter Warden, Willard Jones, Ebon Crane, Samantha Harmon, Lucinda Jackson, Betsey Crane, Hannah C. Freeman, Susannah Rice. The house was built on North Water Street, although the actual time is not known to us. In 1843-44, the society built a large brick house on the lot now owned by

them on the south side of the public square. It was burnt down in October, 1852; and the present superb and commodious structure was erected in its place, at a cost of between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand dollars.

Philo Carpenter, Esq., and Captain Johnson, of the First Presbyterian Church, and whilst Mr. Porter was minister, had the honor of inaugurating the first sabbath-school in the city. Mr. Carpenter, in company with G. W. Snow, Esq., arrived here in July, 1832, and, finding that there was great need of a sabbath-school, called the people and their children together, along with the pastors of various denominations, and began the good work with thirteen pupils. The school was first held in a frame-house, which was not then enclosed, and stood at a short distance north-east of the present residence of Mrs. John Wright, on Michigan Avenue. It was subsequently washed away. During the fall of 1832, and most of the following year, the school assembled above the store of P. F. W. Peck, Esq., — an influential and public-spirited citizen of that time, — at the south-east corner of La Salle and Water Streets. Here also the Rev. Mr. Porter preached for some time. The school gradually increased in numbers and in usefulness; and, at the latter end of the famous year 1832, — the year which, as we said above, marks an era in the church history of the city, — Charles Butler, Esq., of New York, presented the Sunday-school with a library, which gave a new impetus to its career, and soon swelled the list to forty or fifty scholars.

That is a very little while to look back to, — not yet forty years; but Sunday-schools have made a notable

advance since then. Forty or fifty scholars do not seem to us to be a great number for the Chicago city of that year, 1833. But it was a beginning; and who can tell what immortal interests hung upon it, what immortal destinies issued from it? Our Sunday-schools to-day number hundreds, and even thousands, in their classes. That North-star School, on Division Street, which we have visited with so much genuine pleasure, has an infant school attached to it, which numbers upwards of five hundred little ones! and the Sunday-school proper has more than a thousand pupils. This generous effort to give religious and secular instruction to the lost children of the poor and the destitute is to us one of the grandest sights which the theatre of the moral world ever presented to human eyes. Week after week, scores of good Christian men, whose Sundays are their only days of rest and of leisure for self-improvement and family re-unions, forego all that, give up all considerations of self, and all innocent, social pleasures, and devote their whole time and talents to these Pariah children of the suburbs and fag-ends of the city. It is truly beautiful and inspiring to witness the joyous earnestness, the devotion and affection, with which these teachers—many of them wealthy city merchants—endeavor to secure the love and confidence of the children, whilst they are, at the same time, doing their best to educate their minds and consciences. It is easy to see that with them teaching is no task-work, but a heavenly employment. This is that true love of the neighbor which is one-half, at least, of the religion of Jesus: it is practical religion, so much extolled by the divine James, who—of all the apostles except John, with his great, burn-

ing heart of love — seems to have been most deeply penetrated by the mystery of works, as the highest expression of love. The mere worldling laughs at Sunday-schools as useless institutions, devised to gratify the vanity of empty and ambitious Christians. We have heard the laugh and the words of scorn “many a time and oft;” and they have made us sad. No sadder sight, indeed, can be seen in this world, than a vain and evil scoffer scoffing at holy things. It inverts the senses from very pain and dread, and drives the spirit back upon its altars, clinging to the horns thereof, lest peradventure it also should utter blasphemies. We have known such joyous results from Sunday-school teaching, — results spiritual as well as moral and intellectual, — that they will always have our warmest support. Nor can we imagine how any one, not utterly depraved, could set his influences against them, seeing that they are often the only chances which immortal souls can ever have to hear of their immortality. This is especially the case in the neglected neighborhoods of large cities, which are haunted by the outcasts, and where the poorest of the poor do congregate. The inauguration of a Sunday-school in such localities is like a shaft sunk suddenly down from heaven to some desolate region of the earth, through which bursts the glory and the brightness of God, to the resuscitation of its dead life and lost beauty. For these schools do literally bring life and immortality to light. They clasp, as in the arms of an infinite love, the lost children of society, and bring them very near to heaven. They give to them new life, new hopes, feelings, desires, and dignity. They also are heaven! Did any one ever think what a vast meaning there is, and must be, in those

four words, "to a poor outcast"? These ragged, wretched little ones, bred and nurtured in blasphemy and sin, are re-created in these schools by the power and fascination of human and divine love. It cannot be doubted. It is a fact patent to every Sunday-school teacher: and, but for these Sunday-schools, the children of the poor, the very poor, would never probably have known what love of any kind is; for who, among *their* consociates, had any love to throw away upon them? We cannot do too much for Sunday-schools; and happy is Chicago, that she has so many of them in her dark and desolate places,—so many teachers, and so many city missionaries, who have nothing else to do but to do good, and who do it! Our churches emulate each other in their Sunday-school projects, as we shall see more fully hereafter.

The first Congregationalist church was formed on the 22d May, 1851, on the west side of the river. And here our authority, Lieutenant-Governor Bross, fails us. At the time of his writing,—the year was 1855, we believe, although it is not dated,—there was already a goodly number of churches in the city; but Mr. Bross merely gives a list of them, with the names of the pastors, and does not tell us in what year they were founded. This omission, however, will be supplied when we come to speak of the present churches and pastors.



CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THIS association is a new expression of Christian charity and benevolence. So far as we know, it is peculiar to this city. It is a Good-Samaritan society, and exists for uses alone. It is on this account that we value it so highly. It makes no parade of its doings, even on legitimate occasions and in authorized channels; nor does it, as we think, sufficiently publish its business and labors, thereby doing injustice both to its character and its claims. It is not often that a public institution errs in this direction; for it too frequently happens that there is more trumpet than music. But here, for once, is a great example, which relies upon its accomplished work to speak for itself. All honor be unto it for this persistent integrity! It is a rare virtue.

But, in truth, a society like this, with such high and noble aims, such utter unselfishness, such continuous and abounding love, whose constituents are all the poor and needy, the unfortunate and the unhappy, the sorrowful Magdalene and the repentant sinner, as well as the uncorrupted youth of both sexes, born, it may be, in the country, but driven into the city for occupation and employment, — such a society, we say,

can afford to be reticent in its official capacity, inasmuch as the thousands who are benefited by its means and counsels are so many eloquent tongues, all eager to celebrate its praises and proclaim its virtues. There is something very attractive in the objects of this society, as declared in its constitution. A beautiful humanity pervades it; and a fatherly care directs its operations, reliefs, and charities. The fascinations of vicious company and immoral entertainments, in all large cities, are the themes of admonition in many earnest and anxious pulpit discourses, and in many a mother's loving counsels to her darling son, as she sends him forth into the world from her sacred and watchful presence. The young and inexperienced have no greater dangers and temptations to dread than these; and, in nine cases out of ten, they are precisely the rock upon which our young men split. And, indeed, the wonder would be if they escaped. These are the fatal falses of city life, baited and garnitured expressly for their destruction by old, cunning, and sagacious intellects of evil. We need not be surprised, therefore, that righteous parents should look forward with such trepidations and dire alarms to the first advent of their children into city life. If it were possible for the trembling and prayerful mother, for the proud and hopeful father, to continue their watchful care over them, all might still be well. But the stern necessities and duties of life forbid the continuous exercise of parental love in that practical form: and the rising generation is left to its own resources and moralities, as the risen were in their day; for, as the sorrowful Pestalozzi says, "Each man must go alone."

Now it is exactly at this stage in the affairs of youth,

when, as we have shown, a friendly guide and monitor is most needed, that the Young Men's Christian Society steps into the arena, and, seeking out the young and unsophisticated, introduces them at once to Christian families and Christian associations and worship. During the public career of this body, thousands have thus been rescued from the degradation of vice and sin, and built up into true and grand souls. No doubt such a direct interference with the concerns of strangers as these acts of Christian courtesy and love imply, requires a fine tact and discrimination to its guidance; but where the motives are pure, and the end sought is so manifestly humane and good, there can be little danger of any serious misunderstanding.

This, however, is but a comparatively minor feature of the society. Its great work is visiting the poor and the distressed, and providing them with temporary relief. There is scarcely a poor home in the city, whether worthy or unworthy, which has not been visited by these Christian missionaries, where their faces are not known and welcomed, and where their charities have not been liberal, and gratefully received. During the past winter, — so terrible in the scourges of its wrath and in the extent of its duration, — they have been literally ministering angels to the poor. They go down to the most squalid cellars, and up to the dingiest apartments of houses, where probably three or four families are crowded together in promiscuous filth and sin. Here they make inquiries as to the health and needs of the inmates. Some are without bread and other necessities; some have pawned or sold their last article of wearing apparel; some have

no wood or coal, and sit huddled together in rags round the rusty stove, their feet in the dead ashes, enjoying a Barmecidal fire, with the glass at zero! Wild, wolfish eyes, fierce with famine, glare round the room to the empty cupboard: and children, with unkempt hair and faces streaked with dirt, shiver in looped and windowed frocks, or the ghosts of such, and cry piteously with cold and hunger.

Such are common sights to these missionaries of Jesus, the brothers of the Christian Association. And oh, how gladly they are welcomed to these dens of human despair and misery! For they are not strangers. Nearly every one of the unhappy sufferers has seen them before, and been relieved by them; and they know that their presence is the harbinger of bread and fire to feed and warm them. "It is so comforting," said a poor sick woman in one of these shanties of destitution, as she lay on her straw bed, with no covering on her but a coarse horse-cloth, — "it is so comforting to us poor suffering people to feel that we are not lost, but that somebody cares for us!" Yes, indeed! none can tell *how* comforting but those who have experienced this great misery of cold and hunger in a savage winter, where all around them are as wretched as they, and not a heart is warm enough to ask, "How are you?" or to say, "God bless you!" Oh, surely it is worth while to be born into this world, if only that one might feel the blessedness of making glad some of these crushed and broken hearts in their utter starvation of body and soul! We cannot imagine any employment half so grand and godlike as this going about "to seek and to save them that are lost."

And the reader will observe here, that these Christian brethren — whose chief object is to win souls to Christ, and members to the Church — always make the religious concerns of these poor outcasts the *last* subject of conversation with them, and not the first and only subject, as is done, to our knowledge, by so many of the Pharisees. Imagine how eager a man will be to hear the glad tidings of salvation, when his ravenous belly is blasphemous for food ! But satisfy these cravings of the animal, sympathize with the man's misery, and he will gladly listen to the consolations of religion. The Relief Committee of the society, in their Report for 1866, reveal the astounding fact, that they expended during that time, but mainly through the winter, \$29,991.12 !

Nor did they relieve the very poor only. We have known poorer people than the "very poor," who, too proud to beg, were not unwilling to die, when a temporary help, in the shape of a loan or a gift, would have restored them once more to life and happiness. Many a worthy family gets reduced through no fault of their own, and will starve, with a Roman's pride, rather than ask aid from any one. It is a mistaken and most unhappy pride ; for no one has any right to think of death from starvation, whilst any other man alive has a loaf of bread to spare. But misery will not hear reason ; and proud misery, like this we are now speaking of, wants to be looked up, and compelled at least to be a borrower for a time. This also is a part of the function of the association. Scores of such persons have been relieved by them, and provided with wood, clothing, and, in not a few cases, with judicious loans or gifts.

When we think of all the good that has been done by this society, it seems as if fairy-time and the reign of the beneficent genii of the story-books had come back again. And so it has, but it assumes a new form. It is the fairy-time of Christianity, the reign of beneficent uses; which may God continue, with omnipresent life, to the end of the world! A few more such societies as this, in all our large cities, would go far to mitigate want, and assuage sorrow, and multiply loving-kindness, and develop religious feeling and aspiration, that civilization might henceforth be represented in a white raiment, pure of the great inhuman blots which now blast its beauty and deform its symbolism.

It may be thought by some very calculating people, that we are perhaps speaking in too exaggerated terms of this excellent and admirable institution. But we cannot speak too highly of it. It is doing God's work by doing good to man; and its wise and beautiful practice is the best and most loving rebuke to its creed, — "justification by faith alone," — which it could possibly receive from any human tribunal. Four thousand and ninety persons were made more happy or less miserable by its own solitary efforts last year! The ladies of the association undertook, also, a thorough canvass of the city for money and cast-off clothes; and the funds were devoted, for the most part, to the "worthy poor" who, "through sickness or other misfortunes, required temporary aid." This, indeed, is the proper function of the society, — "leaving to the public authorities the care of that large class whose vices and improvidence have brought them to want, and who cannot be induced to make an honest effort for reformation of life." This, we say, "is their proper sphere

of labor and charity ;" but they refuse none. How can they, with the Master's example before them? Whom did he refuse to bless?

It is almost the instinct of the unhappy to turn to this society for help. The wretched girl who has lost her all, long ago it may be ; and others who have been brutally seduced, and brought to this city to drag out a living death until dead death comes, — all seem to feel that here, and here only, is their hope of succor and salvation ! It is a blessed position, and beyond all compare, for poor sinful men to occupy ; and the interior history of its experiences must be a marvellous romance. The tract literature, which they distribute all over the city, is another important agency in the evangelization of the outcast. In this happy country, every native-born can read and write ; or, if he cannot, it is his own fault. Out of the four thousand and odd persons relieved last year, — which included persons of many European nationalities, — 2,467 were proficient in these elementary matters, which is a great fact ; 441 could neither read nor write ; and, of 1,182, their qualifications were unknown.

The reader will gather some idea of the minutæ to which the society descends in its efforts to relieve the distressed, from the items enumerated in the balance-sheet : Provisions, groceries, bread-tickets ; medicines ; dry-goods, including bedding, material for clothing, and second-hand clothing collected in the city ; shoes ; sundries, including *rent paid* for families ; transportation furnished ; funeral expenses, &c., — all practical, useful articles and accommodations, for which there must stand a mighty credit, one would think, to the benefactors, in the chancery of Heaven.

In connection with this universal charity, there is an employment agency, by which young men and women are provided with situations. No doubt, much good is done in this way, and it is certain that the design and thought of the projectors were of the best and highest; but the greatest care should always be taken to secure a good character from their last employers with all who seek for occupation as helps. In the absence of this, the vilest persons may be sent to respectable houses under the society's indorsement; and we know cases in which this misfortune has actually occurred, to the detriment, inconvenience, and loss of property of the parties employing them. Compared, however, with the great number of those for whom situations of all kinds are obtained, these evil-disposed persons are the exception, and prove the rule to be good, according to Father Tom's logic. During the past year, 718 girls and 124 boys were provided with comfortable homes; while, through the agency of the Bureau of Employment for Discharged Soldiers, established July, 1865, and sustained by the United-States Christian and Sanitary Commissions, 1,435 men, chiefly soldiers, obtained employment. From twenty-five to seventy-five women were, during the same period, furnished with "temporary work weekly," in washing, cleaning, and sewing. Young men of dissipated habits were reclaimed, and placed in more or less responsible situations in Christian families; and, says the Report, "by the power of these wholesome surroundings, they are now sustaining good characters, and are constant and faithful in business." Families almost famishing for want of bread were judiciously helped, and in the kindest spirit; so that

they preserved their self-respect, and were enabled to provide for their suffering little ones at home. "Young girls from the country and city, who have not been able to withstand the fearful tide of evil around them, and who by sickness and want have been compelled to abandon their life of crime and to seek employment, have come to us," says the same Report, "told us of their sin and guilt, and sad condition, and have been taken to the Refuge," another humane institution provided for such unhappy women. "Here they were kindly treated and hopefully reformed, and placed in Christian families, which, we hope, will afford them such a retreat as will eventually lead them to good and virtuous lives."

All this is in the highest degree inspiring and encouraging, and cannot fail to exalt the religious character of our citizens in the estimation of the world. By their fruits shall ye know them; and this society is sustained entirely by the voluntary contributions of the religious public, upon whom also devolves the support of more churches than were probably ever before collected in a city of corresponding size. Add to this the charge of sabbath-schools, home and foreign missions, Bible and tract societies, and the like, and the amount swells up to almost fabulous figures.

This association circulated last year 500,000 pages of English and 250,000 pages of foreign tracts, 25,000 religious papers, 400 Testaments, and 150 Bibles. The result was a considerable increase of the sabbath-schools, and the "hopeful conversion" of 130 families, who are now "reported to attend divine service."

To keep up a spirit of religious revival, and to foster and cherish individual convictions and personal re-

ligion, as well as to gather into the folds of Christ all seeking, earnest, and anxious souls, they had long since established a devotional or daily union prayer-meeting, which is now in its tenth year of progress. The year 1866, which closed with this society's reports in March of that year, was one of extraordinary religious revivals all over the North-west. The average daily attendance at these meetings is from fifty to a hundred persons: the prayers are spontaneous, and all are invited to join in the communion. Last year, various city clergymen conducted these meetings for a hundred successive days; and laymen supplied the balance of the year. They are held, at noon, every day in the week except Saturday; and there is also a Saturday-evening prayer-meeting.

The good effected by this association, in connection with the United-States Christian Commission, during the late dreadful wars, is altogether incalculable. Many of the members were among the first who responded to the call for seventy-five thousand men; and, from that time to the capture of Richmond, the labors of the society were unremitting to aid and comfort the soldiers in camp and upon the battle-field. A large chapel was erected in Chicago, where there were preaching and prayer-meetings every day. The hospitals were visited by regular agents, who supplied all the needs of the soldiers during sickness and convalescence, through the princely munificence of the people. The names of J. V. Farwell, T. King, B. F. Jacobs, D. L. Moody, will long be remembered in connection with this history. They were the life and soul of the active work done; and thousands of soldiers will bless them to their dying day. These gentlemen were

aided, at the onset, by a hundred and fifty volunteers, who assisted in conducting above a thousand meetings in the camps. D. L. Moody was the first regular army agent of the society. In November, 1861, a convention of similar associations for the relief and benefit of the soldiers was held in the city of New York, which resulted in the organization of the United-States Christian Commission; the chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association, J. V. Farwell, Esq., being made a member of the General Committee of the Commission.

On the 11th of December, the first of a series of meetings in the churches, on behalf of the soldiers, was held in the First Baptist Church; and, a few days later, another meeting was held in Bryan Hall, which was addressed by George H. Smart, Esq., president of the Commission, when large subscriptions were realized. The aims of the society were, indeed, so large and extensive, that they required the revenue of a principedom to accomplish them; and we are happy to say that they never stood still for the want of funds. The patriotic Board of Trade, after giving thousands to the cause, resolved to raise and equip a regiment for the service. A co-operation was effected between them and the association; and they jointly sent to the field the 72d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, for which the association recruited four companies. Another company, not filled in time for this regiment, was that of Captain, afterwards Colonel, John A. Bross, who fell at Petersburg. This company subsequently joined the 88th Illinois, known as the Second Board-of-Trade Regiment. We cannot refrain from bearing testimony, in this place, to the patriot-

ism, piety, and virtue of Colonel Bross, who was as brave as he was good, and whose active services on behalf of his country were so prematurely terminated in his first battle. Those who knew him best loved him most ; and his fragrant memory as a Christian will enhance the glory of his death as a patriot.

The work of the association at Cairo was so extensive that they were compelled to erect a building for their exclusive use ; and the Illinois Central Railroad, through its superintendent, generously granted to them the use of the building site as long as they needed it for their humane purposes. "Its value to the great cause in which we have labored," says the Report, "any one of the thousands who have there found shelter, aid, and kind words, and, in many instances, the blessed Saviour, can best tell."

The battles of the Wilderness, the siege of Nashville, and the great battle which scattered the last army of the Confederacy in Tennessee, made heavy claims upon the Commission, now one with the association, which they were enabled to discharge with profuse liberality through the patriotism of Bryan Hall and the 'Change ; their subscription paper reaching over seven thousand dollars. At Camp Douglas, the distribution of tract literature was immense ; and two permanent delegates, a lady and a gentleman, were appointed to superintend the reading-room there. They supplied rebels and patriots alike ; and distributed among them, during the year, 248,418 tracts, books, Bibles, Testaments, magazines and literary papers, prayer-books, hymn-books, &c. A large chapel, costing \$2,300 dollars, was built and paid for out of the prison fund ; and a reading-room for the patriot sol-

diers, twenty feet square, was erected by the Christian Commission, in which there was also a good library. A diet kitchen was likewise established there, under two competent ladies. Hundreds of soldiers arrived in the city every week *en route* for home, who were lodged and fed by the Commission; for the poor fellows had no money of their own. Many also came here who needed employment; and, as we have said in another place, fourteen hundred of these were placed in good situations.

The labors of the Commission, indeed, were endless. Through the St. Louis distributing office, they sent delegates, stores, and publications to the army in Texas and on the Plains, until their funds were well-nigh exhausted. Sick-beds visited, and made cheerful by the words of love; tender nursing; the bestowment of supplies at the moment most needed; letters written home for hands which could no longer guide a pen; dying messages for absent loved ones; the presentation of divine truth; the blessed Redeemer and Saviour pointed out, and accepted by a living and a dying faith; a Christian burial to the martyr dead; the distribution of writing materials, weekly religious newspapers, good books, and the Word of Life; meetings held nightly in camps, tent, and barracks, crowded with eager listeners, scores seeking Christ, and rejoicing in his love; and whole regiments of colored troops taught to read,—"all this and more," was the mighty work of the delegates who were sent out by the Commission to Texas, and every other part of the land where war was raging.

At the close of the war, the Commission presented its great building at Cairo to the Protestant Orphan

Asylum of that city. The sums of money expended by the Commission were necessarily very great. In the first year of the war, their receipts amounted to \$231,000; in the second year, they reached \$916,837 dollars; in the third, \$2,882,347 dollars; and from January to May, one-third of a year of active campaign, \$2,228,105, — which rate, continued twelve months, would have given, for this last year, \$6,684,315. During the same one-third of the last year, they had 1,023 delegates abroad with our armies and in camp and hospital; which rate, continued through the year, would have given them 3,069 delegates.

Any person of good moral character may become an associate member by the payment of two dollars per annum, a life-member by paying twenty dollars, and an honorary member by a two-thirds vote. Ladies may be members on paying fifty cents per annum, or life auxiliary by paying fifty dollars. None but active members can vote, and no one above forty-five years of age can be eligible to office; and, moreover, it is an indispensable condition of membership, that the candidate shall also be "a member of good standing in some Evangelical Church, and believe in justification by faith in Christ alone."

It will be seen, therefore, from this memoir, that the Young Men's Christian Association is purely a religious society, and shuts out all secular influence, support, or aid. We should have liked its constitution better, if it had been more liberal, and included all Christians of every denomination; for who art thou that judgest another? Nevertheless, it has our hearty and honest sympathy for its great practical uses.



PORTRAITS
OF THE
OFFICIATING CLERGYMEN.





ST. PAUL'S CHURCH FIRST UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

THE REV. DR. W. H. RYDER.

WE live in a wonderful age, — an age of scientific miracles, of strange inventions, of startling progression. Turn where we will, in every direction and in every department of human thought and enterprise we are presented with new schemes, or the triumphant results of such, which have for their object the amelioration of the human kind, the exaltation and refinement of man in his social and moral relations, and, above all, the freedom of his mind from the old shackles of priestcraft, and the dictation of every spiritual authority. For the first time in the history of Protestantism, we are waking up to a full and complete recognition of the great principles of liberty which lie at the foundation of that tremendous rebellion against the power of Rome. As we have said in a previous paper, it was an intellectual and political, not a religious rebellion. It began in denial, and was conducted by the inaugurator of it, and by his distinguished co-adjutors and successors, in the forms of argument and controversy. No heavenly illumination accompanied it, such as, on the announcement of the

high truths and burning love of Jesus, lighted up the souls of the apostles, and filled the Gentile world with a new effulgence of glory. It was a part of the great design of the mundane Providence, that the old, having bravely and nobly done its work in European life; having created society there out of chaos, and infused into it those profound elements of religion out of which alone can greatness of any sort be borne in the shape of laws, literature, and institutions,—having done this, it was a part of the divine ordination that the old should die out of its supremacy, should cease to be as a phase of civilization, and make room for a new experiment, in which the intellect, with its energies and emprises, its innovations and matchless darings, should open up a new era to the world, and become, for a time at least, the sole master of the human destinies. For the mental lethargies, the formality, the stereotyped objectivity of the old civilization, there were henceforth to be adventurous undertakings of all sorts in the regions of speculation, science, art, and life,—a ceaseless activity, designed for the development of all the faculties of man.

The immense results which mankind have achieved during the last four hundred years are the upshot, so far, of the new era and order of things which Protestantism inaugurated through Luther and the eighth Henry of England. They were utterly ignorant of the mighty power which they had evoked, of the mighty intellectual and spiritual kingdom upon whose threshold they stood, and whose gates they unlocked. With them, especially with the last-named historic personage, it was a mere defiance of the pope, and a usurpation of his spiritual authority. It concerned

him, and the politics and the religion of England ; and that was all the insight which he had of its meaning and providential design.

It required long subsequent ages to discover that Protestantism meant liberty,—unbridled liberty of thought and tongue and book. Had Henry VIII. known, could he have foreseen, that the insurrection which he was careful in the cradling of, which he nurtured so tenderly, and reared with such paternal care, contained in it the seed which, sown and grown, would produce fruit whose very existence was death to all kingly and priestly authority, it is more than likely, despite the national necessity of that time, which made it imperative upon him, in order to save the succession, that he should assume the functions of the supreme head of the Church in his own person,—it is more than likely that he would have crushed it under his heel, and have resigned himself, and his dear people of England, passively to the will of the pope.

He did not see it, however : he saw only what was immediate and tangible to his present good, and that of the nation over whose destinies he presided. Slowly, very slowly, when we see with the eyes of to-day how palpable the great principle which underlies Protestantism is, did it get itself delivered from the ripe womb of the agonizing times. It is certainly not more than fifty years ago that it began to be suspected as an embryo life,—in those high places, at all events, where it now reigns supreme. There were always pioneers of thought, in England and America, who proclaimed it aloud ; but these were arrested, imprisoned, Star-Chambered, racked, or burned. It was heresy to speak

the truth, which God himself had spoken, in the history of the Reformation. The Church of England had the right and the liberty of denouncing the Church of Rome, and of maintaining itself. But Luther's doctrine of the "holy all-availableness of the Bible," — as Novalis expresses it, — of interpreting it according to the inner light of the soul, free from the traditions and interpretations of the ancient councils and synods, and of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience, — these fundamental axioms of the new liberty which Protestantism was and is, although conceded in theory, were banned in practice.

Until within the memory of every man who has reached the age of thirty, so far as England is concerned, the State Church was the only legal church, and to dissent from it was heresy. Now, the State Church totters to its fall as a political institution, and must soon take its chance with the sectaries for popular favor. Its days, as an appendage to the State, are numbered. Dissent is all-powerful in England. Long did the dissenters claim their right to worship God according to their light in vain. It is now conceded to them; and, indeed, it was most unjust as well as unphilosophical, to debar them from this privilege, inasmuch as it was the leading canon of Protestantism. The right of free thought and speech, that is the meaning of Protestantism; not the right of this church or that sect, but of each man to think and speak his thought and conviction, no matter whither the conclusions to which they have come may lead. Upon this mighty platform stand to-day all the peoples of the earth who go by the name of Protestants. They are equals. No man has any exclusive right here.

Neither pope nor king, Church nor State, can interfere with the free speech of a Protestant. The platform includes, not religion only, but all the empires of thought and speculation. It is, as we said, an intellectual rebellion; and that includes philosophical reasoning and disquisition, as well as religious dogma. It is true that this great platform of freedom was never bargained for by the reformers and fathers of the Reformed Church. They meant freedom for themselves, as the Puritans meant freedom when they founded and associated the colonies,—freedom for themselves, while they put the ban of excommunication upon that brave, heroic, guileless, and most high Christian exemplar, Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island, the only State which began by recognizing religious thinkers and free thinkers and all thinkers as of equal rights, provided only that they were good citizens.

Think what a dread fight and battle the Unitarians and Quakers and Independents, the Swedenborgians and Universalists, have had of it, to get the liberty of thinking for themselves! They have it now, and will hold it; but Priestley would never have been mobbed, and burned out of his home and business, and persecuted like a felon, if Protestantism had been understood in his day. Nor would Brown, or George Fox, or Roger Williams, have suffered fine, imprisonment, and persecution, if there had been as much liberality in the then orthodox State Church as there was liberty conceded to it. The worst of it was, that, through ignorance, no sooner did one sect get legal acknowledgment, than it did its best to prevent the other sects that happened to be heterodox from achieving the same right. If dissent was right at all, it was right for all.

There can be no vested power in any one sect to dictate what is orthodox, or what heterodox: that would kill the underlying principle of Protestantism, which is liberty, without check or gag of any sort.

The waking-up to this sudden morning light it is which has provoked the heresy of the great scholastic thinkers of Cambridge and Oxford. They claim the right to speak about the Church, its doctrines, discipline, canons, formula, and of the all-absorbing, long-disputed dogmas of Christianity, nay, of the very Bible-text itself as a translation and as an inspiration, — they claim this right, we say, as Protestants, and because there is no authority higher than the human soul, or more capable than the human intellect, to decide upon these high arguments.

Wonderful indeed are the changes which the gradual recognition of the right of free thought and speech has produced, both in the Church and in the schools! We have seen, within the last few years, the ancient seats of learning, whence the orthodox religion receives all its ministers and teachers, converted into arenas for speculative inquiries, which have terminated in the utter annihilation of many doctrines which both the Church and the world have held to be sacred for immemorial ages. Subjects which it was once adjudged irreligion and blasphemy to touch with the finger of doubt, are now reduced to the secondary and commonplace ranks among divine things: and a Church-of-England Bishop has published, under his own name and style of church dignity, a critical book upon the sacred writings, which, had it appeared two hundred years ago, either in England or Germany or France, would assuredly have brought the author to

the dreadful punishment of death by burning alive; for that was once the authoritative argument which the English Church, in its awful ignorance and bigotry, used with all its questioners, no matter how high or holy the purposes by which they were animated.

By yielding the right of private judgment to all, — in very deed, and not in theory only, — all this dreadful class of crime is rendered impossible for the future. The progressive enlightenment of mankind has done that unspeakable service to its own members, and to its own honor. In contemplative mood, one wonders how it could ever have been otherwise, — how it was possible to burn, hang, and quarter, mutilate, or tear to pieces, an unhappy fellow-creature for the crime of daring to think and speak for himself, when he thought and spoke differently from the majority. There is always this to dread, — in itself enough, one would think, through its inevitable logical inductions, to deter the dominant party from persecuting the subordinate one, — that the party in power to-day will be the party out of power to-morrow: and thus, if the one persecutes, the other will persecute; and so the whole earth within reach of the uppermost authority would be deluged in the blood of men for whom Christ died, by men who call themselves after his holy name.

We seem to have reached the end of the dark ages of the Christian history. The human mind has become so enlightened by the revelations of science and philosophy, so refined by art, and so spiritualized by Christian truth, that the old tragedies which have stained with blood so many fair pages of the Christian record can never more be re-enacted upon this brave planet. Men begin to see, that the Christian story

separates itself into two distinct forms and canons of government: the one representing absolute authority; and the other, absolute freedom. The first phase has passed, for the most part, away, — vanished at the Reformation: the second was then and there inaugurated; and we are now developing it in free institutions, in our great, free America, in free thought and speech, a free literature, and a free press. Between the absolutism of Rome and that of freedom there is no half-way house. We must either go back to Rome, or go on to universal liberty, where the emancipated soul, free from all the trammels of superstition, shall walk henceforth with God in the light of immortal joy, in the life of eternal truth.

Here, in America, more than in any other country, may we hope for the realization of this grand Christian triumph. If we are not yet quite free from bigotry, superstition, and intolerance, we have made such strides toward this condition, that we should regard the persecution of any so-called heterodox sect with horror, as a great and surpassing crime. We have read the bloody page of the early Protestant history in England and in America to good practical purpose. The man does not live so imbruted and bloody-minded to-day, who could listen for one moment to any suggestion of burning witches at Salem, or of cursing and imprisoning or torturing a dissenting thinker who questions the Puritan doctrine in the colonies. All that is over for ever; and our sky is clear, with its hundred thousand eyes of heaven watching over us and blessing us.

We have here in Chicago, embodied in the form of Christian churches, men and women who assemble

every Sunday to hear regularly educated, qualified, and appointed ministers preach doctrines which the whole people of America in the colonial days, with the glorious exception of Roger Williams's own people and the people of his noble and hallowed State, would have pronounced, with one accord, damnable, and worthy of imprisonment, bonds, and perhaps the stake. So far are we advanced in the pathway of a generous and enlightened civilization. We have come to believe that every man has the same right that we have to think and speak; that we have no right to set up ourselves as judges over any one, because in that case any one would have the right to set himself as a judge over us: therefore, that, if we are what is called orthodox, it is our concern, and not another's; and, if any one be what is called heterodox, it is his concern, and not another's. And in this way we have learned to be tolerant of one another. It is logical Protestantism reduced to the practical administration of society.

In connection with this train of introductory thought, into which we have been led by the perusal of an outline of the Universalist Church, we propose to speak of Universalism and the Rev. Dr. William Henry Ryder, who ministers to the people assembling in the magnificent—we had almost said cathedral—church that stands at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Van Buren Street.

The Universalist is the most pantheistic, using that word in its highest sense, of all the Christian denominations with which we are acquainted. St. Paul, in the vast sweeps of his boundless soul careering through the infinite; vainly essaying to measure the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths, of the love of

God; and rising to the extremest pinnacles of exaltation in the fervor and passion of his feeling, and, in the ecstasy of his vision, finding that no thought, no fieriest wings of the imagination, could compass it, — utters the sublime sentiment, that the time shall come when all who worship him shall worship in spirit and in truth, not on that mountain or in this Jerusalem, but in the deeps of the great soul, so that the love of the creature shall be merged into that of the Creator, and God become all in all. To so sublime a consummation does the faith of Universalism tend. It is a system of immense benevolence, based upon the love of the Infinite Father. The spiritual horoscope of man suddenly lights up under the star-burst of its beauty and glory, radiating the lustres of ten thousand colors all along the immensities, without a blot upon the blue page of its representation. There is no gloom within any man's house of life, according to this bright and beneficent showing; and neither darkness nor things evil lie in wait at the threshold. What a man does, that he shall be judged by. What violation of what law soever he may have committed, by the amenities of that law shall he be judged and punished. The compensations of wrong-doing are inevitable, and also of right-doing. There is no escape. God will in no wise remit the penalties of crime. "Thou shalt not come out hence, until thou hast paid the debt to the uttermost farthing." God is a great jurist and an inexorable judge. If he were otherwise, woe to the order, the stability, the balance, and the harmony of the universe! All things are upheld by law; and his eye and his hand are over all, from the falling of a sparrow to the poise of a planet; from the flight of the drowsy

bee in space, to the whirling of the constellations, and the mazy dance of innumerable orbs over the flaming wildernesses of the immeasurable abyss.

Because, therefore, of the immutability of law, and because God is perfectly just in all his dealings with us, he cannot choose but punish us for our transgressions. But he created man for happiness, and not misery; and seeing beforehand the temptations, struggles, and sins which he would have to encounter in the world, he adapted his laws and government, pains and penalties, to man's nature, and so shaped them that the innate spiritual forces of the soul should be strong enough for the final overthrow of all evil. Man is the darling of the universe, and of an altogether infinite value in God's eyes, who thus met the requirements of the law of liberty before the soul of man was created, and adapted his vast system of material things to the faculties of this soul, that it might thus conquer them without infringing upon the freedom of the human will.

And because the divine justice is perfect, the Universalists affirm that God would not make punishment infinite for a mortal offence, seeing that there would be no adequacy in that case between the act and the penalty. They believe therefore, that, so just is the Almighty, he will assuredly deal out impartial justice to all, without regard to persons. They make a perfect reconciliation, also, between God's justice, thus defined, and his mercy. A wrong done must be punished; for the law of compensation is absolute and immutable. But neither shall the punishment be of an infinite duration, nor the wrong remembered against the doer for ever. It is the office of mercy to forgive

offences, and not to remit penalties. The compensation being made, therefore, and the awful balances restored thus to a true and harmonious adjustment, God's forgiveness follows in the appointed way, through the mediatorship of Jesus Christ, who was sent of God to be the Saviour of the world, who will and does save it, because God would not offer nor Christ accept a mission which both knew would end in failure. And on this account it is, that they hold the doctrine of a complete and universal redemption.

It is a profoundly intellectual scheme of religion throughout, and is not blotched by a single flaw, so far as the logic is concerned. It commends itself to the minds of the thoughtful, and does not seek to debase and degrade the soul by attaching articles of faith to its communion which are an insult to the human understanding. It takes the Bible as its supreme guide, first and last, and midst, and without end. But, in accordance with the now recognized principles of Protestantism, and the Reformation as interpreted by Luther, its followers put their own gloss upon the text, and translate the spiritual significance thereof through the ciphers which flame on the walls of their own souls, and are the legitimate keys of the mystery.

They reject the doctrine of human depravity as degrading to the Deity, and indeed, so to speak, impossible to him. All men, they say, are formed in the moral image of God, which, although it may be disfigured by sin, can never be utterly defaced; that man is liable to sin, as above stated and shown, but it is through ignorance and unbelief, and not at all on account of any original corruption of heart transmitted from Adam. Man is created a little lower than the

angels; but, by and through his redemption, he becomes, after death, as the angels, children of the resurrection. His soul is not only clothed with a spiritual body, but there are, superadded to this new habiliment of it, spiritual graces and strength and beauty, and a perfectness of spirit, a oneness with God, which alone constitutes the divine state and portion which we call heaven. It is Christ's final work to resurrect the soul into the glorified life of the angels; for human salvation, according to them, does not cease at death, but is passed over by death to Christ, who consummates it in the eternal world, after the manner aforesaid: and having done this, in the case of the whole human race,—for all mankind is to be saved, and not a soul lost, or Christ died in vain, and did not redeem a world, but only a fragment of the world, and a piteously small one at that,—having done this for all mankind, the Saviour closes his mediatorial career, and transfers his kingdom to the great All-Father, that God may be all in all.

The Universalists, however, do not believe that Jesus Christ was God the Father, and they reject the received interpretation of the Trinity. Christ is subordinate to the Father, possessed, however, of power and spirit beyond all other intelligences. He is God made manifest in the flesh, and was sent of God to save the world, and will at last gather all the innumerable millions of mankind into his heavenly kingdom, completing their salvation after death.

The new birth, or being “born again,” which the rich man in the Gospels pretended to regard as an incomprehensible mystery,—although, by the way, it was a common expression among the Jews, designed

to describe the change through which a Gentile passed when he embraced the Jewish faith, — means, in the Universalist acceptation, that change of heart which takes place when a man forsakes and repents his sins, he being drawn thereby into communion with the Holy Spirit, and endowed with the life everlasting. It is no supernatural process, but an end produced by adapted and intelligent means. The Holy Spirit blesses the use of these means, and moves upon the heart of the sinner, comforting, encouraging, strengthening him, until the work is complete through faith and love. Conversion is not regeneration: it is but the initiatory step, the first degree in the Lodge of Christ. It is the commencement of religious effort, not a change of heart.

Nor is salvation with them enfranchisement from punishment here or hereafter. It is not a deliverance from any outward evil, but from error and unbelief, from sin, and the tyranny of the flesh and its deadly and soul-destroying lusts, into the liberty of the life with God, into supreme love to God and to man. Cry aloud, O man! unto God; cry aloud to be released from the captivity of sin. This is the gigantic demon who holds you in thrall; who surrounds you with his bolts and bars, and dungeon keeps; who digs a deep moat, and fills it with lurid waters, which flame around your imprisonment like a wall of fire, and threaten to consume you if you attempt to ford their overwhelming deeps. Heed them not. Christ calls to you on the other side, from the gardens of heaven and the floral blooms of immortality. You must hate sin so absolutely, that, by your own will, first of all, aided thereafter by the Holy Spirit, you must dare to

tread the fiery ordeal. Once resolved, and the seemingly adamantine walls of fire will vanish at your approach, and you shall pass over on dry land, free of scathe and stain, of scald and wound.

Men are not to be influenced in their desire after salvation by the threatening torments of hell, but by a hatred of sin. This is the only solid ground. All else is bubble and illusion. It is beginning at the wrong end.

The sublime doctrine of the resurrection, so cheering, so hopeful, so elevating to man, receives new sanctions, and is clothed with new glories, by the faith of these religionists. It is not merely a physical but a moral and spiritual change. It is not only the clothing of the soul with an incorruptible body, but it is a glorious transfiguration, a literal *anastasis*, a raising-up, an exaltation of the whole being into the power and glory of the heavenly; for, "as we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we bear the image of the heavenly." It is a change by which we become, as before stated, as the angels in heaven.

They leave to the compensations of the universe, to the administration of God's ordained Nemesis, the rewards and punishments of mankind. Virtue and holiness are their own rewards, and so of vice and wickedness. Punishment is not arbitrary, but consequential and necessary. God loves us as much when he punishes us, as when he rewards and blesses us. Infolded in this latter affirmation is the most esoteric doctrine of the Universalists. Law is for the betterment of man; and all punishment is discipline, and tends to salvation and to the final restoration of all. They reject the dogma of Vicarious Atonement. Christ

did not die to reconcile God to man, but man to God. God never was, say they, and never could be, at enmity with man; neither did he make him depraved at his creation, averse to goodness, wholly inclined to evil, as that doctrine teaches. If, says one of the ministers of this sect, God had made man constitutionally sinful, and naturally adjusted his moral nature to evil, then man would be happy in transgression, as sin would be his natural element. Man is endowed with a mental and moral constitution that renders him capable of appreciating moral principles and obligations, and a reason for all upright and Christian endeavor. His accountability grows out of this moral sense of his nature and innate perception of the right. If he have no natural sense to perceive the right, of course he can be under no obligation to perform it. All the calls of God upon us to obey his commands, to *judge what is right*, presuppose a *rational ability* on our part to understand what is right, to obey God's law, and perform our duties.

All the Universalist dissertations upon God's perfect law are founded upon this assumption. They reject utterly, and with horror, the doctrine of eternal torments. God wills not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn to him and live. The law is made for transgressors, for the ungodly and for sinners, for the unholy and the profane, as St. Paul says. Either, therefore, the design of God in delivering the law was to keep men in their sins, or to deliver them from them, and improve their moral condition. If the former, it would be evil in its purpose; if the latter, then no penalty should logically be annexed to it which will defeat the object for which it is given. The Univer-

salists lay great stress upon this argument. First, they say, the law was given to save man from misery and death; and then a penalty is annexed, as human creeds teach, which perpetuates the very misery and death which God designed to prevent. Surely, they add, the Almighty would not thwart his own purposes, and defeat his own designs. To suppress blasphemy, would God annex a penalty to his law, which would place man in a condition where he must blaspheme to all eternity? Such a law is not *perfect*, — does not aim at the conversion of the soul, but its everlasting destruction. They turn aside, therefore, from all this to the Word of God, and find a better faith and truth taught there in the perfect law of love, which is the necessity of God's being, and by which, through Jesus Christ, the whole world will be saved.

The institutions of religion, as observed among the churches, are practised by the Universalists, and are regarded by them as aids to the Christian life. They believe, also, in the eternal progression of the soul, that it will retain for ever its identity and consciousness, clothed with a supernal body, and attain to heights and depths of heavenly knowledge and divine wisdom such as we can form no adequate idea of.

Universalism claims to be as old as Christianity itself, and comes down to us from a very remote antiquity, sanctioned by the most reverend names in ecclesiastical history. From the time of the Gnostics, the Basilideans, the Carpocratians, and the Valentini-ans, all held the doctrine of the final restoration, and were never called to account for it. Down to the Reformation, and from thence to our own days, this doctrine has had more or less acceptance in the Church.

The Lollards in England, the Albanenses and the Albigenses, the Waldenses and the Paulicians, cleaved to it all through the papal rule in Europe; and now it is the general faith of Germany, and of many enlightened Christians everywhere. In every century of the Christian Church, the doctrine of the final restitution has had distinguished advocates, as is shown by a very learned work by the Rev. Dr. Ballou, entitled "Ancient History of Universalism." The "Modern History of Universalism," by the late Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Boston, Mass., gives a detailed account of the progress of the faith from the Lutheran Reformation. Those persons who have not looked into these volumes, or examined this subject on the historical side, will be surprised to learn that the doctrine of the final recovery of all souls was held unchallenged in the Christian Church until the fifth century, and only disappeared from prominence as Christianity became corrupted by papal bulls and ecclesiastical councils. Since the Reformation, it has been rapidly rising into favor, and is now held as a theory by hundreds of thousands of persons who as yet have other ecclesiastical connections. Its advocates have every thing to encourage them in the present attitude of modern scholarship and popular tendency.

The churches of this sect cover the continent. In Chicago, there are two, — the first, St. Paul's, in Wabash Avenue, corner of Van Buren Street; the second, the Church of the Redeemer, in West Washington Street, corner of Sangamon. The minister of St. Paul's is the Rev. Dr. Ryder, formerly of Massachusetts, where he won for himself golden opinions for his wisdom and eloquence. Indeed, like nearly all the

higher clergy of this denomination, Dr. Ryder is distinguished for his courtly rhetoric and fine analytical mind. He is a man of high culture and scholastic learning, and is eminently qualified for the holy office which he sustains, by the earnestness and fervor of his nature, by his unremitting zeal in all good works, and by his practical example. To read his printed sermons, or to hear him deliver them, is like being present at a great revival of religion. There is no triviality here: it is no orator's trick which we are called upon to see played for our admiration, but an intensely earnest appeal to sinners to forsake the ways which lead to death, and accept the robes of righteousness which God offers to all who repent and believe on him, through Jesus Christ. Nor does he descend to the degradation of abusing the other orders of Christians who differ from the organon of the Universalist Church. He states the case, as it stands, to the intellect, as it is written in the Holy Word, with no dead hand of tradition stretched over it, upbolstered by no authority of œcumenical councils and synods, but as it exists in the light of the inner spirit. Sin is foreign to man: it is his one great, unnatural enemy; and, by the eternal law of the conscience, it must yield misery of the direst, both in its present and subsequent consequences. God may hereafter, the due means being used, forgive the sin; but he will not, and cannot, remit the punishment. All through the Bible, this doctrine is taught. It is the theological branch of the doctrine of philosophical necessity. Holiness, goodness, truth,—these are all friendly and congenial to the soul; and, the more absolute they are made in its courts, the more happy is the client. They are the

cause, of which happiness is the effect, as misery is the effect of sin.

Dr. Ryder has no mercy on the doctrine of human depravity, which he maintains is impossible as a creation of God, because God is just and perfect in all his attributes. Nor does he spare the terrible faith in eternal torments, and its logical devil as a person. This, he maintains, were it reality, would not only go to impugn the character of God as just and loving, but defeat the very purpose of his law in the creation of man. As a clergyman, Dr. Ryder is held in high esteem by the members of his own communion, and by all, indeed, who know him. He is ready always to do a good work, and is as sincere a patriot as he is a Christian. His discourse on the late Brigadier-General Ransom, which was preached in St. Paul's Church, Nov. 13, 1864, is a brave and noble tribute to Republican principles and to the national cause. During the war, he was an earnest advocate for the Union. Traitors, he said, must be put down; the Union must be upheld; the Government must be sustained; there can be but one America in America, one Union from the Lakes to the Gulf. Dr. Ryder has always been a sincere friend, also, of the slave, and to general progress.

He was born in Provincetown, Mass., July 13, 1822, and was educated chiefly in his native town, and in Pembroke, N.H. He studied Greek and Hebrew with the celebrated Dr. Clowes, of Clinton, N.Y. His first settlement in the profession was at Concord, N.H., six miles from Pembroke. He had occasionally preached there while at school, and his heart seems to have been set on that place from the first.

At an early age, he was moved, from very love of man, to proclaim the glad tidings, that not a soul, however reprobate or vile, shall be finally lost. He was not more than nineteen when he preached his first sermon; and, during that year, he was frequently called upon to expound the Scripture to the people. At twenty, he had already acquired a kind of reputation in the cities of the people among the hills, to which he was subsequently indebted, in no small degree, for his instalment in the ministry. When he was yet not twenty-two years of age, he was made minister of Concord church. He married, during the same year, Miss Caroline Frances Adams, a native of Boston, of whom he speaks in terms of great affection and tenderness, as a most efficient handmaid to him in his ministerial labors.

Dissatisfied with his imperfect preparation for the great work upon which he had entered, he determined to leave America for Berlin, and there lay the foundation for a generous scholarship. He was especially desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the German language (without which, indeed, then as now, a clergyman in orders is like the barren tree of the Gospel, so rich is that language in Biblical lore and criticism, in philosophy and the principles of exegesis). Here, at Berlin, he remained eight months, studying closely, and, after a time, received the benefit of lectures by Neander and others.

After this course of reading and study, he made the tour of Europe and part of the Holy Land; visited Athens, Smyrna, and then inland to Damascus and Jerusalem, and from thence to Cairo in Egypt. He spent twenty days in the Holy City; and his tour

occupied, in all, a year and a half of well-spent and profitable time.

On his return home, he was called to the Roxbury Universalist Church, in Massachusetts; the parish, of which, for sixteen years, the Rev. Dr. Hosea Ballou, 2d, late President of Tufts College, was the esteemed pastor. Here he remained ten years, when he removed to Chicago, which happened in January of the year 1860. His first sermon in Chicago was preached just six years ago, on the second Sunday in January, 1860.

At the first Commencement after his removal from the vicinity of Boston, Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1863, the Lombard University, at Galesburg, Ill., presented him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Ryder has been too much occupied with the duties of his office to find leisure for authorship. His chief literary productions consist of quarterly articles, pamphlets, and published sermons. He has been a considerable contributor to "The Universalist Quarterly," the leading theological review of the denomination, and perhaps the most eloquent, thoughtful, and scholarly of all the religious serials. The doctor's library consists of about two thousand volumes, many of them rare books, but somewhat scattered just now, owing to a disastrous fire which burned him out of his home within the church walls.

The pulpit of St. Paul's Church was famous, during the war, for its strenuous advocacy of the Government and the Union. Dr. Ryder did good service, all through the rebellion, by his spoken and printed discourses, and by his generous labors in the fields

of practical Christianity. He was sent to Richmond in aid of the Sanitary Fair, and reached that city a few days after its evacuation. It was during this trip that he discovered the famous letter used by the Government in the assassination trial.

The Universalist Church and its interests are flourishing very abundantly both in this city and in the entire East and West and North. There are various colleges and public institutions in connection with this religious order, which fronts the world to-day with the same face and the same gospel that it has presented and proclaimed all through the Christian history. St. Paul's Church, of Chicago, is one of the most beautiful edifices in the city, built of solid stone, and designed with great architectural skill. It was lately injured very considerably by fire, while the children were going through their exercises in the sabbath-school. Fortunately, no one was injured, although the damage is estimated at \$5,000, — a large sum, in these days, to a poor community, but happily a mere trifle to the rich members of Dr. Ryder's church, who, however, will never be called upon to pay it, as we hear the church is amply insured.

The size of the building is 108 feet by 70, including the projections of the towers, turrets, and buttresses. It is built in the Gothic style, with lancet-headed windows and doors. The front is very symmetrical in its detail, with a tower and spire in the centre, 20 feet at the base, and 175 feet high to finial. There are turrets on each front corner, of equal size and finish. There are three entrance-doors in front, each opening into a commodious vestibule.

The exterior is finished in rock-faced ashlar through-

out, except the spire and pinnacles and gablets of turrets, which are of wood. The doors and windows in front are finished with fine-wrought moulding and crochets of stone. There is a large lecture and sabbath-school room on the ground-floor, which is ten feet high in the clear. There are also large and commodious gentlemen's and ladies' parlors, and an excellent pastor's study, from which the pastor has a stairway leading directly to the pulpit platform of the main audience-room.

The main audience-room is on the second floor, which is reached by two easy flights of stairs in the front vestibule. The audience-room is 58 by 75 feet, with galleries on both sides, and with seating capacity great enough to accommodate about eight hundred persons. The height of side-walls is 28 feet, with a vaulted ceiling 43 feet high to the peak. The ceiling is divided into panels by large moulded ribs and pur-lins. The main ribs terminate at the bottom with ornamental pendants, which are supported from the gallery ceiling by large pendentive brackets, springing from rich carved corbels, attached to the side-walls. The pulpit is built in an octagonal recess, which forms an interesting feature of both interior and exterior.

The pulpit, pews, and choir are all built with solid oak, made very substantial, and of superior finish. There is a fine organ in front, over the main entrance, which stands on the orchestra platform, on the same level with the pulpit, and finished in style corresponding with the interior of the church; the case of which was made from designs by the architect, Mr. Erben, who built the organ. When this church-edifice was built, in 1855 and 1856, it was pronounced the finest

church-edifice west of New York, and stands to-day as one of the first rank in point of church architecture. It cost about \$55,000. The architect is William W. Boyington, Esq., a man of real genius and practical ability, whose works, in this and other cities, are the sureties of his reputation.





NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.

THE REV. J. R. HIBBARD.

SWEDENBORG was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of his age and country. His was at once the most practical and the most philosophical of human minds. A man of many sides and depths, he touched the springs of an almost infinite knowledge. Nature, until his advent, was a beautiful and sorrowful presentation of pictorial imagery, which the poet only among men — in his inspirations and overshadowings — had ever exalted into esoteric meanings, and connected with the All-pervading Soul. What the poet, however, dimly hinted at, — that great glory behind the phenomenal, instinct with eternal life and law, — Swedenborg announced as a gospel, and built up into a spiritual science.

Amazing intuitions and insights, amazing gifts of supernatural power, or what appear to be such, are in this weird, cryptic, and occult man. He is all-eyed, all-eared, visible, invisible, and ubiquitous. To him the heavens are something more than astronomical. The starry skeletons which flame over the vast spaces of immensity are not arbitrary even in name, much less

in build, as constellations, but have already a glorious generation and ancestry in the Primal Mind untold ages before they are projected as apparitions into the aching void. They are symbols both of divine and human thought; and these two are one, since "God is a man," and there is no grander conception among the possibilities of form than that of man.

Astounding as this doctrine may appear to those who hear it for the first time, it is, according to Swedenborg, the doctrine of the Bible. Jesus Christ was man and God, the finite and infinite conjoined; and he became man that he might redeem the human race, and save it by his truth and his work. Christ represents the *tria juncta in uno*, the Trinity of persons in the one Godhead, infinitely, as man represents it finitely. The soul is God; the form is Christ; the breath is the Holy Ghost, — the word "breath" meaning here, not an exhalation of the pulmonary organs, but an emanation of divine influence "proceeding from the Father and the Son," as the Episcopal creed defines and pronounces it.

It is in this sense that God is declared by Swedenborg and his followers to be a man. There is one common mind to all the race, and the human attributes are the same in every man. Color, whether an accident or a design, is of no account; neither is organization, in the deepest sense, because, although one form may be more grandly built and furnished in intellect and conscience, — the latter term including the moral nature, its faculties and attributes, and strung upon a finer and more subtile telegraphy of nerves, — these partialities affect the man only in degree, not in the essential and primordial *being*, which is his con-

sciousness, and, so to speak it, the sum total of his manhood. The basal nature is the same in Caucasian and Mongolian, in Negro and Malay, and could have been none other, because God created man in his image and after his likeness, and dwells in human souls ; each of which, in its form and clothing of spirit and body, is a microcosm, like unto the macrocosm of all beings and things. Hence it is written, God made man in his own image ; and it is added, that he cast him after the fashion of the moulds of his own immutable nature, and founded him in truth, justice, and love, and endowed him with a grand arch-image of loves and intellectual attributes, capable of tremendous effects for good or ill, imperfect because finite, but capable, through education and discipline, and through the direct action of the redeeming love and truth of Jesus Christ, of angelic excellence and divine impresses, such as we have at present no record of in the human geology, — the spiritual underworld of it, — and only the dimmest hints of it in its history.

According to the revelations of Swedenborg, Jesus Christ is God absolute, inclusive of the Father and the Holy Ghost, and out of him there is neither deity nor salvation. We must either accept a personal, historic deity, or go over to the Pantheists. Until the incarnation of Christ, no manifestation of God, in outward, visible human form, had been given to the world. Man's mind, in respect to this gravest of all propositions, was tossed about in a sea of speculation, amid moony fogs and wandering fires, and ghosts of denial and doubt, all the stars blotted from the charts of heaven, and the hungry surge eager for the coming wreck.

This is the doctrine, as we understand it, of Swedenborg; and, so far as this is the case, it is the doctrine also of the Rev. Mr. Hibbard, who interprets the gospel of his Messiah every sabbath-day in the temple on Adams Street. Mr. Hibbard is not a man of learned education, nor of any decidedly intellectual mark. But he is learned in a higher sense than this, and both intellectually and spiritually discerned in matters of an infinitely vaster moment than those which relate to merely secular subjects, and the dogma of the old Orthodoxy. If he be not gifted with clerkly oratory, and the faculty of galvanizing an assembly with striking discourses; if he leave the terrors, the scenery, and the *dramatis personæ* of the infernal world to be dealt with by abler colorists and more florid rhetoricians,—he is yet an athlete in the gymnasium of thought, and not unworthy to enter the lists, were he so minded, with any, the most redoubtable knights of the old gospel chivalry. But he is too great a lover of the souls of men to descend to the courtly profanity of a theological tournament. Life is short, and art is long, and religion is eternal; and upon this last are suspended the final interests of the human race. He, therefore, an enthusiast (as all Swedenborgians are) in the faith of the new master, the new revealer of old truths which are new to the world, adheres to the prophetic oracles, and is content to be the accredited and accepted interpreter of their sublime verities.

The attitude of Swedenborgianism to Christianity and to the Bible is a subject which is very little understood, and concerning which there have been controversies not a few, and many misconceptions and misrepresentations. Swedenborg has been denounced

as Antichrist, the introducer of strange gods, and the teacher of damnable heresies. He was a man of immense learning, a profound mathematician and engineer, of "angelic" integrity; a large, broad, vast intellect, gifted with the highest spiritual faculty and insight, and a reverence almost commensurate with the immensity of God. He was a born seer, and was familiar with spiritual sights and illuminations from his infancy. God spake to him also in dreams, and in the intuitions of his childhood. Like the old prophets, he was set apart in his early youth for the service of the Lord, and that he might become the recipient of the strangest experiences of abnormal life and conditions that had ever befallen a human being. John, in his lonely Patmos, during his solitary watches at the gates of God's inspiration for those matchless visions which were revealed to him by the Holy Spirit, finds at last, after well-nigh twenty centuries of Sphinxine silence, a reader and solver of the sublime mysteries of his diagram. Swedenborg claims that to him has been committed the cipher which unlocks the heavenly secrets of those mighty cartoons of the Paraclete, and not those only, but the interior meaning of the whole sacred canon. To him, the Old and New Testaments are literally the word of God, not in the Unitarian sense of picking and choosing, nor according to the Unitarian interpretation, but as a book of plenary inspiration which contains an infolded word, or sense, applicable to all human and terrestrial concerns, inclusive of all philosophy and history, all science and art. But the special application of its symbols is to the spiritual nature and destiny of man.

The Swedenborgian is not afraid of science, nor

of the new discoveries therein which every now and then come clashing down so mercilessly upon the sacred text, "as it is literally read and propounded by the sectaries." Mr. Hibbard will find, through his interpretation of it, fresh confirmation of the Bible truth and history in every apparently crushing fact of this sort, no matter from what department it may come. Nor is there any thing capricious or fanciful in this interpretation. Into the adytum of this grand scheme of spiritual science no simulacrum can come. It is a scheme of the severest order and law, with a fixed and absolute canon of interpretation for the guidance of its priests and ministers. Nature herself, with all her geologies, astronomies, and histories, is an open secret, made so by the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondence. Man is a sort of epitome of nature in the same way that he is an image and likeness of God. Nature is the illustrated fable of his mind, and corresponds to his inmost spiritual experience.

There is thus a profound harmony in the universe, from God to man, from man to nature. But the Bible, being, in a literal sense, the revealed will of God, is the chief oracle of Swedenborgians. Mr. Hibbard, like Mr. Collyer, began to preach very early in life; and among the Presbyterians he found the first outlet for his spiritual faculty. A hard, dry, analytical intellect he brings to the understanding of all propositions, both sacred and profane. Not much of a poet, he is content for some time to accept the Presbyterian doctrine, — to believe in its dreary, dismal, wild hell for heretics and sinners, and its comfortable heaven, made and provided for the dear elect. Had he been questioned whether or no he believed in the Almighty, he

would doubtless have regarded the questioner with a pious horror in his face and eyes; and, had he been further pressed to define his ideas of Deity, he would have been utterly nonplussed. He would have talked of attributes, of what he was, and what he was not, according to the Old-World theory, metaphysical and theological, of him; but of God himself, the Awful Personality, who sat behind all that, directing, guiding, governing, he could have formed no conception,—could have given, therefore, no definition. He would have been satisfied for the nonce, that he really did know all about him, and had very distinct ideas of him, because it is the usage of an intellect limited by creeds to hoodwink itself thus. But when the day of illumination came, when the film fell from his mortal and immortal eyes, and he stood face to face with realities for the first time, he would discover that he had all along been believing in an abstraction.

We are speaking now from the platform and with the voice of a Swedenborgian, with a view thereby to make plainer the historic position. Mr. Hibbard takes this view of his own case, and it is representative of the entire class of such minds as his. He now finds—now as a Swedenborgian, with the light of Swedenborg's mind shining upon him, illuminating its long, dark chambers, and the interior hieroglyphics upon its walls—that no man can form any idea of God apart from the human incarnation; hence the doctrine that God assumed the form of a man to save the human creatures whom he had made.

Indeed, no sect extant has so deep and vivifying a faith in the divinity of Christ as these remarkable people. They affirm, that, by the passion of the cross,

he united in his humanity divine truth and divine good, or divine wisdom to divine love, and so returned into his divinity, in which he was from eternity, together with and in his glorified humanity, whence he for ever keeps the infernal powers in subjection to himself, he having, as a man, conquered these powers; and now, that all who believe in him with the understanding — that is to say, with the light of the illumination which Swedenborg has thrown upon his divine proceeding — and from the heart, and live accordingly, will be saved.

We have already spoken of the intellectual understanding of the Scriptures as it obtains in the minds of the Swedenborgians. They are divine truth itself, containing a spiritual sense heretofore unknown, whence it is divinely inspired, and holy in every syllable, as well as in a literal sense, which is the basis of its spiritual sense, and in which the divine truth is in its fulness, its sanctity, and its power: thus, that it is accommodated to the apprehension of angels and men; that the spiritual and natural senses are united by correspondences, like soul and body, — every natural expression and image answering to and including a spiritual and divine idea; and thus that they (the Scriptures, or the Word) are the medium of communication with heaven and of conjunction with the Lord.

As a system of religion and religious teaching, it is remarkably intelligent, and a marvel indeed of great wit and ingenuity, whatever may be thought of its supernatural claims and character. It is the instauration of a new learning and organon of divinity; adorning religion with an infinite attractiveness and beauty;

appealing always to the highest nature of man, quickening his faculties, and really putting him into a training for endless progression, not in time only, but during the eternal cycles. To a poetic and imaginative mind, it cannot fail to have rare charms. It possesses immortal youth and freshness. It is a never-ending revelation. But it demands high mind and character in its disciples. To read Swedenborg as a mere intellectual labor is to open up a new Lord Bacon. What this great man did for science and the human intellect, Swedenborg did for spirituality and the human soul. The one is the voice of the great Pan (nature), who has been dumb these two thousand years, and could not proclaim the secrets that were devouring him; the other is the voice of the spiritual nature, which has also been dumb well-nigh these two thousand years. Both inform their themes with law, order, and beauty; and these are the three supreme intelligences.

It is essential to Swedenborg to walk according to law. He is the most rigid jurist of all the thinkers; a sworn foe to disorder, and every kind of Antinomianism. His wildest-looking revelations are as logical as a demonstration of Euclid. His system thus holds together in all its parts; the one being essential to the other, either as a result, an equivalent, or a corollary. He subjects evil, and finds it a good in the making, or a preventer of greater evil. Both evil and good come from one source; and, as he explains it, it redounds to the Maker's praise and honor.

The love and wisdom of Christ conjoined is the Divine Providence which rules the world. Swedenborg assumes and asserts a perpetual supervision of Providence in and over the minutest concerns of the

lives of men, good and evil alike. Providence rules by fixed law. The final aim of his government is the union of God and man. He has respect to what is infinite and eternal only, and makes no account of things transitory but as they are subservient to eternal ends. He yearns to give to men the felicities of the eternal life, and his interference is to this end.

The beneficence of evil as a discipline is also set forth and elucidated in the theorems of Swedenborg. Evil cannot be destroyed without destroying the nature of man as an accountable being. It is permissive, therefore, not eternal nor absolute, in its nature, but negative and privative wholly. Nor is any evil permitted, as we said above, but to prevent a greater evil, and all is overruled for the greatest possible good.

In a discourse which Mr. Hibbard preached not long ago upon the nature of man, he announced the Swedenborgian doctrine that man is not life, but a recipient of life from the Lord, who, being both love and wisdom, is also life absolute. The mode of communicating this life to all in the spiritual world, whether belonging to heaven or hell, and to all in the natural world, is by influx; but it is received differently by every one, according to his quality and consequent state of receptivity.

Swedenborg's theory of the spiritual world, and of man's connection with it, has been seized upon by the modern spiritists, and made the basis of their system. But it must never be forgotten that Swedenborg ignores all theories, and claims that his revelations are absolute, and matters of spiritual fact and history. What he announces, he has received from the Lord alone, through the Word. He is no speculator nor theorizer,

but a revealer and an oracle. He knows heaven and hell, has ascended to the one and descended to the other, and is acquainted with their progressive spheres and the conditions of spiritual progress. There is no disorder in his universe.

The attitude of man with respect to the two spiritual polar worlds of heaven and hell is intermediate. He is acted upon, as the spiritists also affirm, by influences from both, and thus is kept in a state of spiritual equilibrium between good and evil, in consequence of which he is a free agent, and has the power of choice in things both spiritual and natural. He can, of his own accord, — speaking in unphilosophical language, — turn his spirit to the sunlight of heaven or to the darkness of hell.

But his natural tendencies are, on the whole, more toward evil than good: man, in this world, is in a probationary state, and evil, such as lawless passion, and a love for things which are hurtful to the spirit's welfare, are natural to man in his ignorance; and it is only by culture that he can see his ignorance, and correct it by the standard of divine knowledge. Evil is thus made an agent of education. Man is to come out of evil into righteousness and the kingdom of heaven; and, to do this, he must be regenerated, which is a progressive work, in which "the Lord" has a direct agency, through the faith and love and cordial co-operation of the subject. According to Swedenborg, all men are redeemed by the Lord; and therefore all are capable of being regenerated. He gives to all such as are thus born again into the heavenly life the angels of God for communion, companionship, and society. *In* the world, they

are not *of* it: a spiritual glory encompasses them round about, and once more the heavenly ladder is let down to earth for the ascending and descending angels. The life of a good man, as he pictures it, is a heavenly romance. It is steeped in glory and beauty. It has infinite relationships all through the worlds. It is overshadowed by the ineffable presence of the Supreme God, and guarded by fiery wings and flaming swords, until it is removed from earth into the spheres of the eternal progression.

The unregenerate man is in league, consciously or unconsciously, with evil spirits and the damned. He prefers the dark avenues which connect the chambers of life with the chambers of death and lost souls. The infinite pity of Christ, his infinite condescension and sacrifice, his beautiful divine life, touch them not. They cannot see his kingdom of heaven through the soot and darkness of their Cyclopean atmosphere. A fiery concave as of brass shuts them down upon themselves and their associates. The stars are blotted out of the page of their firmament. Lurid shafts, sunk down into the bottomless depths below, are their ladders of the demons, who come up to them from the darkness, and increase their darkness. All the cries from the broken hearts of saints and sorrowing angels fall dead, and have no echoes where they are. No flowers gem the earth under their feet; no birds sing in their dumb and doleful air. It is a dreadful picture of moral degradation, conveyed in a poetic symbolism. It is Swedenborg's chartered world of the unregenerate, enough to scare the most malignant soul into the ways that lead out of it heavenward. Swedenborg distinguishes be-

tween voluntary and hereditary evil. It is for the former that man is accountable, not the latter, unless he makes it his own by stamping it with the seals of action. He remembers the Saviour's love of little children, and cannot charge them with the sin of Adam; so he finds a special scheme of love arranged for them by Christ, and carries them all to heaven. Not a little child, — white, black, or red, — that died such, but is to be found again in heaven, somewhere very near to the feet of Jesus. All that Antinomian story about little children "crawling along the floors of hell, not a span long," he affirms, therefore, to be a malicious lie, forged to blacken God's character and maintain a creed.

He does not abjure "works," nor call them "filthy rags," nor does he disparage faith and charity. On the contrary, he affirms that these three unitedly are necessary to salvation. The reasoning upon this affirmation is very conclusive. Charity without faith is not spiritual; but natural faith without charity is not living, but dead, and both charity and faith, without good works, are merely mortal, perishable things, because without use or fixedness. He adds, however, that all these are of "the Lord," not of man, and that the merit is "the Lord's" only.

Baptism and the Lord's Supper are of divine institution, and to be observed in perpetuity, although not essential as saving sacraments. The one implies introduction into the Church, with spiritual significances infolded; and the other, an introduction as to spirit into heaven. Death is not a sleep and a forgetting, for the consciousness is preserved; but it is simply a putting off of the material body for ever, and a putting

on of the spiritual body, with the estates attached of heaven or hell.

The meaning of this grand scheme of faith and doctrine, which, after all this statement and dissertation, the reader can form very little idea of without hearing it expounded by an authorized and commissioned minister, is to win men to the divine life and the kingdom of heaven. The Lord alone is the source of genuine life, the precepts of which are the Ten Commandments; and these precepts are to be obeyed by man as of himself, although he is to acknowledge that the will and power to do them are of the Lord alone. These men are regenerated and saved by the Lord by means of a life according to his precepts.

Swedenborg's followers say that his advent spiritually closes the old Christian church, which came to an end or consummation at that time through evils of life and errors of doctrine, as Christ foretold it would in the Gospels. They claim, also, that the new or second Christian church—which is Swedenborg's, or, rather, the church that is founded upon his revelations, with which he had nothing to do except as being the medium for their announcement—is destined to last for ever, because it is a spiritual church, and deals with the interior meanings of the Bible; the old church dealing exclusively with its objective or outward and traditional meaning.

Those to whom these doctrines are new can hear them elaborately set forth every Sunday in the beautiful temple on Adams Street, near the lake, by Mr. Hibbard. This gentleman is an earnest believer in the whole doctrine of the spiritual science as announced by Swedenborg. He will not be found attractive, as

we have before hinted, in oratorical display : but that is of very small importance ; and those who go to hear him will be amply compensated for the intentional absence of this kind of thing in Mr. Hibbard's discourses, by the dear spiritual expositions of the old Bible-text, and of science, art, history, and human knowledge generally, as seen through the new media, which he puts into them instead. There is no attempt at fine writing in them : often the sentences are rude and unpolished even ; but a clear insight runs through them, and speaks from them to all hearers.

There is, perhaps, less egoism, less self-consciousness, in the clergy of this denomination than those of any other. They depend more exclusively upon the subject-matter than any other, and are compelled to think, in order that they may come at it, and render an equivalent echo to the oracles of their great leader.

It is absolutely amazing what pregnant intelligence, what strange, occult knowledge, what divine significance, they eliminate from texts which, before the all-searching, spiritual eyes of Swedenborg flashed down upon them, seemed to be but ordinary passages of Jewish or Christian history, relating to outer concerns alone, and without a possibility of a subjective meaning. When Mr. Hibbard takes a verse or verses for elucidation, he relies upon the Swedenborgian key, and finds the interior sense in the letter of Scripture ; and they all do that, although their interpretations will be widely different, according to the innate faculty of the interpreter. In their hands, the Bible is a symbolical book ; and the outer history, oratory, prophecies, teachings, and truths which it contains, contain also an under spiritual history.

It is a most fascinating employment, either to translate, or to listen to the translation; and religion, especially to the imaginative and the analytical mind, assumes a profound intellectual, as well as spiritual, interest and dramatic passion. They believe that the new master laid the foundation of the New Jerusalem, and that Swedenborgianism will be the next and last great phase of the Christian mission and teaching. To them, there is no illusion about his visions and illuminations. When he describes his journeys into space, into the regions of the heavenly immensity, into the abysses of the infernal darkness and fire, he did literally go thither, as literally as Christ performed his miracles in the estimation of the old Christians, or as he rose from the dead. He held commune with the Redeemer, and with all the hosts of heaven, angels and archangels, and sons of the everlasting Light and Life, and so of the Satanic world and characters.

Certain it is that Swedenborg himself believed this; and that all his hallucinations, as we worldlings of the philosophic sort call it, were real, genuine experiences. The man's character was so high and noble, so free from the taint of selfishness and egotism, so pure and spotless in his integrity, that not even a contemporary — his enemies even — ever doubted his word, that he thought he beheld these apocalypics, however much they might doubt the revelations themselves, or the fact that he did so behold them. He says that he had nothing to do with any thing that he has done. He was but the medium of vision. He claims nothing: his angels claim for him, that they speak through his pen and voice.

Mr. Hibbard's church is on Adams Street, near the lake. It is a very elegant building of stone, 50 by 76 feet in length and width, containing a cellar, and basement and audience stories. The church proper is neatly and elegantly decorated, and contains one of the finest organs in the city.

There are somewhat more than one hundred communicants residing in Chicago, to say nothing of the country members. The service resembles the Episcopal, and is congregational, assisted by the organ and prompter. Mr. George F. Root, the celebrated composer of our most popular patriotic and war songs, has charge of the singing of this church; and, as he is a total disbeliever (of late) in church choirs, the singing is performed by the entire congregation, and is grand and impressive, as all such singing is and must be.

Mr. Hibbard was born in Jefferson County, New York, July 23, 1815. He was brought up at Athens, in Ohio, to which place his parents removed during his infancy, and attended the Presbyterian sabbath-school; becoming a member of that church at the age of seventeen. Two years afterward, he became a member of the "United Brethren in Christ." He preached his first sermon after he was twenty years old, and immediately entered the itinerancy.

He cannot remember when he was not more or less deeply interested in religious pursuits and inquiries. He soon wearied, however, of the old system of theology, and becoming interested in the writings of Swedenborg, and other New-Church books, which he chanced to discover in a friend's house at one of his preaching-places, he was so fascinated by their contents, and by the new message which they had to

deliver to the world, that, after a careful study of the entire subject for two years, he severed his connection with his ancient society, and joined the New Church, in which he was subsequently baptized, and of which he was made a minister on the 9th of June, 1839.

He labored in Ohio until 1843, since which period his work has chiefly been in Illinois. He preached in Chicago in 1845 for the first time; and in 1849 he came here as resident minister. The society now under his charge was organized in 1843 with but three members! remembering the admonition of Christ: "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there will I be in the midst of you, and that for to bless you." It was consecrated as a religious society with twenty-two members in 1849, when the sacrament was for the first time administered.

The attendance at the church is necessarily small, owing to the highly intellectual nature of the teachings, and the necessity of following them closely to keep them in solution for future assimilation and nourishment. Some of the rarest and finest minds in the city are to be found there, however; and the prospect of increase is widening. It is a great theme and a great exposition; and every thinking mind should look into it as a spiritual phenomenon.

The leading tenets of the New Church are these:—

There is one God. In Him is the Divine Trinity, called the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. These three are distinct, and, at the same time, united in Him, as the soul, the body, and the operation are in man; and this one God is the Lord Jesus Christ.

He, who is Jehovah, the Lord from eternity, came into the world that He might subjugate the hells and

glorify His humanity; and without this no mortal could be saved; and they who believe in Him as the Redeemer, Regenerator, and Saviour from sin, are saved. To believe in Him is to have a trust that He saves; and, since no one can have trust but he who lives well, this therefore is understood by believing in Him.

Evils are not to be done, because they are of hell and from hell.

Good is to be done, because it is of God and from God.

In abstaining from evil, and in doing good, man is to act as of himself; but he must, at the same time, believe and acknowledge that the will, the understanding, and the power to do so, are of the Lord alone.

The Sacred Scripture is Divine Truth: it is revealed to us as a means by which we may distinguish between good and evil,—by which we may be delivered from the influence of evil spirits, and become associated with angels, and conjoined with the Lord.

In the Sacred Scripture, or the Word, there is an internal or spiritual sense, which is contained within the natural or literal sense, as the soul is contained in the body.

The Revelation of this internal or spiritual sense of the Word, at this day, by the instrumentality of Swedenborg, is the second coming of the Lord, which is a coming not in person, but in the Word, which is Himself; and in its opening to the understanding of men.

This is meant by the New Heaven and New Jerusalem, in the Revelation.



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE REV. ROBERT W. PATTERSON, D.D.

THE Second Presbyterian Church is one of the most beautiful specimens of religious architecture in Chicago. It is situate at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, and is the "observed of all observers" who come as strangers to the city. Apart from its design, which is imposing enough, and accosts the eye with an expression of antique repose, it is remarkable for its rough-hewn masonry, and the exercise of a certain *black art* in the management of its general effects. The limestone used in its building was quarried on the prairie, three and a half miles from the centre of the city, from a quarry, now vacated, near the famous artesian well. The stone is popularly called "tar rock," belonging to the secondary period in geology. It is largely charged with bitumen, which, upon exposure to the weather, exudes, and produces the discolorations that give so ancient an aspect to the building.

The peculiarity of which we speak would alone distinguish it from all its sister churches; but it possesses intrinsically great attributes as an architectural structure. It is a fine example of the semi-Gothic or

Romanesque style, and was designed by the celebrated Mr. Renwick, of New York; although the superintendence of the building devolved, if we are rightly informed, upon Mr. Asa Carter, a townsman of our own. At that time, it is possible that Chicago was not well supplied with architects; and the fact may have induced the founders of this church to look abroad for a qualified man to undertake the enterprise. We are glad to say, however, that there is no longer any such necessity abiding with us. We have as excellent a company of architects in Chicago as America can boast of throughout her borders; a proposition which is amply corroborated by the fine public buildings which they have contributed to the adornment of the city.

The church under review is not a very large one; but it is finely proportioned and balanced, in particular obedience to the laws of the style in which it is built. It possesses a frontage of 80 feet, including the towers, and is 130 feet in depth. It is embellished with two towers; the main one being 164 feet high, and the lower one about 64 feet. The body of the church is $64\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $82\frac{1}{2}$, including the galleries. It will accommodate 1,300 people, and is very pleasantly and agreeably lighted by stately windows. The lecture-room, at the end of the church, is small, but adapted to the congregation, and is used for Sunday-school purposes, as well as for discourses and exceptional gatherings. It is 23 feet by 52. The organ gallery is lofty, and well suited to the designed purpose; and the organ itself is a fine, majestic instrument of great compass and power. It has received several additions and improvements since it was first built. Its original cost was \$3,600;

but, including the additions just spoken of, it has cost, from first to last, upward of \$5,000.

The church is, perhaps, the cheapest building of its size in the city. It was projected, and the foundation was laid, in the year 1849, although it was not completed until 1851. Both labor and building material were much lower then than they are now. Had a private person at that time possessed the means which many scores of our Chicago merchants now possess, he could have built one or two such edifices as this, — as a sort of hobby, had he been so minded, — and not have much imperilled his banking account either. We have several private dwelling-houses, indeed, which cost far more money; and there is one that is now in the course of erection, which will have cost, when it is finished, more than any half-dozen of our churches put together. We who are accustomed to present prices, both of stock and work, in this paradise of labor, — which Chicago assuredly is, — will be surprised to learn, that the Second Presbyterian Church, including the lot (which is now alone worth \$75,000), the organ, and the great bell, cost only \$42,000. To-day, the church could not be built under \$100,000, nor the organ for less than \$7,000. We did not learn what the bell cost; but it is fair to presume that metal has risen in value in a like proportion to the rest.

It is a capital gauge for the measurement of the progress and prosperity of the city. The history of the churches is indeed, to a very great extent, the history of the civilization of Chicago. An immense stride has been taken in all directions since the first religious meeting was held here, in a log-house belonging to the Government. Between that time and the

building of the Second Presbyterian Church, most of the trade and commerce, the civil magnificence and prosperity of the city, has found room and leisure to grow. To some old settlers now living, this long train of splendor, beginning at Fort Dearborn and Wolf's Point, must look like the colored fabric of a dream. It is very difficult to realize that this great city, with its 220,000 inhabitants, has grown out of a bog, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Many can remember when the First Presbyterian Church was built, and where it was built, and how, in certain states of the weather, the congregation had to be wheeled in a cart through the water and the mud, and fairly deposited upon the church steps; the roads being otherwise impassable.

But what a change has come over us since then! what a contrast between the petty town of six thousand souls, such as it then was, to the vast circumference which it now describes on the prairie, swollen into the dimensions of an immense metropolis!

The Second Presbyterian Church, as it now stands, is a very different building to that in which the *church proper* first assembled for worship. This was a small wooden building on Randolph Street, near where the Sherman House now stands. The church — using the word now to designate a Christian communion — was organized in 1842, and consisted, as Dr. Patterson very quaintly says, of a “colony of twenty-six souls.” This wooden building was their first sanctuary, where they worshipped for a period of nine years. Dr. Patterson, the present pastor, was called to the charge of this church in the year 1842; having previously, in the summer of 1840, given the town a “taste of his qual-

ity," by officiating as supply for the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The congregation increased slowly from year to year under the doctor's ministrations, until at last it became necessary to erect a new church for their accommodation. Accordingly, in 1849, the present fine building was commenced; and in 1851 it was completed, and entered upon with the usual inaugurations. The character of the church has maintained itself pretty evenly throughout. It is a rich man's church. We do not say it offensively, but with the meaning that it is composed of people who are possessed of more than the usual allowance of this world's goods. Like attracts like; and thus it happens that Cræsus after Cræsus comes dropping in, filling up the vacancies occasioned by the demands of the Nemesis who presides over the land of the great "majority," and swelling the congregational ranks to the full of the ancient number, which is somewhere about eight hundred, all told.

Upon the authority of the Young Men's Christian Association, cited at second-hand from Dr. Patterson, it is one of the most largely attended churches in the city. It does not ebb and flow like the pulses of some mighty Atlantic tide, but it preserves its equilibrium from year to year with the utmost respectability and decorum. There have been occasions, however, when, for propagandist or other purposes, "colonies" have separated from the mother-church, and migrated to different parts of the city and to more distant localities, founding separate interests, and flourishing abundantly. Five of these organizations have, at different times, detached themselves thus, and resolved into new and distinct churches. The number of communicants

in Dr. Patterson's church is still as great as ever, amounting to over four hundred.

The expense of building the new church was defrayed partly by subscriptions, and partly by the "appreciation" of the lot on which the old building stood, and the increase in the value of another lot near the lake-shore,—being one of a number of such which Government had apportioned for the use of this and other churches belonging to the various denominations in the city. The aggregate amount of these appreciations reached the high figure of fifteen thousand dollars; and the balance between this amount and the cost of building the church was raised by the contributions of the congregation.

We have said that this is a wealthy church; and the roll of the elders and trustees will justify the statement. The elders are the Hon. W. H. Brown; the Hon. B. W. Raymond, ex-mayor; Judge H. F. Mather; J. C. Williams, Esq.; T. B. Carter, Esq.; Z. Grover, Esq. The trustees are P. L. Yoe, Esq.; W. N. Gould, Esq.; John McGinnis, Esq.; B. V. Page, Esq.; William Blair, Esq.

Among the prominent members of the congregation are John Wentworth, Judge Skinner, Judge Higgins, Senator Trumbull, Governor Bross, Dr. E. Andrews, Dr. R. N. Isham, Dr. M. O. Heydock, J. H. Dunham, E. H. Haddock, Luther Haven, &c., &c.

This array of names speaks highly both for the social position and the intelligence of the congregation, which always maintains its status from year to year without any extra exercise of the spiritual functions. It is noted for its generous liberality to all benevolent objects; and, up to a very late period, as we are informed,

it has contributed to such more than all the other churches of the denomination in Northern Illinois.

Two mission sabbath-schools are maintained in the city by this church ; and they are now erecting a building, at a cost of \$10,000, — to be called the *Taylor-Street Mission School*, — for their accommodation. At present, they have also a flourishing sabbath-school on Erie Street, on the north side of the river. All this goes to show that there is no want of energy or of Christian love, or of the practical exercise of these attributes.

Dr. Patterson belongs to the New-School Presbyterian Church. He is a man of genuine kindness and good nature, agreeable in his manners, and affable in his general bearing and demeanor. As a theologian, he is a strait Presbyterian. His discourses are practical and to the point. He is a good man in all the relations of life, a most honest minister according to his knowledge and conviction ; and the message he has to deliver satisfies the spiritual desires and longings of his people.

He was born in East Tennessee in 1814. In 1821 he removed to this State. His early life was spent mostly in Southern Illinois. There were few opportunities for education in his young days in the West, and he had to master his grammar without a teacher. At eighteen years of age, he went to a preparatory school at Jacksonville. He graduated there in 1837, and subsequently spent a year as tutor in his college. He pursued his theological studies at the Lane Seminary, in Ohio, under the renowned Lyman Beecher, and finished his course in 1840, at which time his connection with Chicago began.

That he is a man much esteemed in the peculiar sphere of intelligence and learning which he occupies is evident from the fact, that he was invited, in 1850, to succeed Dr. Beecher in the chair of theology in the Lane Seminary. It is a position for which he is eminently qualified, and in which he would, no doubt, have distinguished himself.

He received the degree of D.D. from Hamilton College about ten years ago, and has always been noted for his divinity scholarship, studying the Scriptures in the original tongues, and with the best critical commentaries. He has the largest private divinity library in the city, amounting to several thousand volumes. He has given much attention to exposition in the weekly lectures of his church, and has thus gone over all the New and many portions of the Old Testament.

He had the high honor conferred upon him, in 1859, of being chosen moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In the same, year he preached, by previous appointment, the annual sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The doctor belongs to the new school of preachers. He is not much addicted to ideality, and has an old-fashioned habit of calling every thing by its right name. His style is a good Saxon English, — plain, simple, straightforward, — hitting always the mark he aims at. He adopted this style at the beginning of his career, and has stuck to it ever since. He has never ascended to the florid or the Romanesque: he is content that his church should exhibit that in an architecture of stone, while he preserves the Saxon in an architecture of words.

It is fitting that the oldest pastor in the city should represent, in his thought and doctrine, the old times in the early history of Chicago. Dr. Patterson is a living embodiment of them; and he has the honor of being the oldest pastor, so far as residence is concerned, by a period of some twelve or fifteen years. A more faithful, upright man does not stand in any pulpit to-day. He holds the hard Presbyterian doctrine, and proclaims it boldly. It is, as he believes, the word of God to the salvation of souls; and he, as God's minister, must preach that plainly, and in all singleness of purpose. This he has done for many years. He aims to give instruction in the second canon of the Word; to build his people up, not only in the true faith, but in a knowledge of Biblical history and Christian doctrine. His sermons are often divinity lectures; and any one attending his ministrations might acquire, in due course, such a body of information upon scriptural themes and dogmas as would equip and qualify him for a stout encounter with the foes of Christianity. A Christian should be armed at all points; and Dr. Patterson believes that it is a part of his duty to make a true soldier of the cross of every one of his people, and he does his best to accomplish this. Like the Spartan mother, he presents them with a shield, — the shield of faith; and delivers to them her heroic injunction, "With this, or upon it!" Maintain the faith, or die for it.



GRACE METHODIST-EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. OTIS HENRY TIFFANY, D.D.

ON looking back over the vast regions of history, crowded as they are with such gigantic and conflicting interests, one is compelled to believe that there must have been a law to the wild chaos of the evolved phenomena; that, underneath the savagery and battle out of which they were born, there must have been an invisible and omnipotent mind to determine events and direct issues; to see to it that in no case should there be a retrogression from any point in the human advancement, but that every step gained should be a step secured; and that man should march from platform to platform, until his life should grow at last—no matter how immense the period—into harmony with the divine will and law.

No thoughtful man can bring himself to believe in any theory of civilization which shuts out God, and brings in luck and chance.

There is no throne anywhere for the ghastly skeleton of Atheism, and the doctrine of fortuitous events finds no warrant in history. The progress of the Christian religion in the world—and, in later times,

more especially, of dissent — is a sufficient proof of these postulates. The great idea of toleration was unknown in England for centuries after the Reformation; and the nonconformists had a dreadful struggle for existence until the time of Whitefield and Wesley.

In the days of these mighty innovators, there was comparative peace in the religious world; but there was also a great and soul-destroying lethargy among all the religious parties extant at that time. The Church was a mere profession. Men went into it, and did its duties for so much pay, and there was an end. The nonconformist ministers were all taking their ease in God's arm-chair, comfortably doing their work, without much effort, at saving souls. Whitefield and Wesley, both Churchmen, were alarmed at this state of the spiritual kingdom. It was in atrophy and living death. To be a good Churchman in those days was to love the King and heartily hate dissenters. These two men loved the King, and did not hate dissenters, neither had they any repugnance to the forms or doctrines of the Church. They were alive in the midst of skeletons and death: they two were the only known men, of all that time, who were ready to go forth, with their lives in their hands, to rouse sinners to repentance. They were both faithful servants of the Church, and were long before admitted to holy orders. Those who were read in the history of the Church did not at all marvel that there should arise, from the very centre and source of her power and authority, two new apostles of Christ and preachers of salvation. Such things had been common enough aforetime. The Church had been filled with Puritans, who preached repentance and the kingdom of heaven

aloud to all people, from their sacred desks; and, although the great mass of the middle and the working classes did not relish the onslaughts which they made upon the comfortable, enjoyable religion which the traders — who had bought the various incumbencies and livings all over the land — had set up, yet they were not overwhelmed with astonishment at it. The Church pulpits had thundered with the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, who, of all men belonging to his age, was the most marvellously gifted in talents, wisdom, imagination, and genius, who was one of the best scholars also of his time, and of an eloquence so astounding that he seems to us, at this distance, as if he combined in his amazing rhetoric the imagination and the diction both of Shakspeare and Milton. Isaac Barrow, Chillingworth, Baxter, Howe, George Herbert, Donne, and a glorious host of other brilliant preachers, also belonged to the Reformed Church, and were also Puritans; although going, many of them, under other names, such as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Calvinists, Independents, Brownists, &c. And these men had, at various times, stood up in the Established Church, and proclaimed the gospel to sinners. It was no new thing, therefore, in which Whitefield and Wesley were engaged. It is true that they met with abundant opposition from the lazy, rubicund clergy, the men who had grown fat eating and drinking much and doing nothing; as they did also from the respectable old county families, the aristocrats and big-wigs of the Church, who had their family pews duly fenced off from the oak benches where the *oi polloi* sat, — the base plebeians, for whom the noble Christ, master of the universe, and Son of God,

died! But that was to be expected. No hammer of God ever yet came thundering down upon the anvils of sin in the smithy of Satan, breaking them up with a loud noise, demolishing the forgery, and scattering the impious workers and doers of that evil, but there was a hubbub against the assailants, and all the agencies of the world, the flesh, and the Devil were brought to bear against them.

Whitefield and Wesley came in for their full share of these blasts from the Cyclopean nostrils, and the persecutions and revilings of the worldlings. But they were far too earnest to heed the falling of these bolts of wrath hurled at them by the respectable Church people, who were satisfied with the effigy of religion which they had set up in their sanctuaries, — satisfied with their preachers, who let them go their own way without admonition, no matter whether it led to bliss or to perdition. The new gospellers told them very plainly that they led to perdition, and shook all the dry bones in Oxford churches with the trumpet-tongues of resurrection. Many responded thereto; but the most turned on their sides, and slept on.

Then, like the early apostles, at the command of Christ, having done what they could to arouse the Jews, and finding them careless, self-sufficient, heedless, they turned to the Gentiles. They went down among the lowest strata of the human society; penetrated the vilest haunts of sin, of vice, and ignorance; and there, braving the terrible ridicule, the violence, the insulting jeers of that outcast mob of neglected souls, they proclaimed to them the glad tidings of salvation. They gathered up the fag-ends of society, and touched them with the electric fire of the gospel and the breath of

the Holy Ghost, and brought in whole populations to the kingdom of Christ. Nothing heeded they that their course was uncanonical, irregular, disreputable: what Christ and his apostles had done before them was excellent precedent and example to them. Churches were mere stone, consecrated by a bishop; but here, under the blue sky, on these open wolds, or in these amphitheatres of the forest, was a still more elder church, consecrated by the everlasting God. Here, accordingly, they gathered all sorts and conditions of men, who had never, in many instances, heard the gospel before! Poor pit-men, workers in the mines, dwellers with darkness, who were hardly ever blessed by the light and warmth of the sun, they gathered together, and revealed to them the glory and the light of the Sun of Righteousness. Sailors and lost agricultural laborers and artisans and factory-workers, — these were the congregations on the new brave apostles of that time. By the hill-side, by rivers, on the seashore, they appealed to the imagination as well as to the devotional sentiments of their hearers. They devoted their lives to the spiritual instruction of the middle and working classes, preached to them everywhere, prayed with them, read the Scriptures in public and private, and addressed them in familiar speech and homely phrases, such as they could not misunderstand. “I dare as well wear a fine coat as speak or write finely,” said Wesley. He despised rhetoric: he loved and preached truth only. Wesley never forsook the Church. Often, where he found a Puritan pulpit, he preached in it; and he was a stanch Churchman when he found himself a schismatic and the founder of a sect. Whitefield was, for a time, the fellow-laborer of Wes-

ley, and surpassed him as a preacher, as he surpassed almost all men that ever lived. He was essentially a dramatic preacher, possessed wondrous powers of painting, of summoning to his discourse whatever principal accessories and scenery were needful to give it effect. His representations of the last great assize of God's judgment, where he showed, in palpable imagery, the upcoming of the innumerable millions of mankind from all the quarters of the world, darkening immensity with the vast shadows of the assembling tribes, kindreds, tongues, and peoples; the white throne of the judge, surrounded by the pomp of golden clouds, and the terrors of the thunder and the lightning, the opening of the great book, the sentence, and the departure to everlasting doom, some to heaven, and many, many, to the outer darkness, without a name,—all this was so wrought up, and rendered with such dramatic power and skill by the great orator, that he shook the souls of his auditors like reeds in the blast, and brought his thousands to the fold of the Redeemer.

He was, in his style of speaking, the very opposite of Wesley, who, as we have seen, used none but the plainest and simplest language. Nor had he the organizing, controlling, executive ability of Wesley; and his influence died with the society known as Lady Huntingdon's, while that of Wesley is more powerful to-day than it ever was, and is growing to still grander proportions, with an influence which circumvents the planet.

No more wonderful society ever existed in the world than this of Methodism. It goes hand in hand with modern civilization, and is, indeed, one of its most

subtle agents, penetrating the inmost life of vast bodies of people, shaping their minds and characters, and re-acting upon society in the shape of laws, literature, and statesmanship. It has made some great men for America, for England, and for mankind. Civilization has no more beneficent handmaiden. What a profound knowledge of human nature, mingled with how vast and all-comprehending a love, is displayed by it! It goes into the lowest society; alarms men whom no other influence in the world could have touched,—often bad, lost, degraded men, who have violated both human and divine laws a thousand times, and who are living in open defiance of both. These it tames of their savagery, strips of their sinfulness, and, from the disobedience of rebels, it converts them into the obedience of saints. When Methodism found them, they were in the last pollution of sin and ignorance; now, in a little while, we find them in the prayer-meeting, praying; in the class-meeting, relating their experience, or leading it, perhaps,—a mighty educational discipline both for the mind and the spirit! They are thus lifted up, as high as heaven is over earth, above their old condition. They are now men,—praying, earnest men,—alive in the universe, and realizing the fact through all their consciousness.

Anon we find them in the pulpit. And who so fit as they to wrestle with sinners? Have they not themselves been snatched from the unquenchable fires? Have they not foretasted the glories of the heavenly kingdom, and been brought from death unto life?

No one can estimate the value of Methodism, either as a social engine or a religious system. It has reformed whole neighborhoods, and brought order out of dis-

order and chaos. Its work in the West has been blessed beyond compare. Go where we will, in the remotest village, in the most sequestered farmhouse, in the hunter's lodge, the backwoodsman's cabin, — there you are sure to find some praying and loving Methodist, who is happy, — though cut off, it may be, from all kindred society, — happy in his own heart and in the heavenly communion. Many a time, in the backwoods of Wisconsin, on summer Sunday mornings, when the sky has presented one boundless field of azure without a cloud, symbolizing the peace and joy of the immortal life; when the birds were singing in the rich June greenery of the trees, and the flowers gemmed the holy bosom of the virgin earth, and all was calm and sweet and silent, attuning the soul to adoration and praise, — many a time have we seen the foresters coming up the long, dim glades between the trees, dressed in their newest and whitest raiment in honor of the day and the occasion, and, assembling in a little open clearing, where a wagon had been placed for the preacher, form themselves into a circle on the grass, and then and there commence those sacred services of prayer and song and exhortation which have been bread of life and sacrament of consolation to untold thousands all the world over.

Methodism in Chicago began with these primitive meetings, and now it is the largest religious interest in the city. One of the most beautiful churches belonging to this denomination in the West is Grace Church, under the pastorate of Dr. Tiffany. It is not completed, and, indeed, only a small portion of it is erected at present; but it is as fine an example of Gothic

architecture in rough-hewn stone as the city contains. When it is completed according to the design of the architect, Edward Burling, Esq., it will be very spacious and elegant, and of almost cathedral dimensions.

The history of the church dates as far back as 1847, when it was organized by George F. Foster, A. J. Brown, and Abner R. Scranton. These gentlemen purchased a lot for \$1,200, on Indiana Street; and, through their exertions and the good-will of friends, a frame building was erected as a church, at a cost of \$1,000. The Rev. Freeborn Hany was the first pastor of it, and under his ministration the cause prospered abundantly. The Rev. Mr. Bolles succeeded Mr. Hany; and, in 1854, the church was more than doubled in numbers. Many wealthy people had joined it; and, having both the means and the will to erect a handsome and more commodious structure, the congregation made a resolution to the effect that such a building should be commenced. Large subscriptions were obtained to this end; many of the contributors, however, making it almost a condition, that a better location should be provided for the building.

This led to the purchase of a new lot at the corner of Wolcott and Erie Streets, for the sum of \$15,000. But man proposes and God disposes. Accordingly, there came the crash of 1857, and with it the general depreciation of property. It fell like a bolt of fire upon this new interest, and caused the sacrifice of both pieces of property, on Indiana and Wolcott Streets, to pay the indebtedness incurred by the purchase of the Wolcott-street lot.

It was a heavy blow ; but God gave these Methodists a brave heart to confront it. They did not, therefore, sit down and cry over it, but roused themselves like men to meet it. The result of their labors was the organization of the present church, the lot for which they purchased, at the corner of Chicago Avenue and La Salle Street, for \$9,000. It is 100 feet by 134 feet ; and, to their honor be it said, it was paid for by the efforts of the ladies of the society.

The Grace Church, as it now stands, is intended for the chapel of the church proper, as soon as they can raise funds to complete the building, which will cover the entire lot. It cost, with the organ, \$25,000, every cent of which has been paid, so that the church is free from all incumbrances ; and the property, at present prices, is worth \$40,000. It was dedicated on the 3d of July, 1864, by Bishop Simpson ; the Rev. J. C. Stoten being then pastor. In the fall of that year, Dr. Tiffany assumed the ministerial functions and the charge of the church, and in his hands it has prospered beyond the hopes of its members.

Before we proceed to give a biographical sketch of Dr. Tiffany, it may be as well to present the reader, in this place, with a more detailed description of the church itself. The main building, when erected, will have a frontage of 67 feet on La Salle Street, and a depth of 100 feet on Chicago Avenue. The present building, which is now used as a church, is intended, upon the completion of the main building, to be used only as a chapel and school-room, and is 45 feet on La Salle Street by 100 feet in depth, leaving a space of 24 feet between the buildings. This is to be filled up with

another building, the front line of which will recede about 15 feet from the front line of the main building. The principal front will be on La Salle Street. The tower on the corner will be 178 feet in height; and the whole will be built of stone, rock-faced, in the most substantial manner, corresponding in style to the present building. The architecture of the building is what is known as the English-Gothic, having windows of stained glass formed in elaborate tracery. The central building is intended to be used as a church-parlor and study-room, and will have a central door opening to a gateway on La Salle Street. The main building will contain sittings for one thousand persons, and, with galleries, which are not at present contemplated, would increase the number to fifteen hundred. The present building, now used for church purposes, has sittings for five hundred, and is one of the most pleasant church-rooms in our city. It has a gallery over the front end, under which are the class-rooms. The organ, at the extreme end of the auditorium, is placed in a recess behind the pulpit, and is operated by the organist, who sits in one of the front pews. The whole arrangement of the altar-desk, and other appointments, are excellent. The roof in this chapel is what is known as the "open-timbered roof," very graceful in its general appearance, and has a light and airy character. The spaces between the roof-timbers are frescoed in panels of good proportion and pleasant colors, giving to the nave a very beautiful and graceful appearance. All the wood-work of the interior is grained in oak. The seats are all upholstered in the best style, the floors carpeted, and all parts executed with a view to comfort and elegance.

An organ of two manuals, Gothic case, with gilt speaking-front. Stops as follows : —

Great Organ.

Open diapason.
Bell gamba.
Stop diapason, bass.
Stop diapason, treble.
Principal.
Twelfth.
Fifteenth.
Flute.
CC to G in Alt.

Swell Organ.

Stop diapason, bass.
Stop diapason, treble.
Dulciana.
Principal.
Hautboy.
Coupler pedals to great.
Coupler pedals to swell.
Swell to great.

Pedals Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. — Built by Pilcher Bros. & Chant.

The main feature of this organ is the extended action ; the keyboards being in the corner pew of the centre aisle, twenty feet from the organ, the tracker-work and draw-stop action running under the floor, in the basement. This instrument, though small, contains over four thousand feet of tracker-work ; the swell trackers being nearly forty feet long from the keys to the valves, still preserving remarkable promptness in the touch.

The Grace Church is immensely indebted to Dr. Tiffany, both for its spiritual prosperity and its intellectual position. He is a man of rare mental qualifications, an accomplished scholar, and the finest pulpit orator, perhaps, in the city. And by the term "orator," we do not mean one who has a great flux of words at his command, who makes a great noise in the pulpit, and is a master of the demagogue's art of declamation and wild rant, although these are but too frequently regarded as the supreme tests of oratorical ability. We mean, however, something far different to this, and far

higher, — a man, in short, who is abundantly supplied with thoughts, who clothes these with the choicest language which art and genius can suggest, and pronounces his discourse with a fitting fervor and a natural earnestness, so that, feeling himself what he utters, he makes his hearers feel also.

This is the secret of all oratory and of all success in public speaking. The pump-handle avails no man any thing. The waters of life are not drawn through any such medium. They gush only from the living soul.

Dr. Tiffany has all the natural as well as the acquired faculties of a great public speaker. He is a man of presence, with a palpable magnetism. His eye is commanding, not leonine in its expression, however, but, if we may so express it, aquiline. There are thunder and threatening in the lids of it, and in the darkening brow. This austerity is relieved by the general play of the face, however, and reserves just enough of it to give determination to his aspect. He is, as these features indicate, a man of great earnestness, of great sincerity; and, when he is roused, his speech becomes passionate and at times terrible, — especially if he have any great wrong before the judgment-seat. His voice is of great diapason and power, capable of expressing the stormiest feelings and the tenderest and most pathetic emotions. He is a natural artist, accommodating his tones to his sentiment. Of the rules of elocution, he is utterly ignorant. A man like him makes his own rules. He humors his speech to his thought, and is always right. There is no luck in oratorical success; nor will all the study of a lifetime make a man an orator, if the stuff be not in him. One

man finishes a long discourse, which he has uttered in obedience to all the laws of artful delivery, and he fails. Another comes to us without any knowledge, save of Jesus Christ and him crucified, it may be, and, possessing that, and feeling it through every fibre of his being, he takes his audience captive, as Whitefield did.

We have had abundant opportunity of testing the ability and the power of Dr. Tiffany as an orator. His Sunday-morning sermons are careful and elaborate compositions, which he delivers with great effect, and unconsciously so. What a man is he shows by many nameless ways while speaking. There are lustres of the character and the intellect, as well as of morality and religion, which radiate from a minister, and complete the complement of his power. The mere verbal delivery of an orator is the least part of the oration, however good that may be. And it is the fulness of Dr. Tiffany, who is armed at all the points of his character, which gives him such public weight as a speaker.

The orations which he pronounced over our martyred President, and more lately over the disinterred remains of certain Illinois soldiers, were, of themselves, sufficient to stamp him as a great orator. His eloquence is perfectly spontaneous, and springs from the heart. It is not set and formal; nor does it run in a continuous stream, and so pall when it should delight us. It comes always at the right time, alternating with dry details, or logical reasonings, or mere statement of facts. Few men hold their audience so absolutely in grip as Dr. Tiffany, and he moves them to laughter or tears seemingly at his pleasure.

Dr. Otis Henry Tiffany was born at Baltimore, Md., July 3, 1825. He prepared for college in the academical department of the University of Maryland. He entered the Junior class of Dickinson College in 1842, and graduated in 1844, while Dr. J. P. Derby was president. He received his degree of M.A. in 1847; and the next year had the high honor of being appointed tutor of Greek in Dickinson College.

In the year 1848, he was admitted into the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Church. In 1849 he was made associate professor of mathematics in Dickinson College. He was found to be a man of such efficiency, that, in 1851, he had sole charge of mathematics and engineering in Dickinson College. During the doctor's travels in the West, he has met with numerous men who studied engineering with him, many of whom had been in the army. He was prominently associated with the political movements of the State of Pennsylvania during his residence in that State, and was once put forward as candidate for senator by the legislative caucus of Pennsylvania; but was too young at that time for so high an office, and, before the next chance came round, he had retired from public life.

In 1856 he supplied the pulpit of the Associate Reformed Church in Baltimore, in connection with his duties as mathematical professor at Dickinson. In the fall of the same year, he became pastor of that church, which is the largest Protestant church in the city, and by his energy and talents, assisted by the blessed influences of the Holy Ghost, he was the means of enlarging the boundaries of that church, and of calling many from the power of sin and Satan unto God.

They continue to speak of him to this day, although so long separated from him, with sincere affection and admiration. He is a man who makes friends all round, — of the church and of the world. He is so much in earnest, that his interest in each communicant assumes the aspect of a fatherly care and tenderness. There is not a church nor a cause with which he has been connected which has not prospered. Such men do pass in and out among us, charged with a wondrous sympathy and moral magnetism, but they are rare; and such, for the most part, are allotted a priceless work to do.

In 1860, full of fame and honors, he was called to the First Methodist Church in Chicago. He received his D.D. degree after he left Dickinson. His people were most solicitous that he should remain with them: but the attractions of this great, untried, unbroken West, with its immense resources; its fine, noble, and generous people, the innate grandeurs and possibilities of whose character were as yet undeveloped, waiting for the finger of God to kindle their hearts into altars for his glory, waiting for the influences of civilization to fashion them into all intellectual and moral beauty, — these, we say, were attractions too powerful for his imaginative mind to resist; and the result was, that he became the pastor of that church, laboring there from 1860 to 1861, when he removed to Evanston, where he remained until 1863 and part of 1864. In the fall of 1864, he was appointed pastor of Grace Church.

While at Evanston, he was constantly in and out of Chicago, identifying himself with all the political movements of the time, and with the commercial and social interests of the city. He delivered numerous lectures

on subjects connected with the moral relief and advancement of mankind. During the war, he was an unflinching and most enthusiastic advocate for the Union, and for the freedom of the negro. He frequently held advanced views upon the war, and never hesitated to express them through any fear of losing his popularity. He has addressed more public meetings than any other minister in the city. His services were and are always in requisition; and our citizens have honored him and themselves by calling upon him to respond upon many very important public occasions.

His eulogy on Mr. Lincoln was a masterpiece of rhetoric. There are occasions when the mind outdoes itself; when, filled with a mighty impulse and power, it seems to soar beyond all mortal and terrene barriers, until, flooded by the heavenly inspirations, it catches transporting glimpses of the glory of immortality and the mystery of divine truth, and seems to float far out into the infinite. This, to him, was one of these occasions. It was a complete abandonment of his spirit to the greatness and majesty of the theme. A mighty chieftain, at the head of a mighty nation, had fallen beneath the hand of the assassin,—a martyr to the holy principles of truth and eternal justice, which he had built into the very masonry of the State. His matchless and victorious armies had done their appointed work: peace had returned once more. For the first time in four years, into which were crowded the toil, the agony, and the triumph of so many glorious yet sorrowful centuries, his great heart burst asunder its dumb cerements, and throbbed to the music and the shouts of victory. God's cause was safe for ever on

this continent, and the race of man was free. At such a moment, when the nation, at his bidding, had risen, in its sublime sorrow, from the chambers of mourning, to put on the garlands and singing-robcs of victory, which had brought peace to the distracted land, and when the future looked so bright to him and to us, that dastard hand shattered for ever the fabric of his great humanity, and once more plunged the nation into grief unspeakable and the saddest mourning.

Dr. Tiffany uttered a threnody over these remains. It was not his heart and soul alone which spoke on that occasion, it was the heart and soul of the whole American people, from Maine to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. To read this so-called eulogy is to get some idea of its quality and power; but, great and touching as it is in its simplicity and tenderness, it falls almost infinitely short of what it really was when he delivered it, with all the accompaniments of voice, passion, and action. Speaker Colfax did him the honor to send his homage to the intellect which had produced an oration worthy of the martyred dead; and all the competent witnesses who were present at the delivery confirmed the Speaker in his praise of that effort.

His object in lecturing is to familiarize the people with great principles and truths, by dressing them, after the manner of John Wesley, in plain and simple language. His lecture on the "Social Problem of Labor" exhausts the discussion of that great subject; and another, which we once heard him deliver, called "A Comparison and Contrast between Ancient and Modern Democracy," is at once eloquent, scholarly, and instructive. His recent lecture on the "New

Civilization" shows the influence of Christianity upon modern society ; or the interference of Christian principles with political movements and institutions, — with slavery, for example, — intended as a set-off to the blind hypothesis of Atheism in history. His "Shams and Shoddy" is a humorous hit at the follies and vices of the times. His lecture on "The Exploits of the American Navy" is a very popular performance, and abounds in graphic pictures and thrilling adventures.

His most quiet and literary lecture is on Washington Irving, with whom he spent nearly a week, not long before his death, in the companionship of J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, and J. Meredith, of Maryland. Mr. Kennedy, who read it subsequently, said that it gave him the most vivid impression of the great Knickerbocker which he had received out of all the sketches and memoirs which he had read of him.

His career in Chicago is well known. His church was nearly doubled before he had been pastor of it many months, and the galleries were put into use, thus taking the initiative, in that respect, among the Chicago churches. He took part in the first public expression of opinion and feeling in regard to the war ; and subsequently spoke in all the upper counties of the State, discussing the rebellion and its cause, and often speaking truths unpalatable to the general ear. He was, for example, among the first to advise the raising of an army of blacks for the service of the Union, and was hissed as he proclaimed his views upon the Courthouse steps. Three weeks afterward, he stood upon another platform, and found that his suggestion had become a popular doctrine. He conducted the religious services on the opening of the Chamber of Commerce,

and pronounced the oration over the dead heroes belonging to the Board-of-Trade Battery.

We have lying on our table a number of printed extracts from his various discourses ; and we should like to make some quotations from them, to give the reader an idea of his style and ability, but we have no space. Here, therefore, we must leave him to his honors and the good fortunes which are assuredly in store for him. Such a man could not be spared from the ranks of progress ; and we wish him joy and all usefulness in his future career.





TRINITY PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE REV. DR. CUMMINS.

DURING the early history of the Roman-Catholic Church,—of which the Episcopal Church is a sort of reformed continuation, wherein the essential Christian doctrines are preserved, while the addenda which were grafted upon it by the œcumenical councils and synods are cut off as matters extraneous and non-essential,—it was the pride and glory of that great religious institution to number among its servants all the famous men then existing in Europe, who were connected with the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Christian idea, in their estimation of it, could not be embodied in too sublime a form of material grandeur, nor invested by too affluent an expenditure of the resources and creations of genius. It was the great central, spiritual power destined to move and mould Europe for a thousand years, to become the fashioner of its civilization, and the final arbiter of the destinies of the human race. Whatever, therefore, would contribute to the stability, power, and influence of this idea, was enlisted at once in its service. Vast cathedrals, abbeys, priories, nunneries, sprang up in the most beautiful places of the earth, commanding

always the most delightful prospect of the surrounding country, and having, in nearly every instance, either a river or a lake in the adjoining meadows. Sometimes they were erected upon lofty rocks, which reverberated with the thunder of the rolling sea, a thousand feet below them. Wherever they stood, they became the main picture in the landscape, and were often surprises of architectural magnificence. Their interior walls were decorated with wonderful cartoons, and paintings representing various scenes in the life of Christ and his apostles. The very services were pictures; and art was here for the first time married to religion. Add to this the glory of the music and the voices of the choristers, and we shall be able to form some conception of the secret of that immense influence which Rome has so long exercised over the world.

It is a secret worth knowing and practising, if religion itself be worth having; and we notice that the success of the ministrations is pretty nearly always in proportion to the external and internal beauty of the church, and to the vitality and warmth that pervade its services. There is an inherent and mysterious relationship between art and religion, which it is very difficult to explain, although Schiller has attempted it in his æsthetical and philosophical letters; and we have called attention to it, because it seems to be very little understood by those who have the charge of the public churches, and because we believe that it is in every way worthy of inquest and of practical application.

The founders of Trinity Church, Chicago, appear to be precisely of this opinion. There is a catholic faithfulness at the bottom of this noble structure. It is

built, like the ancient European churches, to stand for centuries. It implies a deeply-rooted belief both in Chicago and in Christianity; a belief that the former has some hundreds of years of history yet to inscribe upon the archives of the nation, and that the latter will always be its contemporary,—Colenso, and Renan, and the reviewers clerical to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is, indeed, one of the most solid and beautiful churches in the city. It is situate on Jackson Street, between Wabash and Michigan Avenues, and covers a space on the ground of 71 feet by 150 feet deep. The front and towers are built of stone, and the sides of brick. It is of the Byzantine order of architecture, and has two towers in front, with an arched arcade between them; making one of the most effective and spacious church-entrances to be found in the city. Immediately beyond the arcade is the vestibule, which is 16 feet in depth by 65 feet in width, containing the stairs leading to the galleries; and beyond the vestibule is the main audience-room, 65 feet in width by 96 feet in depth, and containing seats for one thousand persons on the ground-floor, and four hundred more in the galleries.

At the south end of the main audience-room is the chancel, which is 20 feet in depth by 28 feet in width, of octagonal shape, with grooved arched ceiling and rich stained-glass windows, decorated with emblematic devices. The audience-room is lighted from above, by stained-glass windows in the ceiling. The effect is not so brilliant as if it were lighted from the side-walls; but, what is far better, in our opinion, it is subdued and soft, yielding that "dim, religious light" which both Milton and Keats have immortalized in their

poems. There was a prudential reason, also, for lighting this room from the roof; that, namely, of making it more fireproof than it would have been if the walls had been pierced in the sides.

The interior of the church is a delightful architectural scene. It is handsomely and tastefully frescoed; and on the Sunday evenings, when it is illuminated by the blaze of well-nigh a thousand gaslights, and every seat is occupied, it presents a most charming appearance.

Over the entrance to the church is the lecture-room, with sitting accommodations for three hundred persons; and it is here that the rector delivers his weekday discourses, and holds meetings on the concerns of the church and the congregation.

Great attention is paid to the decoration of the church, and every thing is arranged with an eye to beauty and elegance. The floors are carpeted all over the building; and the lighting, heating, and ventilation cannot be surpassed.

The choir is the finest in the West, and is a very important part of the service. It is customary to put up with any thing in Protestant churches, unless, indeed, one should choose to live in a cathedral city in some part of England or Europe, where the organ music, the chanting, and the anthems are celebrated with the skill and emphasis of the old religion in the early history of the church. It is not customary, however, to put up with any thing at Trinity Church. The music here is the most powerful of all the religious accessories, and is always of the highest character, the best professional services which money will command being permanently engaged here. The result of this atten-

tion to art, and to the detail of ceremony and worship, is seen in the attendance. The church is crowded on mornings and evenings. There are upward of three hundred church-members; and every seat has either been rented or sold, often at a premium, while scores are obliged to go away every Sunday, unable to find even standing-room.

The whole cost of this fine building, as it now stands, was not more than \$36,000. It could not be built to-day for \$100,000, owing to the increase in the price of building material and labor. No doubt, too, that the architect, T. V. Wadskier, Esq., who is an old member of the church, favored the Committee on Building, and reduced all his charges to the lowest figure; for it is a remarkably cheap structure.

Trinity Church is but a little over twenty years old. It originated at a meeting of the parishioners of St. James's Church, held on the twenty-eighth day of January, 1842, when it was unanimously resolved, that a church in the interest of the Episcopal religionists should be permanently established upon the south side of Chicago River. On the 5th of March, 1842, the formal organization of the parish was effected by the election of wardens and vestrymen, and by the adoption of the name and title of Trinity Church. The first officers of the church were: J. Brinkerhoff, senior warden; S. J. Sherwood, junior warden; and Cyrenius Beers, Charles Sauter, Caleb Morgan, Thomas Whitlock, and William H. Brackett, vestrymen.

The early records of the church do not appear to have been well kept; for there are none from the 5th of March, 1842, to 8th January, 1844. From a minute of the proceedings of a vestry held 12th of February,

1844, it appears that the Rev. W. F. Walker, rector of St. James's Church, had, in August, 1843, accepted the rectorship of Trinity Church, in connection with that of his own; and we have already seen that the idea of Trinity Church originated in the minds of the parishioners of St. James's, no doubt with a desire to extend the church influence, and also to increase, it might be, the salary of the rector of St. James's, by making him a pluralist.

On the 15th of February, 1844, he dissolved his connection altogether with St. James's Church, and became rector of Trinity.

The corner-stone of the church was laid on the 5th of June, 1844, by the Right Rev. Philander Chase, D.D., bishop of the diocese, in the presence of a large assembly of citizens. The clergy present were the Rev. W. F. Walker, rector; the Rev. W. W. Bostwick, the Rev. E. B. Kellogg, and the Rev. Dudley Chase. The site chosen for the edifice was on Madison Street, between Clark and La Salle Streets; and the building was open for the first time, for divine service, on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 25, 1844.

Mr. Walker resigned the rectorship of the church in May, 1847; and, in September of the same year, the Rev. William Barlow, of Peekskill, N.Y., was elected as his successor. Mr. Barlow served the church most acceptably and faithfully, until, in February, 1850, he fell asleep in Jesus, leaving behind a memory, precious in many hearts, as a holy man of God and a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Barlow was succeeded in the rectorship by the Rev. C. E. Swope, of St. James's College, Maryland, who continued to hold the office only from July 1, 1850,

until May 15, 1851. At this time, the parish of Grace Church, in this city, was organized by a portion of the congregation of Trinity Church; and Mr. Swope became its first rector.

For nearly two years, the church now remained without a permanent rector; and the congregation was served in turn by the Rev. Charles Reighley and the Rev. John Kelly, D.D.

In March, 1853, the Rev. W. A. Smallwood, D.D., was elected rector of the church, and solemnly instituted into his office by the Right Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, on the twenty-fourth day of August, 1853. Dr. Smallwood continued to hold the office until May, 1857. He was succeeded by the Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, of Gambier, Ohio, who served the parish until the 1st of January, 1860, when he became the rector of Emanuel Church, Baltimore. The Rev. James Pratt, rector of the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia, was elected as the successor of Mr. Schenck, and entered upon his duties on the 15th of March, 1860. The need of a new and more commodious church-edifice had been felt for some time in the parish; and, in the course of a few months, the vestry determined to build a church that would meet the demands of the parish and the spiritual needs of this rapidly growing city. A lot of land was purchased of C. Beers, Esq., at a cost of \$11,000, on Jackson Street, between Wabash and Michigan Avenues. T. V. Wadskier, Esq., was chosen the architect; and on the thirteenth day of August, 1860, the ground was broken, and the work commenced with great vigor. On the fourth day of September, 1860, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Pratt, assisted by

several clergymen, and in the presence of a large assemblage.

On the third Sunday in June (the sixteenth day), 1861, the congregation, with great delight, assembled for the first time for divine worship in their new and beautiful edifice,—a fitting place to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

On the 9th of March, 1863, the Rev. Dr. Pratt, on account of inability from feeble health to discharge the duties of rector, resigned his office, to take effect on the 1st of June ensuing. In the month of May, 1863, the present rector was elected by the vestry, and entered upon his duties on the first Sunday of October, and was instituted into his office, according to the form prescribed in the prayer-book, on the third Sunday after Easter (April 17), 1864, by the Right Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, bishop of the diocese. The new church edifice had not been formally and solemnly consecrated to the worship of God, on account of an indebtedness still remaining. This bonded indebtedness, on the 1st of October, 1864, was the sum of \$10,000, to which had been added a floating debt of \$7,500. By the return of the Easter season of the present year, this entire sum had been cancelled; and on the fourth Sunday after Easter, April 24, the church was solemnly consecrated to the worship and service of God by the Right Rev. Bishop Whitehouse, assisted by nine of the clergy. “The North-western Church,” of this city, thus described the interesting ceremony:—

“Trinity Church, Chicago, was solemnly consecrated to the service of Almighty God by Bishop Whitehouse. Although the weather was very unfavorable, a good congregation assembled to witness the interesting cere-

mony,—the climax of years of labor and devotion,—and to hear a sermon from the former able rector of Trinity, the Rev. N. H. Schenck. The bishop was assisted in the services by eight clergymen,—the rector of the parish, the Rev. G. D. Cummins, D.D.; the Rev. E. M. Van Deusen, D.D., of Pittsburgh, Pa.; the Rev. N. H. Schenck, of Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. Henry Safford, of Oberlin, Ohio; and the Rev. Messrs. Cheney, Freeman, Stout, and Smith, of this city. At the close of morning prayer, the rector made an earnest and feeling appeal to the congregation, now that God had so blessed them that their beautiful church was free and consecrated, they should go forward still in well-doing, and furnish that which was still lacking to the completion and unity of their organization; viz., a house for the pastor of the flock, a rectory. The Rev. Mr. Schenck followed with a few remarks in the same direction, urging that, as the flock had now a house, so also should the shepherd." The collection amounted to over \$9,000. The present rectory, near the church, as we understand, was built at a cost of about \$15,000.

The discourse of the Rev. Mr. Schenck, at the consecration, was a remarkable specimen of pulpit oratory, worthy of the grand Augustan era of the divines of the English commonwealth.



DR. CUMMINS.

Dr. Cummins spent the greater part of his early ministerial life in several noted cities in the South,—in Norfolk, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond, for example. While there, he became acquainted with

the chief men of those localities, some of whom bear names which belong to history, and have exercised an important influence over the circumstance and action of the late disastrous times. It is impossible, therefore, that, living as he did in the flush of Southern prosperity, and mingling with the best society, both in his public capacity as a preacher of the gospel and in his private capacity as a citizen and a gentleman, he should not have acquired a strong affection for the institutions and manners of Southern society, even while his intellect and conscience rose in rebellion to that particular institution which it was treason the highest to question, except perhaps occasionally among friends, in the privacy of secret retirement.

As a minister of the gospel of Christ, which brings liberty to the captive and breaks the chains of the slave wherever it is introduced,—liberty being the great primal doctrine of the gospel, upon which hang all the promises, all the hopes, all the immunities, that are included in its mighty charter,—he must have been convinced, at a very early period, of the enormous wickedness of slavery. Custom, which is the counterpart of nature, and soon comes to make laws, which, unless they be zealously watched, do speedily supersede her, no doubt influenced him, as it influenced all, high and low, rich and poor, who were brought within the pale of its government and authority in the South. But it did not blind him to the evil of slavery, which, indeed, was not hidden under a bushel, but paraded day by day all over the land,—not, however, as a conscious evil, but, worse still, as an evil masked as a blessing. The people, in this instance, had said to Evil, “Be thou our good!” and they so fenced it about

by legislation and usage, by social consideration, by household affection and sick-bed attentions, nay, by the teachings and the consolations of religion itself,—the religion of Christ, who died for the freedom of mankind, social as well as spiritual,—that, but for the hideous features which would grin in ghastly and sickening horror from behind the mask at times, the illusion had become perfect as an outside show, and might have deceived the very elect.

It was in such a society as this that Dr. Cummins was called to officiate. A Northerner can scarcely understand the position of a minister in such circumstances. The free ideas of the North are and ever have been the open and implacable enemies of the slave ideas of the South, and the impulse as well as the conscience of the Northerner would impel him to make war at once, unreservedly and continuously, against them. But in old societies, where slavery permeates like a lifeblood, where it is interwoven through all the social fabric, you cannot suddenly demolish it without crumbling society itself into ruins. Such an onslaught would be the herald of revolution and blood, of anarchy and the reign of crime.

Nor was it possible in Southern society, at any time before the outbreak of the rebellion, for a minister of the gospel openly to denounce slavery. For of such a nature is this “institution,” that, being founded upon a wrong, it must beget an endless series of wrongs to sustain it,—subverting all law, all justice, and every principle of humanity and religion. It confounds the very ideas of right and wrong; sears the sensitive face of the conscience,—which, in its unsullied state, vibrates to every touch of mercy, and reflects every image of

love,—and sets a blister there. This institution had been confirmed to the South by the sanction of the highest courts of law and Congress in the land, and to preach directly against it would have been to commit another wrong.

Dr. Cummins, therefore, did what was possible to be done under the circumstances. He could not abolish slavery,—it took the President's proclamation of emancipation to do that, although in not long subsequent times, either; but he did all he could to mitigate the sorrows and afflictions of the slave and to ameliorate his condition. Brought up under the shadow of the institution; suckled, it may be, and as most likely he was, at the breast of a slave; accustomed to their services, and to their dark, friendly, afflictionate faces,—he can hardly be supposed ever to have regarded slavery with the same horror that a Northern man feels, by instinct, in its presence, and at the very breath of its name. We cannot blame him. He found the institution, and did not make it; and so did his fathers before him.

We are apt to think that the Southern clergy might have taken a bolder stand than they assumed in this grave matter. But they followed history in their action from first to last. When, after the dismemberment of the Roman empire, and the irruption of the barbarians of the north upon Europe, the system of feudalism got itself established as a scheme of government for those savage men and times, it was found to be a scheme of caste, graduated upon a scale of rank. Human life was very cheap in those days; and Turner tells us, that, in the early Saxon society, it was rated at a money value. A king killed, cost so many thrymses as a

commutation; a prince, a lord, a bishop, a serf, or vassal, so many: descending in price as it descended in society. Slavery was a great Saxon institution, in spite of our boast to the contrary, and our brag of the Saxon blood. Gurth had a brass collar round his neck, on which was inscribed the fact, that he was born thrall to Cedric the Saxon: and slavery continued in England all through the Norman period to the time of the Reformation, and indeed to that of the Commonwealth; for Wade, in his "History of the Middle and Working Classes," tells us that slavery was not entirely abolished in that country until the reign of Charles II., when a certain woman and her kin, if we remember aright, were set free for ever by a Christian priest or bishop.

The Church grew up, and flourished side by side with this institution of feudalism all through the dark ages downward; and it was universally the friend of man, and softened the brutal relations between the baron and his vassals, rendering the condition of the latter tolerable, and aiding vastly in their final liberation, not only through their preachings and the ghostly power which they had and exercised over the feudal barons, but by the encouragement which they gave to trade and commerce, to manufactures, and to the arts. For trade is the great revolutionizer,—the evangelist of free ideas and the founder of social liberty. Dr. Cummins and his clerical brethren of the South acted precisely as these early Christian priests acted. They had both the same evil to contend with,—an evil which they knew must sooner or later perish, as all evils must, to give room for good and its beneficent growths. What they could not destroy at a blow,

they undermined by a long course of sapping and mining.

So much, then, for the doctor's position in the South, and his action there as a minister. He does not profess to be much of a politician, preferring rather to adhere to his ministry than to meddle with public affairs. He is, however, as might be supposed from his character as a pastor, a man of strong political convictions, although he never obtrudes them: he is not a Republican, not a Democrat, but a conservative Unionist. Some of his parishioners, we hear, do not like his proclivities, and think he should cast his anchor in deeper waters. But what liberty he takes to himself he cheerfully gives to others, and prefers to think for himself rather than to allow others to think for him.

He is not, however, in any sense, a mouth-piece of his age and country. He is a genuine man of the past, slightly touched by the surges of the incoming tide of the time; but not a receptive organ of the present, or an absorber of the floating ideas of man to-day, as they come burning from his brain and heart, the expressions of the thought and progress of the new civilization. He stands between the old and the new, looking rather to the east than to the west. He is stereotyped in the old forms, both of religion and life; is a sound expositor of the past, where also are his hopes: but he is never inspired by prophecy, nor overshadowed by the mighty wings of the apocalyptic vision of the future.

He belongs to the old school of theology, and is a thorough Churchman. The type of mind that he represents is four hundred years old in England, and

comes down to the present through a long and unbroken line of ancestry. He is a rigid Orthodox Episcopalian, not so much a controversialist as a preacher of the practical duties. He insists upon works as well as faith in the Christian life; delights to present the sunny side of religion; exults in the love of God, the beauty of holiness, the blessedness of heaven, and the glory of immortality. He does not much affect hell, but believes in music and vocal harmony as the begetters of that condition of mind which leaves it most open to the inflooding of divine truth and inspiration, which are the foretaste of heaven. As a preacher, he is a very pronounced man, full of character, and bristling all over with arrows of fire, which he shoots ever and anon direct to the mark.

It is hard to get out of his way; but he wounds to heal. He never leaves the sinner to despair, but directs him to the cross and to the promises of the gospel. He varies his style with his discourse, and uses an entirely different rhetoric in his historical sermons to that of his general and doctrinal ones. He is more literary, for example, in the mornings and in his lectures than in the evenings, when he speaks rather in orations than in sermons. He is rapid and vehement in his delivery, and fond of declamation. His domain is that of the feelings rather than the intellect; and he is often so simple that a child might follow him. His simplicity, however, is the result of intellectual effort, not a necessity from limitation and weakness. At times, there is the thunder that clothes the neck of the war-horse in his sentences: they are electric, and come crashing down upon the proposition with tremendous effect. But, for the most

part, he pursues the even tenor of his way, without show or excitement of any kind.

He likes to make pictures in his discourses, and has a good descriptive faculty. His delivery, though not always pleasing on a first hearing, improves wonderfully upon familiarity; and he has the knack, sometimes, of making a very common speech sound like gold, through the ring which he gives to it. At times, too, he bursts out into terrible denunciations, as if he were possessed of the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. Like all ministers and public speakers, he is very unequal in his discourses, although he never gets below a certain level. The evening is the best time to hear him, or any man of fine feeling and susceptibility. There is something in the closing hours of the sabbath-day which inclines to meditation and worship. The consciousness, too, of being surrounded by an intelligent congregation, rendered picturesque and beautiful by the artificial light, which reveals both the persons present and the architectural adornments of the temple, is a great incentive to the intellect and the imagination. Then there is the preparatory music and singing, which, in a church gifted like that of Trinity, has an amazing effect upon the mind, quickening its dormant energies, and kindling it into rapture, or soothing it into repose. At such times, Dr. Cummins rises to the height of the occasion, and, throwing himself upon the sympathies of his auditors, often becomes grandly impressive and eloquent.

It is while speaking of death-bed scenes, and of the faith of the glorified Christian at the moment of his entry into the world of spirits, that he reveals to us the depths of his pathetic power, and carries us away in a

storm of tears, awaking within us emotions too profound for words to utter. His voice, at such times, is as soft and tender as a woman's, and caps the climax of its range along the gamut of the feelings.

Dr. Cummins was born in Delaware, in 1822. He was a graduate of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, and was ordained by Bishop Alfred Lee, in 1846. His first parish was that of Christ Church, Norfolk, Va., upon which he entered as rector in 1847, and where he spent six active years. It was one of the largest and most influential churches in the South, and consisted of some four hundred and fifty communicants, four hundred being white, and fifty colored. The doctor always interested himself deeply in the spiritual wants of the colored people, and was equally ready to aid them in all practical ways, and to help to soften their position as slaves, which, from his influence with the great planters, he was frequently able to do. In connection with this church he had, also, a large colored Sunday-school, consisting of upward of three hundred scholars, adults and young people, but mostly adults. He speaks well of their progress and conduct, and took the liveliest interest in their advancement. It was all that he could do for them, and they knew it, and were satisfied.

The parishioners of the church were largely composed of naval officers, from commodores to middies; and among others, who have since become distinguished as naval heroes, was the world-famous Farragut.

In 1853 he removed to Richmond, and took charge of the parish of St. James's Church there. In 1855 he received a call to Washington, and became rector of the Trinity Church in that city. In 1856, during his pas-

torate at Washington, he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Princeton College, New Jersey. He remained in Washington nearly four years, and presided over a church which was alike distinguished for the political and social rank of its members, and for their high culture and intelligence. His ministry was attended by members of the cabinet, senators, legislators, and sometimes by the chiefs of the foreign embassies. He delivered the first discourse in the House of Representatives — the new hall — at the opening thereof, having been invited by the well-known Captain Meigs, now quartermaster-general. In 1858 he took charge of the church at Baltimore, and his immediate successors were men renowned in Episcopal-church history, namely, Bishop Henshaw and Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina. This interest was greatly depressed when he took it in hand, but by continued and faithful labors it soon became rich and prosperous: and so it remains.

In the spring of 1863, owing to the great exertions which he had made to redeem and regenerate his church, the doctor's health gave way, and rest and change of scene were prescribed for him. At this time he received overtures from the officers of Trinity Church, at Chicago, to become its pastor; and although he at first refused the courteous invitation, he subsequently thought that here, perhaps, after all, might be his true Christian El Dorado: and so he accepted the position, and became rector in 1863, entering upon his duties on the first Sunday in October of that year.

On the 4th day of October last, 1865, Dr. Cummins took his seat in the general convention of the Episcopal Church, which met in Philadelphia, as a clerical

deputy from the diocese of Illinois. This convention was looked forward to with intense interest as likely to prove the most memorable meeting of this national council of the Episcopal Church since its organization in this country in 1785. Eighty years ago, in the same month of October, the first general convention had met in the same city, to lay the foundation of the Episcopal Church in the infant republic. What a change had those eighty years wrought! Then three bishops sat together as one house of the convention, and seven States alone were represented. Now forty dioceses, with their bishops, two thousand clergymen, and two hundred thousand communicants, were embraced within its fold.

It was the first national ecclesiastical body which had assembled since the closing of the war, and great was the solicitude felt to see if it should prove a national, and not a sectional, religious organization. Good men, who longed to see the nation once more united by bonds of love, prayed that this convention might exert a mighty influence in the work of restoring brotherhood and harmony. With such feelings Dr. Cummins entered upon his work as a member of the convention, and his record is one of which he feels that "there is no line which, dying, he could wish to blot." On the first day of its session, clerical and lay deputies from three Southern States appeared in their seats in the lower house, and answered to their names; while the bishops of North Carolina and Arkansas, and the bishop elect of Tennessee, soon joined their brethren in the upper house, having first been cordially invited by the house of bishops to trust themselves to their Christian love and honor.

In view of this most auspicious beginning of the good work of ecclesiastical reconstruction, Dr. Cummins, on the third day of the session of the convention, offered a resolution, which produced a profound effect at the time, and seemed to strike a keynote for all the subsequent proceedings. That resolution was in these words, and passed by almost a unanimous vote :—

Resolved, That this house offers its profound gratitude to God that we have among us to-day our brethren, the clerical and lay deputies of the dioceses of Texas, North Carolina, and Tennessee; and that we regard their presence in our midst as a token and pledge of the future and entire restoration of the union of the church throughout the length and breadth of the land.

During a discussion upon the case of the bishop of Alabama, Dr. Cummins spoke in this strain: He said it was the glory of the Protestant Episcopal Church, that she was the last religious organization to break the bonds of union between the North and South; and if this convention was wise, and would rise to the demands of the present great crisis, she would have the everlasting honor of being the first Christian body to restore the bonds of union between the sections, and to gather them up and weave them into a chain of love never again to be broken. The councils of the Episcopal Church, diocesan and national, had never been distracted by the political convulsions which preceded the war. While the Methodist first, then the Baptist, and then the Presbyterian Churches had parted asunder, the Protestant Episcopal Church stood together to the very last, a solid phalanx of brethren. In the year 1859, the general convention of the church had met in the city of Richmond, Va.; and in that convention were

bishops and clergy and laity from every State in the Union, — from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific: and wonderful was the spirit of harmony and love pervading that body. Then, when the storm of civil war came down upon the ship of state, it found the Episcopal Church a unit, a band of brothers, heart and soul. Four years had passed away, a long night of gloom, followed by a glorious morning of peace, the dawn of a new and more glorious day to the republic: and what do we see? Almost immediately after the cessation of the strife of arms, movements were inaugurated looking toward a re-union of the church. Far-distant Texas was the first to move, by appointing delegates to this body; and she was soon followed by other Southern dioceses, which desired to knit together once more the old bonds of love, now broken and trampled upon. Could we regard this movement, Dr. Cummins argued, in any other light than as the work of the Holy Ghost? and what was more becoming than to receive our returning brethren with open hearts and arms, and with fervent gratitude to God? There was an elder brother once in a father's house, who turned away with scorn and indignation from a younger son who came back from his long and bitter wanderings from his father's house, and to whom the music and mirth within the paternal home were misery. Let us not be like him, urged the speaker; let us kill the fatted calf in our joy to greet our brethren's return, and give them the ring of adoption as the seal and pledge of our love. Dr. Cummins spoke warmly and lovingly of the late venerated Bishop Meade, of Virginia, who had been an earnest opposer of secession, but who had been trained in the school

which taught him that his first allegiance was due to his State and not to the Union, and whose great heart fairly broke at the sight of the desolations of his church and native land, and who went to his grave, rejoicing to be at rest from the sad perturbations of earth.

On this and many other topics of discussion in the convention, Dr. Cummins took an active part, and spoke with great earnestness. He was an ardent advocate of the movement to extend sympathy and aid to that large body of Christians in the fold of the Papal Church in Italy, who are striving to reform that corrupt church on the principles of the Anglican reformation. He also threw himself with great energy and warmth into the effort to add a new petition to the Litany of the church, that in the daily prayers of the sanctuary there might be heard the never-ceasing prayer, "*That it may please Thee to send forth laborers into Thy vineyard, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*"

The late general convention has been held up to obloquy in this city for refusing to return thanks to God for the restoration of the national authority over the whole land, and the preservation of the Union of these States. This Dr. Cummins denies, with great earnestness, to be a true statement. On the morning when the house of bishops sent down a message to the house of clerical and lay deputies, that it had appointed a day of thanksgiving for peace to the country and unity to the church, the lower house responded in these words:—

Resolved, That this house will gladly and joyfully unite with the house of bishops in a solemn service of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace and the national Union.

Dr. Cummins contended that nothing could have been more emphatic than this utterance on the part of the house of which he was a member. As to the vote tabling Mr. Binney's resolution to incorporate a thanksgiving for the eradication of slavery, Dr. Cummins contends that it was not a subject for the action of the convention of the church, in its capacity as a spiritual body, and was at the same time uncourteous to those who had voluntarily resumed their seats in the convention from the South. Moreover, he argues that the vote was not one on the merits of the question at all, but only on the expediency of its introduction into the convention. He rejoices heartily that slavery is removed from our land, and is ready now as ever to labor in behalf of the African race, whom he has always regarded as a trust from God to the American people, linking the destinies of the weakest to those of the strongest of races, and giving the feeble parasite a wall of adamant on which to fasten itself and climb.

During his residence in Chicago, Dr. Cummins has made himself very popular, both as a preacher, a pastor, and a man. His energy is untiring; and from his fertile brain new and ever newer schemes are constantly springing for the benefit of the congregation and the good of the church. He is a devoted friend to the young men of his church, and has won their love and regards. He is not content, however, to have a fashionable church, and preach alone to the rich; he insists that the rich shall carry the gospel to the poor of his parish. Accordingly, he has induced the church to buy the Jewish synagogue on Monroe Street, and re-open it as a free missionary church, at a cost of some two thousand dollars.

The Rev. Mr. Mortimer, of Baltimore, has been appointed by the doctor as his curate to this church. He is to devote his whole time to missionary work among the poor of the neighborhood, and to preaching among them.

Beside this gentleman, a Mrs. Cleveland has been appointed reader to the church and to the poor distressed families she may meet with in her missionary progresses. For she is to devote herself to visiting the lost and the destitute, and to administer to their spiritual and temporal wants. There is a Sunday-school in this missionary church, which already numbers three hundred members; and every Sunday evening there is a religious service at seven o'clock. The object of this institution is to bring the rich and the poor nearer together; to make them feel that they are all members of one mystical body, as well as one visible church; and to keep alive within all the kindly feelings of Christian charity and love.

Dr. Cummins has published two volumes of biography, which we have not had the pleasure of seeing; about which, therefore, we cannot speak. One is a memoir of the Rev. W. R. Jackson, rector of St. Paul's, Norfolk, Va., and the other a life of Mrs. Hoffman, a very interesting woman, who went out from the doctor's church as a missionary to Africa, and died there. Two of his printed sermons lie before us. They are, severally, a "Sermon on the Prayer-Book," 1861, and a "Thanksgiving Sermon," 1860. The latest performance from his pen is called "The Claims of the Protestant Episcopal Church upon the American People."



CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.

THE RIGHT REV. JAMES DUGGAN, BISHOP.

THE Roman Catholic Church represents a sublime faith, adorned with the gules and glories of a rich imagination. Around its glowing traditions, and the matchless architecture of its history, crowd all the brightest memories of the past, in connection with art, literature, and civilization. Standing upon the high vantage-ground of the present, surrounded by the Masters of the Modern Culture, and all the plastic creations which the Christian Idea, aided by the secular arm, mentality, and industry, have conjured up during eighteen centuries from the Pagan Chaos, — we look back, down the dim aisles of time, into the morning of the European world, and behold the magnificent unfoldings of this religion, slowly developed into epochs, which are the progressive landmarks of human history. We see how, in the very beginning, it was associated with all that is grand and godlike in the life of man, and how soon it projected itself into outward forms, in temples, rituals, and imposing ceremonials; growing side by side with the feudal society into which Europe

resolved itself after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, — tempering, by the suffusion of its own divine light, warmth, and beauty, the inhumanity of feudal law, the austerity of the baronial manners, and scattering over the common pathway of the serfs the blessed sunshine of the heavenly hopes and promises.

The dewy prime of Christianity, as it obtained during the first ages among the primitive disciples, — when religion was a purely personal matter, without any ecclesiastical form or organization; when the unabiding truth of Christ set free the soul, and equipped it for its immortal destiny, — soon passed away as a spiritual manifestation, and crystallized into history. It was the first and necessary phase of the development of the faith and truth of Jesus. It was the faith, as it were, of the family and the tribe, inherited from the prophetic lips of a dear friend and brother, who had put an infinite value upon the human soul by the authority and saving grace of His teachings, who had invested life with a new dignity and beauty through his divine revelations, and flung a heavenly charm around the stern realities of existence.

It was literally, in the case of his immediate disciples, a bringing them from death unto life. For the first time in Hebrew history, they were taught how infinitely great is man. A new heaven and a new earth were opened up to them, and the one was transfigured by the other. Seen through the luminous truths of Christ, their native hills and valleys, clothed with the vine and the olive, were steeped in a new romance and poetry. The immortal soul multiplied itself through all the infinitudes of existence, and they assumed a spiritual aspect. How beautifully did their

divine Lord and Brother weave all the common natural objects, which, until then, had not been to them so much perhaps as glorified matter, because not cinct with the colors of imagination! — how beautifully did he weave all these objects into his discourses and Gospels, presenting them as symbols of the beauty and glory of the Highest! They felt, also, for the first time, the divinity that was within them. Now there was the sublimest reason for living. The truth of Christ had made them immortal; they were no longer poor fishermen of Galilee, whose horizon was bounded by the blue waters of their native lake, but princes and potentates of the heavenly kingdom, which their friend — the long-prophesied Messiah — had announced as already at hand. What to them were the old Judaism, or even the magnificent sovereignty and state of Rome? These would soon pass away, and be crumbled into the dust of a thousand extinct civilizations, their very memory dependent upon the wit and conscience of the recording scribe; while the foundations of their kingdom were built upon eternity, extended through all the immeasurable worlds, and gave them a rank among the spiritual distinctions, that was only a little lower than that of the angels. They looked for the speedy coming of this kingdom, — sought to realize it upon the platform of time; and, long after the death of the blessed Saviour, they expected to see him coming in the clouds, armed with all the power and pomp of the Majesty on high, proclaiming his kingdom, and dispensing the offices of the heavenly state. Who can wonder at their enthusiasm, and their boundless faith and hope? Here, among them, and of them, was born the divine Heir of all the prophe-

cies and the ages,— the Redeemer, sung of by the grand old Hebrew bards ; the long-looked-for Messiah of the seed of Abraham, who was to bruise and crush for ever the head of the serpent, and save the human race from the penal consequences of the first transgression. He came not to them in the array and circumstance of kingly power, although in his veins ran the blood of the Patriarchs, and the ancestry of kings. He came as a man, poor and lowly like themselves in his outer condition ; and yet how unspeakably rich in his heavenly gifts and graces ! He opened the blind eyes, and delivered the dumb tongues. He announced the infinite and eternal continuity of the soul. They heard this sublime doctrine for the first time, and were ravished with its unspeakable beauty and significance. Compared with this life beyond the phenomenal, this infinite azure after death, this glorious and progressive immortality, how tame and dead were all the institutions and uses of this world ! To them had been confided the truths which unlocked the gates of the spiritual kingdom, flooding all the present with glory,— faith, hope, charity, and love ; and the divine embodiment and employment of these in the life were their aim and practice as followers of Christ.

It is no marvel, therefore, that, in the primitive ages of Christianity, the disciples should form themselves into communities of lovers ; that they should despise riches, and private accumulations of property, and have all things in common. It was not enough to have love at the centre of the religion, and in the depths of their hearts : they must embody it in the social economy. Their life was hid with Christ in God. They regarded themselves as sojourners in the

Inn of Time, preparing for the eternal world, which was their home.

How simple, beautiful, and touching was the early manifestation of the divine faith! It was an attempt, indeed, to make love the basis and rule, the discipline and life, of the religion which their divine Lord and Master, their dear friend and brother, had announced for the salvation of the world. Love transfigured by faith, not faith, as it seems to us, transfigured by love. The doctrines of mine and thine, which are the foundation of all competitive society, were abolished in these primitive associations, and no further significance attached to them. So infinite was the love of Christ, that he died, and was accepted, as a ransom for the human race; and they could do no less than follow humbly his great example, and make love the basis of their social economy.

This was the first phase of the Christian idea in human life. But it was destined to a more splendid and universal career. Rome had fallen, and the irruption of the Northern barbarism spread over Europe. Europe had to be civilized. Judaism had long outlived its divine revelation, and was now destined to be broken up piecemeal, and its people scattered over the face of the earth. The poetical mythologies of paganism had lost their esoteric meaning, and were degraded to the bare symbols. The old had to die; the new, which was already in existence, as we have seen, had to be established in an organic form; and to it was given the resolution of the problem of European destiny.

The Catholic Church was organized to meet the demands of civilization and the decrees of heaven. It was not the rapid embodiment of a glorious dream,

as the idealists have said, but a slow growth, the assimilation of many historic births,—births of the ages,—each adapted to the new time and circumstance, and to the need of society. Without this Church and its blessed influence, Europe might still be weltering in the barbarism of its primitive condition. Nor could a tenfold mightier power than that which was generated in it by manufactures and commerce, have rescued it from the Gothic materialism of its origin. It was precisely the Christian religion, illustrated by the ceremonial, and interpreted by the tradition, of the Catholic Church, that was needed to harmonize and spiritualize it. In its absence, there would have been no elements of refinement, wherewith to soften the rugged natures of these grim and mighty Teutons; these wild Cymri; these bold, gigantic Danes; these immemorial Celts of Britain, Ireland, France. The form of society into which Europe was cast—the only possible form that we, at all events, can imagine for that people and that time—would, in all probability, have remained stationary for a thousand years,—its savagery unmitigated, its manifold character and genius undeveloped, and the night of to-day as dark and starless as the forty Augustine monks, landed on the little isle of Thanet, found it in Britain, when they came, with their lives in their hands and the love of Christ in their hearts, to convert the Saxons, who had overrun that country, and who, with the Romans and the Normans, aided by Christianity, founded its civility.

The Christian religion alone,—glorified by temples of superb architecture, attended by a mighty pageantry in the procession of its festivals, surrounded by holy priests in their religious vestments, and a retinue of

servitors in its ceremonial, with its choristers and grand organ music; its windows, illuminated with scripture stories; its altars, adorned with paintings and frescoes, done by the master pencils of the time; its sculptures and carving; its choir of stalls, desks, pulpits, and thrones,—the Christian religion alone, we say, thus embodied and illustrated to the eye, could have held and influenced the popular mind, and filled it with awe and veneration. It was necessary that this sublime Archimage of Art should surround the holy religion of Jesus,—especially in those remote ages, crowded, as they were, with a rude and barbarous people,—inasmuch as this objective splendor was the only medium that could be effectually employed to attract them to the religion which it symbolized.

But the time came when this beautiful May-morning of Catholicism died out of the world, and when the Catholic Church itself became a mere corpse, stuck about with flowers,—gone for ever its inspiration which made fresh and holy the objective form which it had assumed; vanished its charm of music, its glory of architecture, painting, and sculpture,—when the believer's eye saw nothing more than the pomp of the ceremonial, and looked there in vain for God. The Church had become secular and corrupt; its priests no longer servants of the Most High, but ministers to Satan, and panderers to Mammon. It was no longer the souls of men that she cared for, but their purses. For long ages, she had been gradually acquiring immense temporal influence over the concerns of the state, and the secrecies and privacies of the family and individual. She was master of the world,—of the minds and the consciences of mankind! Kings bowed

to her authority ; and those who were refractory she humiliated by subjecting them to the most menial services. She compelled them to hold the stirrup of the Pope ; to bow to his presence, and kiss his toe ! So awful was her power, so merciless her rule, that she has put their kingdoms under the ban ; denied to their subjects the rights of human beings, — the right to aid or succor the sick and the dying, the right to hold common intercourse with each other, and even to bury the dead. She interfered authoritatively in all the concerns of life ; was present, through her ministers, at the birth, baptism, marriage, death, and funeral of every soul in Christendom ; imposed fines upon all these occasions, and even upon the churching of the women.

Her power thus made complete and absolute, having made kings and people alike her slaves, and made herself sovereign, as we said, both of their bodies and souls, by virtue of her assumed supremacy and infallibility, so that she found herself, like Alexander, with no more worlds left to conquer, — she fell, like him, into lust and effeminacy ; she became sordid, base, mean, and corrupt ; publicly sold her “ indulgences ” to the highest bidder ; and, from the friend, she sank into the most terrible enemy that the human race had ever encountered.

All this while, in Europe, there had been lowly Ebionites going by various names, such as Lollards and Puritans, who were the secret foes of the Church, dissenters from her doctrines and her forms, and worshippers of God in their own hidden and retired places. The influence of Wycliffe, in England, woke up John Huss and Jerome of Prague ; and, when the hour was ripe, all the religious disaffec-

tion and true religious feeling burst out in Luther ; and he broke the neck of Rome, as we all know.

But Luther's reformation was more an intellectual rebellion against the authority of Rome than a religious illumination ; although it certainly partook of both these features in a more or less remarkable manner. The historical position of Luther, as a reformer and thinker, is this : That he proclaimed the "*Holy all-availableness of the Bible*," and the right of private judgment upon it, and upon all other books and subjects. This, in fact, was a substitution of the individual judgment for the Papal judgment, and this is the groundwork of Protestantism. Protestantism means sects, parties, divisions ; but liberty, also, — unbridled liberty, of thought and speech. Upon this foundation, rests all the modern progressive civilization. Luther was the great historical birth that gave us civil and religious liberty. Now there is no longer any half-way house between Rome or infallibility, and liberty or latitudinarianism.

No public association ever understood better than the Roman Catholic Church how infinitely valuable are artistic forms to religion. Art is the handmaiden of religion. Silently and softly, as the moon walks the waters, does it steal into the human heart, beautifying its holy places, kindling it with loving admirations, lifting it toward the Infinite. Beauty is the garment of God ; and between the beautiful and the divine there are the nearest relationships. After the toils of the weary week, the poor serfs and vassals could come to the earthly tabernacle of the living God, and feel that they were not utterly lost or forsaken orphans ; that, whatever might be their social standing, — their

relation to the feudal baron, or to his lieges, the fiefs, — they were human souls before God, and upon an equality with the highest. Before the sacred altars of this church, surrounded by the sculptures of pious men and women, who had died in her immaculate, white bosom, the mute witnesses and immortal seals of her purity and holiness, they also could kneel and worship. These floors, tessellated perhaps by rich mosaic work, are the common kneeling-ground of the rich and the poor. The Church makes no distinction of rank. Its saints and martyrs are often drawn from the humblest classes; and here the down-trodden and the despairing may hope for the immortal life in heaven, and the friendless and desolate may find a friend in Christ, and consolers in his ministering servants, the priests of his sanctuary.

No wonder that a Church which appealed to the imagination and the soul with such pathetic emblems of religious faith and trust, should find numerous and earnest devotees, and be regarded by the poor with love, thanksgiving, and gratitude. Into the common, hard lot of life, into a world simmering with the scum of materialism and sensuality, it infused, by its outward forms and ceremonies, by its consolations at the bedside, by its ceaseless iteration of the old gospel truths, the profoundest elements of spirituality. The mind of Europe and of the whole Christian world to-day is permeated, despite itself, with this saving element. That poor carpenter's son, by his truth and life, by his infinite love and holiness, has stamped the impress of his godhead upon all the civilizations that go by his name. There is nothing which is free from his influence. Heaven and earth are under contribu-

tion to his divine Spirit, and all that tends toward God to-day, in Europe and America, is of his spirituality.

Always true to itself, as the interpreter of Jesus, this Church has been the universal lover of mankind. It has had its dark passages, its revolts of the passions, its declinations, its offences, and its sins ; but, regarded from the true platform, its history is a blaze of glory.

Everywhere it was contemporary with the baronial castle and the feudal life, with their wild savageries, inhumanities, cruelties, and crimes ; everywhere, also, it has been faithful to its mission and to the oracles of God. It has ameliorated the condition of mankind in every direction ; it has devoted its powerful, almost superhuman, influence to soften and mitigate human suffering. It has been the friend of the captive, the forsaken, the criminal, and the broken-hearted. The rule of the barons was influenced solely by the lawlessness of irresponsible will and power. The Church taught them another lesson : they were responsible to God. They could not kill a serf without a murder being done ; and, if the common law of the land was ineffectual to punish them, the priest made them amenable to the discipline of the Church. Without confession and contrition there could be no absolution. They must confess to the priest ; they must sin no more, under the tremendous penalties of excommunication and the ban ; and thus they helped to better society in its secular departments, as well as in those of religion. All this crime, this outrage, and this wrong is opposed to religion. You cannot be a good Catholic and do these things. The penal fires of the hereafter are for such as you ; and, if you continue your evil courses, there are other and more terrible

and eternal fires at hand. It was an awful power to wield over the human mind,—wielded, for the most part, by this Church for good, and not for evil.

If there were time and space, it would be to us the pleasure of a poetic justice done, to go through the great leading features and idiosyncrasies of the Roman Church, and show the necessities which presided at their birth, their historic uses, their blessed and civilizing influences. The philosophic historian, regarding this Church from the true stand-point, will see, through all its outer crusts and integuments, the immense humanity, the brilliant and transfiguring love, which characterized it. He will pay no heed to the vulgar iconoclast, who goes about, in his hatred of all religion, in his contempt for the Deity, denouncing every thing that is great and good in the Church, because it is set about with ancient forms which he does not understand, and into whose divine mystery he cannot penetrate. He will take the Church upon its own position and showing. He will observe it pervading with its presence the cottage and the palace; entering, with a blessing upon its lips, into every scene of festivity, into every occasion of sorrow; presiding over the infant at its birth, attending its admission into the spiritual communion of souls, into the adytum of divine truth, when it is confirmed into the Christian life; sitting, with sorrowful, bright eyes, and a halo of glory and of hope around its head, at the couch of the suffering and the dying; dropping words of consolation into the doubting soul, making more steadfast the believer's faith, and finally closing his eyes in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,—the SAME mighty, ubiquitous I AM, at all times, in all countries,—in the sunny

climes of Asia, where life is so redundant that the whole earth is like a garden, and large, blossoming flowers of all colors are so suggestive and beautiful, so omnipresent, so instinct with human feeling and sympathy, that they love the very earth which covers the dear remains of the glorious and holy dead, and the dead can feel them growing over their bosoms; from this imperial clime, with its Syrian dawns and Paphian sunlights, to the frozen cathedrals in the dim realms of ice and snow, where nature's pulseless bosom is closed against her dead,—a sublime association, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, as eternal and unchanging as the religion which it celebrates and embodies.

While the heavenly enthusiasm of its early prime remained, it was a Church indeed of the living God. It was at once literature and art, poetry and painting, music and architecture, to the people, as well as the blessed mother loving them, her children, with her everlasting love. How she identified herself with all the hopes and fears, loves and sorrows and joys, of the world! Never did she stand apart from them, but was with them always, guarding, admonishing, encouraging. Real herself, real and pious, she fashioned the world to her likeness. Her aim was to regenerate the world. Piety was the highest beatitude; and so profound was her reverence for the great, good man, that she canonized him as a saint, and his day was illuminated in the calendar, and became a popular festival. Her religious houses, her abbeys, priories, nunneries, and convents covered the land. They were the houses of the households of God; and so beautiful were their ordinations, so divinely were the

secular and the spiritual life of the inmates harmonized, that they were of a truth earthly paradises. They were the schools and libraries of the country in which they stood; each one a little world to and in itself, employing often two and three hundred persons, laymen and priests, to do the work both of the body and the soul. Their rich, wide lands spread out in delicious landscapes before all the stately windows of the refectory, the dormitory, the chapel. They had their own farms, fisheries, vineyards, and workshops, indulging a large hospitality. They were the inns of Christendom, or, at least, they divided with the baronial castles and halls the honor of entertaining the wayfarer within their gates. Kings made bequests to them, and rich noblemen and princes; and the effigies of their benefactors were cut in marble to adorn their halls, or painted on canvas, to be seen, in either case, of all men. The poor loved them, and the rich.

But, alas! over the bloom and fragrance of this divine life there came at last the blight of worldliness and the stain of sin. Then there was mourning in the high places of the Church, and the pure of heart wept bitterly over the decay of faith and love and charity and religion in the lands. For, sad as the gloom was, and dark the ways, God never left himself without a witness in the dear, grand old Church that had so long been the hope and joy of the nations, and had brought them civilization and eternal life.

We pass over the intellectual rebellion of Luther, upon which Henry VIII. set his seals of perpetuity, under the epoch which we call the Reformation. We mourn the decay of the beautiful bride of Christ,—the Church of the cold and pitiless ages, which it raised

from death unto life. We think of what it did for mankind, of what it is now doing. The imagination will never let it die; it fills the vast night of history with its radiant stars and burning constellations, and is the poetry and music of the Christian religion.

In later times—in the times of the Protestant conflicts—there broke once more a divine illumination upon the ancient Church, accompanied by an enthusiasm, of which there is no likeness either in the modern or in the apostolic ages. Ignatius Loyola, Xavier, and others, founded a new order of ecclesiastics, which was called the Society of Jesus. It was a wonderful order, with its institutes and canons, its martyr-like discipline, its sublime heroisms, its undaunted hearts, its marvelous gifts, graces, and powers. Loyola undertook to rejuvenate the Catholic religion; to establish an order of priests who should go forth into the old world and the new, among new races and tribes and tongues, where the name of Jesus had never, or rarely, been heard,—where the Christian religion was as yet an untried scheme. He and his iron followers thought of the great and enduring success of the Roman Church in the pagan world of Europe. Why not establish it, by God's help, among the Pagans of other countries on far-off shores. It was a sudden admonishment of the inexhaustible riches and recreations of the religion of Jesus. And, with their grand purposes before them, Loyola and his propaganda set forth on their mission of "peace and good-will to men," for the second time in human history. Added to the requisite moral and religious qualities for the work, was, in nearly every case, a fine mentality and scholarship. In a short time they broke down the barriers of

reserve which had hitherto shut out all foreigners — and especially those who had a religious mission on hand — from the cities of China and Japan ; and we hear of them with the feeling of a strange, solemn, and mysterious reverence, among those “antediluvian men renewed,” bringing in streams of converts to the waters of everlasting life, establishing missions where-soever they go, and rarely meeting with persecution and cruel treatment.

Not satisfied with regenerating the long-forsaken, Christian-forgotten Chinese and the ingenious Japs, they tempt the thunder-booming main ; they cross the Atlantic in rude ships ; they establish themselves in Peru and Mexico, and in the undiscovered wilds of the Far West. They are the first white men who traverse our unbroken forests, our illimitable prairies, and skim the mighty waters of our inland seas. They add new rivers to the vast system of the American watercourses ; they discover the Mississippi, and make possible the pathway across the plains, heralding California and the Golden City that looks over the Pacific.

At the time when these great enterprises were undertaken, the English were taking possession of the Atlantic coast, from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The Puritans had already monopolized the rock-bound coasts of New England. The Spanish were establishing their claims and settlements on the coast of Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, and in Central America. The versatile French were extending their colonies up the valley of the St. Lawrence, and the Jesuits were pushing their discoveries into the heart of North America, by the great lakes, and over the valley of the Mississippi. They were founding an

empire, — the empire that is to be. They came here for one purpose, and helped greatly to achieve another ; and while the English had hardly reached the fishing stations of the Connecticut and the Merrimac, in their line of steady and continued progress, the Jesuits had discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, and were sailing on Lake Superior, with an Indian only for guide. It is curious, also, to trace, in the Eastern and Western civilizations, the marks which the Puritans on the one hand, and the Jesuits on the other, made so indelibly along the lines of their march. While Eliot, the Indian apostle, was preaching to the Narragansetts, seven miles from Boston, and before the Dutch had reached Niagara over the land covered by their own grants, the Jesuit missionaries were making converts and establishing missions among the Ottawas and Chippewas at the Falls of Lake Superior. We, of the West, had no Puritan origin. We are the fruit of Catholic husbandmen. The first explorers of Lake Michigan, the first white men who pitched their tents upon the Chicago prairie, and hauled up their boats upon the river's banks and the lake shore, were Jesuits, missionaries of Loyola, and fur-traders, missionaries of commerce. This they did while the associated colonies of New England were being planted, while Cotton Mather was burning witches and Quakers in Massachusetts, and teaching the elements of popular civil government at the same time, and while the great-hearted Quaker, William Penn, was indoctrinating the Delawares with his gospel of peace.

One of the great impulses which induced the French to extend their discoveries into the far West was the same which led Columbus to undertake his first voyage

of discovery ; namely, a shorter passage to the East Indies. The Jesuits were deeply interested in the discovery of a shorter line of travel to those inconceivably remote regions from France, and, although they accompanied various expeditions, they for the most part travelled alone, trusting to God and the Indians for a safe convoy. The French were the first to gain a knowledge of the great lakes, as their enterprise had first possessed them of their outlet, the St. Lawrence ; and so eager were the Jesuits to reach China and the Indies by the route of the lakes, and along the course of a great and at present unknown river, with whose existence the Indians had made them acquainted, that they pushed their discoveries to the farthest extremity of Lake Superior, before Lake Michigan had been explored south of Green Bay, naming various missions which they established after some of the olden cities of China. Father René Mesnard was the first messenger of the true God who had ever appeared in that most beautiful and interesting region.

The history of the Jesuits in the West is one of the most remarkable records in the annals of human enterprise. The old fire that burned in the hearts of the apostles, and in the fathers of the early Church, was revived in them, and they made their dauntless marches through thousands of miles of wildernesses, upon which no other white feet had ever trod. We have no space to do more than allude to it in this place ; although we hope to fully embody it in some future papers upon the Roman-Catholic Churchmen.

From these beginnings sprang the civilization of the West. That dream of the short route to India, China, and Japan, where many brethren of the Society of

Jesus were laboring in the vineyards of the Lord, had withdrawn some old missionaries from the forests of Maine and New York, to aid in its discovery. The great-hearted Marquette, however, eventually circumscribed his labor, devoting himself chiefly to the Indians around the head of Lake Michigan. We shall have more to say about this stout, good man hereafter. At present we propose to conclude with a sketch of the condition of the Roman-Catholic Church in Chicago, as the representative city of the West.

The Right Rev. James Duggan, D.D., to whom are intrusted, as bishop, the interests of this Church in our city, is a man moulded after the old Catholic models. An earnest, sincere, and pious Christian, his whole heart is in his work, as if he were overshadowed by the glorious spirits of the Jesuit fathers who first brought life and immortality to light in these Western wilds. What they so grandly began, he is for ever on the alert to carry forward to a successful completion. Not for him are the luxury and repose which high preferment always places within the reach of its votaries. His office is to him a function, not a sinecure,—the function of a still mightier power, which he devotes to the good of man and the glory of God.

The Church is happy and fortunate in possessing a bishop of so distinguished piety, learning, and zeal. From his earliest youth, he has ever been adorned with those high moral excellences which give the world assurance of a man, with those courtly Christian graces which are the seal and impress of a divine character. He was dedicated from his childhood to the sacred office, and his education was conducted to subserve its interests and holy purposes.

He was born at Maynooth, in Ireland, in June, 1825, and was sent to the famous college in that town when he was only seven or eight years old. Here were passed all the bright years of his youth and dawning manhood, and from the professors of this great seminary of learning he received a liberal and scholarly education. He remained at Maynooth until it was necessary to open to him a new field of religious enterprise in America ; and, to fit him for this work, he was sent accordingly to St. Louis, and studied at the Theological Seminary of Cape Girardeau, under the instruction of the Lazarist Fathers, who are at the head of the institution. He was in all respects an apt and able student, giving his whole soul to his pursuits, and doing his utmost to qualify himself for the highest services of the priestly office.

How he succeeded, the scholastic honors which he achieved will bear an ample witness. He was no superficial reader of books. He must go into his studies with all the force and depth of his nature, and compel them to yield their final secrets and most hidden stores. Beside the routine of classics, theology, history, and philosophy, which are a part of all liberal education, he devoted himself to the study of the modern languages, and ranks as one of the most accomplished linguists in the country ; having a critical knowledge of the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He has widely and choicely distinguished himself also in the fair regions and pleasant places of the *belles-lettres*, and has an accurate acquaintance with the literature of the English tongue. Under this denomination the Irish-English literature is of course included. As a patriot, Bishop Duggan could not disregard the

high claims of the modern Irish poetry especially to his intellectual homage. Whatever he may have thought of the Repeal movement in the time of the sway of Daniel O'Connell in Ireland, whatever may have been his feelings with respect to the Young-Ireland party, he could not avoid taking a deep interest in the new outburst of patriotic enthusiasm which distinguished both these parties, and which, in the latter example, manifested itself in such fine ballads and matchless lyrics. He was quite a young man at that time, educated for quite other than secular employments, with the whole bent of his mind directed toward sacred themes and offices; but at no previous period, for five hundred years, had Ireland given such hope and promise to the world-lovers of liberty and intellectual revelation, as she put forth in the weekly oracle of "The Nation" newspaper.

All the young blood and fresh heart of that time rushed to the "Green" banner under the standard-bearing of poor Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy. These young men, fresh, as we said, from the Alma Mater of Dublin, steeped in sympathy for the resurrection of the nation, and armed with the traditions and learning which they had gathered from the musty records of the old republics of the world, clothed their aspirations, their thoughts and feelings, in such burning words and glowing imagery that they carried the national heart captive, and infused new hope into it once more. We will venture to affirm, that, during the last twenty-five years, there is no poetic literature in all Europe or America that is so rich in lyrics, in ballads, in songs sentimental and pathetic, or in poetry descriptive, as were produced during the Young-Ireland

movement by the Young-Ireland party. It is a literature to be proud of; and Bishop Duggan, passing through it all, could not fail to be caught in its enthusiasm and kindled by its patriotism.

The bishop was ordained to the priesthood in 1837-8, and was for some time thereafter president of the Ecclesiastical Seminary at St. Louis, where he won the esteem and love of all by his kindness, urbanity, and justice. He subsequently became pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at St. Louis; and those who were privileged to listen to his ministrations will not soon forget the zeal and fervor of his discourses. For about four months, he was administrator of the diocese of Chicago, from the translation of Bishop Vandeveld to the diocese of Natchez until the consecration of Bishop O'Regan, in July, 1854. He then returned to his church at St. Louis, and was consecrated Bishop of Antigone *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis, May 3, 1857. He continued to discharge, with all the energy and faithfulness of his character, the important duties of this office until the resignation of Bishop O'Regan, when he was transferred to Chicago as bishop, Jan. 21, 1859.

From that time to the present his public life has been an open book for all to read; and he is happy in that there is not a page recorded there which does not redound to his own honor as a man, as a citizen, and a minister of Jesus Christ. During his rule, the Church which he represents has extended widely its borders. He has infused into his clergy the same zeal and spirit of piety and usefulness which so eminently distinguish him as a follower of the Saviour. There is no idle-

ness or lethargy in any part of his administration. Now, more than ever before since the days of the heroic martyrs who first brought the gospel into the wilderness of the West, is the love of souls manifested by the members of this vast and ubiquitous association. Sleep who will or may at their post, the Catholic clergy are not of them. They are up and doing night and day, at work everywhere, in all directions, among the highest, among the lowest, — winning souls everywhere, therefore, to the mighty folds of the Catholic Church.

The Bishop was no sooner inaugurated into his office than he cast about him for the ways and means of extending the usefulness of the Church machinery and appliances. He summoned his clergy to his councils, and they cheerfully sustained him in all his schemes and projects. He saw that low down in the substrata of society, there were many helpless poor who needed instruction and aids to their livelihood. These poor outcasts were also human souls, immortal souls, for whom Christ died, and he, as the executor of the testament of Christ, must see to it that they were cared for and sustained by the loving arms of the Church. There were orphans and outcasts, and blind and deaf, — and, alas ! poor Magdalens also, innumerable, whom society, in its cold-blooded way, had turned out into the wolds of life to die. These must all have a chance at least of redemption, socially as well as religiously ; and the result has been the founding of schools, asylums, hospitals, into which as many as possible have been gathered, and restored to society and honorable labor.

The Order of the Good Shepherd Sisters was one

of the means used to effect this reformation. It was established in 1859; and the house of the Order is on the North side, on Market Street, — a large, handsome brick house, surrounded by high conventual walls, so that the inmates are screened from obtrusive observation. The amount of good done by this Order will be known only at the last day, when the secrets of all hearts and places will be revealed, and the Good Shepherds shall be rewarded by seeing the good seed which they have planted here sprung up and flourishing with immortal vigor in the paradise of God.

There is an order, also, of the Christian Brothers, who unite the offices of religion and learning. They have charge of the great schools belonging to the Church of the Vicar General, the Very Rev. Dr. Dunne, on Desplaines Street. One of the schools is free to all Catholic children, and there is a higher school, or academy, where the better class of scholars are taught Latin, German, French, and music, both vocal and instrumental. The number of pupils is five hundred. Beside the Christian Brothers, there is another order, called the Sisters of Loretto, created in 1858 we believe, which is attached to this school as teachers. The female department is made the special charge of these noble women; and the total number of the pupils amounts to one thousand. The Sisters give instruction both in the free and the select school, or academy.

This, however, is not all. There were found hundreds of poor waifs, floating helplessly and hopelessly down the social stream of the city, uncared for by all. Under the sanction of the Bishop, aided by his influence and authority, a Catholic Asylum was established in 1862, where these lost sons of nobody were gathered

together, taught, clothed, and instructed in some useful handicraft, by which, when they returned to the world, they could sustain themselves with honesty and credit. The workshops are contiguous to the schools, and are all clustered round the church of Dr. Dunne, on Desplaines Street. The number of the inmates is one hundred and six boys. They are instructed in useful learning four hours a day, and in their trades six hours. The Christian Brothers have them all in charge, and very happy must they be to witness the change which education and kind treatment and Christian love have produced in the minds, consciences, and appearance of the little flock which they have redeemed from destruction.

There are other orders, of a fine human and Christian character, which have sprung into life under the auspices of the good Bishop Duggan. Among these are the Benedictines and the Redemptionist Fathers, together with two orders of sisters, who teach the schools of their several parishes. The Sisters of St. Joseph have charge of the Orphan Asylum of little boys and girls; the larger ones being sent to the Catholic Asylum.

One of the most beneficent institutions in the city is the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, which, though professedly a Catholic institution, is liberal enough to admit either Protestant or Catholic, in cases of emergency. It is situated on Indiana Avenue, and is always crowded with patients. Dr. N. S. Davis is the chief physician, and he attends the hospital, without any other fee or reward than the approval of a good conscience, twice every day, morning and evening. The patients thus obtain the best advice that the city affords,

and the best possible attendance. The Sisters are unwearied in their merciful ministrations, and attend the patients day and night.

It is to the honor of this Catholic institution that it exists literally for charity's sake. If the patients cannot afford to pay the very small fee which is charged for board, even this is remitted. There is no mercenariness in this house. It is pervaded by a similar spirit to that under which the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, were healed over eighteen hundred years ago in Galilee. The house has been rebuilt and very considerably enlarged to meet the city need.

St. Luke's Hospital is still more liberally conducted, if possible, than the Mercy Hospital. It is situated on State, near Fourteenth Street, and is a free institution, where any one, no matter what his belief or circumstances, can have the best medical attendance and the best nursing which money and good will can purchase. The medical aid is indeed voluntarily rendered by some of the first physicians in the city. It is literally a Catholic institution, open alike to Protestants and Catholics, as we said, and is supported by voluntary contributions. So universal is its liberality, that it is countenanced by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity as generously as by the Protestant community. The rector of Grace Episcopal Church is perpetual president, and the Rev. Clinton Locke, the present rector, now occupies that position.

It would require a volume to enumerate the different departments of religion, education, and charity, which have been established during the administration of Dr. Duggan. The Sisters of Charity teach the schools of

the Cathedral of the Holy Name, which number five hundred pupils; and this also is a new work. Indeed the mind and spirit of this good man is over all his diocese. The new University has sprung up under his rule, and was completed, if we remember right, two years ago, in 1863. The great name of Dr. McMullen, who is Principal of the University, is a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the scholastic course which obtains in the curriculum of the institution.

In looking over the city map, and marking the number of churches, asylums, charities, institutes of various kinds, colleges, and schools, which have come into life under the guardianship of Bishop Duggan, it almost seems as if a century had passed since he ascended the Bishop's throne, instead of half a decade. It is an exhibition of tropical growth, where things of a rare beauty and excellence are brought to a sudden perfection, — to last, let us hope, for a long time. Many parishes and churches have been formed and built under his episcopate, — St. Peter's, St. Joseph's, the French Church Notre Dame, St. Boniface, the German Church, and the Bohemian Church.

These, however, are but results obtained under him, in the city; the country under his control has been crowded with converts during the same period; at Joliet, Morris, Ottawa, La Salle (at which latter place the Christian Brothers have a flourishing academy), Peoria, and Bloomington, to say nothing of new parishes.

Such a work could only have been accomplished by apostolic zeal and labor. Each one of these institutions is, to a certain extent, the centre of religion and civilization. They are a perpetual rebuke to iniquity

and sin ; a perpetual invitation to higher aims and a higher life than obtain in the surrounding world.

The private life of the Bishop is as excellent in its charity and love, as his public life has been full of benevolence and religious zeal and usefulness. He is a man of exceeding gentleness and urbanity of manner, — generous, humane, and hospitable. He turns not away from any, but administers “good words, or meat,” as Robert Herrick says, to all who come to him.

He is of a refined taste, and is a lover of the arts and of books. His presence makes a pleasant sunshine in the place, and his magnetism kindles up in others all the beauties of their character. He is of a large and liberal mind, and is too much of a Christian to be a sectarian. Once there came to him one of the Protestant city missionaries, complaining that the lower Irish in the neighborhood of his church annoyed him so much as to disturb the teaching and the worship. “Let us pray together, brother,” said the Bishop, “that it may please God to renew their hearts and amend their ways ;” and the high and dignified churchman knelt with the lowly missionary at the same footstool, and he was never after disturbed in his labors. This is a small matter, perhaps, but it is a great inlet into the character of the man, and will remain when more noisy things are forgotten.

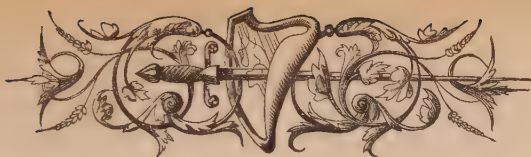
During the late rebellion, Bishop Duggan has been a strong Union man, and has thrown all his influence on the side of the government. He is a good patriot and citizen, and is beloved alike by Protestant and Catholic.

Before entering upon his ministerial duties, after his

college career, he travelled to Italy, and spent some time in Rome. On his return he published a book called "Recollections of Rome," which is written in a very vivid and scholarly manner, and gives a lively idea of the life of the venerable mother of empires.

Take him for all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again, and therefore we wish him long life and joy.





UNITY UNITARIAN CHURCH.

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

UNITY CHURCH is a building, so called, made with hands, and located on Chicago Avenue. A dear old friend of ours, whose servant the celebrated Robert Hall married, himself a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and a very eloquent and learned man, was once walking with us on the Cherry Hinton road, which is a noted constitution route for the University men of Cambridge, England; and on a sudden we came to a newly-built place of worship, belonging to some poor Methodist people. "Behold!" said he, "I have often heard of God's house, but never before did I see his barn!"

The building in question was a very similar one to Unity Church, which, although neat and even elegant in its internal arrangements, has a very poor exterior, and does not do justice either to the pastor or the people. It is, indeed, a rude, uncouth wooden structure, and makes little or no pretence to any architectural style or embellishment. It is well lighted inside, and the windows are fringed with symbolical colors along the borders; and some, if we remember aright,

are illuminated with designs from the Christian story. The floors are carpeted, and the walls and ceiling are as pure and white as the kalsominist can make them with his washes and pigments.

The pulpit is at the end of the building, in the middle of a raised platform, with a neatly painted alcove at the back of it, semi-octagonal in figure, and having a small window in one of the compartments on each side of it. The organ-loft faces the pulpit, and there are no galleries.

Take it for all in all, it is one of the barest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the city; and, as the church and congregation are alike rich and intelligent, animated by the highest Christian ambitions, we have no doubt they will one day before long make a successful effort to provide a temple, which shall be commensurate with the grandeur of the Christian idea, the intellectual wealth of the minister, and the simplicity and beauty of the religious ceremonial which belongs to the Unitarian worship.

For, however commonplace the present building may be, the minister is any thing but a common man; and, if one were to go to his church, expecting to hear an ordinary pulpit discourse, such as is preached ninety-nine times out of a hundred everywhere throughout the American Christendom, on the blessed Sabbath day, he would return to his home grievously disappointed. For this man is not a theologian in the ordinary sense of the word, nor does he much affect the old dogmas of faith, or believe in the old orthodoxy. He is there as a man speaking to men upon the highest concerns of human thought and destiny; speaking to them at first hand his own convictions respecting

the truth of things ; revealing to them his own inspirations without any clerical gloss, or historic or traditional exaggeration ; speaking to them, in short, according to his own insight and illumination, without any reference to antecedent authority. He has a profound reverence for the Scriptures as a collection of secular and religious books, but he makes no account of the plenary inspiration. As a body of divinity and law, a record of spiritual experience and divine teachings, the upshot of what men thought and felt in dim, bygone days, he finds them interesting enough ; and what is applicable to the common life of to-day he thankfully accepts, and uses at his convenience. He comes to the Bible every time with a virgin freshness, and never fails to find delight in its sweet pastoral and affecting stories, or to be kindled with its wild eloquence, or touched by its pathetic tragedies.

We have heard him speak upon most of the great themes of the Bible, and it is always the human interests in them which attract him. It is man acting his part in the theatre of the world that moves him and kindles his rhetoric. Man struggling with difficulties, temptations, sorrows, and despairs ; man falling or conquering, and why, — these are his subject-matter. The Scriptures abound with examples which have a practical import to-day, — examples of men whose duplicates are here around us ; and he is very apt at making the stories of such tell upon the present men and times.

He concerns himself very little with the next world, and rarely speaks of eternity, — never as something apart from time ; always as identical with time. The present moment is eternity. What transpires here and

now is like a pebble thrown into an infinite pool, whose circles shall continually swell, each beyond the other, for ever and ever. The present is man's destiny. He is furnished and equipped for the battle of life, not for that of eternity. When he dies and assumes another incarnation, no doubt the faculties and functions thereof will be adapted to his new condition and circumstance. But so long as he is here, he shall be a true, good man; and that is the best Christian. It is because the Bible shows us man under so many transfigurations and such diverse circumstances, that he is so enamored of it; and in this sense only does he recognize it as the word of God. God speaks to us in all history alike. There is to his mind no profane history; so he adheres to the ancient books of the Bible as the legacies of the old mankind, unspeakably precious to him, and pregnant with great lessons and learnings.

The Jews are his Bible Sphinx. He hardly knows what to make of them. He finds them a grand and colossal history, standing without a parallel on the plains of time; the testimonial ruins of a strange, wild, magnetic people, who are associated by a chain of causation with the Deity himself; who is brought into intimate and inward relationships with them throughout all the ramifications of their spiritual life; himself the direct ruler and lawgiver of this people during one part at least of their amazing record, and the creature and the Creator so clasped in the folds of that mighty environment, that they stand to each other as father and children, presenting to all posterity, for the first and last time in human history, the awful experiment of a direct theocratic government.

He does not know whether he shall believe this

or not. He is so thoroughly versed in the Hebrew story, knows them for such a stiff-necked, incorrigible folk, that he cannot reconcile them as God's "chosen people" with his reverential, high idea of God. But then it is his intellect which suggests the difficulty. Otherwise, and in other moods, it is to him miracle-matter and wonderment; intensely interesting, intensely affecting as every thing is which relates to man's life, showing what man has done; how he has aforetime, in the prime of the world, looked upon his destiny, and what theory, if any, he had of God and the universe.

Those Hebrews, with their swart faces and shaggy, black heads; their wild, fiery, impetuous hearts; their deep ingrained savagery; their profound, intuitive religious insight; their practical religious experience; their half-savage, half-archangelic eloquence; their crimes, contritions, and weepings, as well as their objective historic architecture, — are mighty matters to him for analysis, exposition, and admonishment.

He loves these old histories of the human race, as he loves all history indeed, for man is the great theme of all his disquisition and eloquence.

He revels in the patriarchal story of Joseph, which Voltaire pronounced the most affecting and beautiful in literature. He has an appreciative eye for the simple and severe Hebrew beauty of the Book of Ruth, for the sublime poetry in which the grand old story of Job, with its dull material winding up, is clothed; and no man lives who bows with a more profound reverence before the mission and character of Jesus, or whose soul is penetrated with a more holy fervor of

love for the truths which He announced, and which He sealed with His blood.

All this, as it seems to us, is necessary to be stated, that we may come to some true understanding of the historical position of Mr. Collyer as a teacher of Christianity. He is no vulgar iconoclast, his hand against all things sacred, or even against many old things, which according to his view were once sacred, and are so no longer. The Bible is the book of his early faith, which he was taught to regard as the revealed will of God; every word of which was inspired by God, and to doubt the truth of which was to merit and to incur eternal damnation. For years he was nurtured at the breasts of that holy faith. For years after he had arrived at manhood, when the fierce and angry intellect would thrust its terrible questions into his believing heart and mind, destroying his rest, murdering his sleep, until he concluded it was the devil, his old enemy and man's, who was scorching him at that fire, — for years, we say, while all this was going on within him, did he preach that faith, he all the while trampling down the devil; and sometimes, when he had been fairly floored by him, he would run off to his chamber, and pray for strength to renew the combat at a more convenient season. Finally, the morning broke upon his mind; the midnight had passed away for ever, he says, and he became a converted man from Methodism to Unitarianism.

This last is a wide-meaning word; and there are, probably, no two Unitarian ministers who believe in all respects alike. Mr. Collyer, in obedience to the commands and inductions of his intellect, no longer regards the Sacred Scriptures with the same

reverence as he formerly did. He believes, as Bishop Colenso, and the clergymen who wrote the "Essays and Reviews," believe, that the Bible books are historical and literary productions, containing, in many cases, the highest truths of God, and the records of a profound religious experience. He takes them as he finds them,—accepts the truth, rejects what he calls their error, or want of the modern light, and preaches accordingly.

This radical change of creed, however, has not affected in any degree his love for what is good and pure and holy in the examples or doctrines of the Scriptures. If he denies the divinity of Jesus Christ as an intellectual proposition, he bows in reverence to the divine truths which He taught, and the divine life which He lived. The change in him is purely intellectual, not moral. He still cleaves to the old basis of all true Christian life,—the love of God and man. There is not a single truth, precept, or practice which the most orthodox Christian minister insists on as essential to eternal life, which Mr. Collyer does not as fully and sincerely believe and preach as he. We do not say this as a special pleader, or from ourselves in any way, but as coming from him. It is his own statement of his position.

We have often thought that his love for the Bible texts is unconsciously heightened within him from his perpetual consciousness that he has shorn them of their supernatural character. It is as if one should love all the more some one whom he has unwittingly injured.

Mr. Collyer insists, more than most men, upon the practical duties of life,—upon purity and holiness of

character. He is never weary of dwelling upon the triumphant examples of the Christian faith upon the happiness of the Christian life. He is a man of a great, vast heart, which is big enough to entertain a world with the hospitalities of heaven, throughout the eternal durations. His church and his congregation are one ; at least, he makes no distinctions between them. At the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he invites all to partake, because all are men, immortal, and should love the truth for which Christ died. The supper table is the Lord's, not his, as Rowland Hill said ; nor is it essential that any should partake, according to his view, of it. It is a commemorative service to celebrate the death of a dear friend who died for the weal of mankind.

There can be no question that the Biblical richness, in picture, narrative, and illustration, which distinguishes some of Mr. Collyer's more labored sermons, comes from his old ministry, when he was circumscribed by the sacred canon, and was not free to enter upon the great fields of speculative inquiry and thought. He knows the Bible by heart, and he revels in its beauty and sublimity. But he is not confined to the Bible even for his text at all times ; and every new sermon is sure to be impregnated with the last magnetic book which has occupied his leisure. We have heard him preach from a voyage, a tour, a mission of mercy and charity, from a book, and from the fine arts. Once he took three pictures for his text. The first of these was Rossiter's symbolical representation of Italy, in the form of a beautiful but most sorrowful woman, who sat, amid the golden glories of sunset, on the broken column of a temple amid the ruins of old Rome. In

her eyes was an unspeakable sadness ; and they, in their deep and passionate depths, seemed to be ruminating upon the sin and sorrow and fallen greatness of that “ lone mother of dead empires, — the Niobe of nations.”

What struck him, he said, was, that this superbly sad and beautiful creature was dreaming only of the past. All that was great and grand in the literature, art, and science, in the military renown, of Rome, had passed away ; were things no more related to human life and hope, but parts of a completed drama, never more to be enacted upon the theatres of the world.

He turned from this superb symbolism, and beheld, directly facing it, in the opposite compartment, another figure, — the glorious impersonation of America. A golden-haired, blue-eyed Saxon girl, with a sweet, sunny face, looking not to the past, with the eyes of the woman of Italy, having no finished history to mourn over or rejoice at ; no great historical sins — save one, and that not originally her own — to weep over ; but, casting her eyes, full of hope and heavenly promise, into the far-off future ; all her greatness and majesty, her power and sovereignty, yet to come, and sure to come ! — she yet in the dawn of maidenhood, all glorious and lovely things around her, and the highest hopes of the world centred in her, her lap full of flowers, and God’s own heavens smiling upon her, and blessing her !

The contrast was very striking. Italy, representative of the Past, with its grandeurs, its baseness, its sin and sorrow, and moral confusion. America, representative of the Present and the highest things of the present, with that pregnant future before her.

There was yet another picture, without which the moral of the two classics would fail in its highest features. This was the large, grand, and masterly sketch, by Couture, of the Decline and Fall of Rome. In this were presented, at once, both the grandeur and the crime of Rome. In a temple of gorgeous architectural embellishments, were congregated the pride of the manhood and womanhood of that mighty people, — all fallen, — tumbled down into utter ruin and moral annihilation! Splendid women and men were there, sunken into every form that vice could assume; the great splendor of their human beauty apparent even through their degradation; women, lost to all sense of shame, — matchless women, wallowing in a matchless sensuality, — the glory of whose bright forms might once have set the soul of an angel on fire in an ecstasy of wonder and ravishment, as in the old Bible days, when the “sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and came in unto them;” seeing that no dream of God or man could image any embodiment of beauty more beautiful than the glowing sculpture of a fully developed woman, which is the final possibility of form and beauty, commingled with a wondrous, unspeakable music. All the sadder, therefore, brought now to such a depth of degradation; profaned by such outrages of sensuality; defaced by such hideous blotches of sin and corruption. Temples of beauty and purity no longer; embodiments no longer of the proud, unsullied chastity of the Roman matron; but still beautiful, even in their ruins!

There, also, were Roman men! Roman citizens! that name of names! representative of so much that is noble and grand in man! master, civilizer, terror of

the world ! once the greatest name on earth, now trampled upon ! Here, in the foreground, are men with garlands on their brows, toying with the fallen women of the great Rome, — lying in their laps, — their drunk beards dropping the while with odorous wine, the light of the intellect quenched within them, their eyes bleared and sagging in their sockets ; golden vessels and rich garments dashed on the floor in the madness of the wine fever, and lying all about in promiscuous confusion !

Rome, from its greatness, had come to this. The preacher read the history of all this in the eyes of that sweet Magdalen, the Italy of Rossiter.

We listened in real wonderment to the pictures in this discourse, — to the bold grouping, the appositeness of its characters, pleased that so fine a retinue of costly images should accompany and illustrate the thought of the preacher ; feeling sure, also, that some wise lesson for practical guidance would come out of it, to the benefit of his hearers ; and, after a pause, it came.

Why, he asked, had Rome thus fallen ? It had lost its honor, its conscience, its manhood : that was the reason. And then, bringing the matter to those practical bearings which he had anticipated, he called upon all who heard his voice, upon all the American people everywhere, who loved their country, and did not desire to see this great republic brought to a like ruin and desolation, to hold fast by their integrity as the golden horns of the altar of manhood ; and never to forget that integrity and truth, virtue and religion, were the only safeguards of the national life.

A notable discourse in all ways, if also a very unusual one. Here was a man working with, and working out

so far, the idea of the age ; a worthy age-fellow, so far, with the best, not afraid to take texts from a picture-gallery, from which to preach a discourse that it was good for the soul to hear. He professes to find many sacred things which are not in the leaves of the Bible ; thinks that all the pied and painted immensities, with their sun-pomp, moon-pomp, and star-pomp, are sublime expressions of the divine power and nature, and, as such, sacred, without a superior. He believes in art also as a redeemer and purifier, and helps, in his way, to restore art to its divine uses, taking thereby the fool's flout from the great name of artist, and seeing in him a presenter of the divine, making his occupation holy.

It is Mr. Collyer's peculiarity as a preacher, that he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the times. He is up to the learned culture of the age, and he reflects his reading in his discourses. He has abandoned, once and for ever, the old orthodox forms of religion, as we said, although he loves the Bible literature, and the truths of the Bible ; but they are no more sacred to him, as *books*, than any other books.

The service performed in his church on Sundays is very simple and pathetic. There is, first of all, a voluntary ; then a hymn is sung, a lesson read, a sort of revised and corrected Episcopal-Church service is gone through ; then comes a long extempore prayer, and then the sermon, and the benediction.

Mr. Collyer is a bad elocutionist ; although there is a charm in his voice, which atones for many deficiencies in the delivery. His reading is like talk, and his talk, at that, not the best to hear. There is no attempt at the professional drawl in it, and so far good as a nega-

tive goodness may be ; but neither is there any attempt at the scholar's elocution, which is bad, and would bear improvement. For he who would reach the human heart by reading the experiences of the human heart, its anguish and despair, its joy and rapture, must inform the expressions of these with a like emphasis, or he will miss his mark, and, instead of a man's soul in a man, there might as well be a piece of cunning mechanism in a machine to do the work. He is not without his effects, it is true ; and now and then his voice trembles with emotion, and his frame shakes—that great frame!—as if it were a reed on which the mighty Pan were blowing. But, for the most part, his reading is dull and commonplace.

It is a great mistake, this affectation of naturalness ; and all who would serve God well, as this man would, must use the actor's methods,—for he alone in this day is worthy, by his culture, to touch and make effective the highest themes. Why serve God like a sloven, as if in that great Presence any shuffling of the ceremonial will be good enough for him? If the player, to please the judicious, studies his part for months and years, and never thinks himself quite perfect in it,—always looking, in the great masters of the drama at least, for under-meanings and irradiations, so that he may give them the final renderings and touches of genius,—why not a minister of God's truth do the same for God and his truth? Nor do we like to see the Bible thumped and tossed about, and slammed as if it were a ledger. There is a fitness of action to subject always.

The characteristics of Mr. Collyer's mind, as observable in his sermons, are sincerity, earnestness, and a

clear insight into things, and their relations to the intellect and the conscience. A nervous sensibility is, so to speak it, the medium of his utterance. His thoughts and feelings float in it, as music floats in a stringed instrument when it is swept by the tremulous breathings of the wind. When he rises to speak, his first few sentences almost choke him, so intense is this nervous affection and stimulation. And here and there, all through his discourse, in the finest passages, he is swayed to and fro by it, and often gasps for breath. His manner, action, and delivery all testify to the power of this influence over him. His face quivers, his brows knit, his eyes seek the open space, the ceilings, and walls, rarely or never the faces of the congregation. When the thing to be said is also to be emphasized, his shoulders rise involuntarily, his two arms are extended below the pulpit desk, both fists are clenched, as if they were full of truths, and he would thus crush out of them their vital energies for the benefit of his hungry and awaiting hearers. The charm which we have spoken of as appertaining to his strange delivery, springs from the nature of the man, not from art of any sort. Indeed, no one is more free from art than he is. Simple, natural, and earnest, he trusts himself too much; has apparently come to believe that he needs no learned furtherances, and that Adam naked is quite as much of a gentleman as Adam clothed. It is a matter of taste. He is at times vehement, passionate, and rhetorical,—not a declaimer, in the vulgar meaning of the word.

Mr. Collyer was born in Yorkshire, England, at Tewston, in 1823, not far from Bolton Abbey, the River Wharf, Gordale Scar, Malham Tarn, and the

other classical scenery, made so by Wordsworth, Rogers, Howitt, Irving, and others. He lived at Tewston until 1850, when he moved to Ilkley, a little watering-place on the Wharf, situate in a valley surrounded by hills and woods and moors, and lying, as it were, at the foot of the well-known mansion,—an immense stone edifice, devoted to hydropathic purposes,—called Ben Rhydding. At Ilkley he worked as a blacksmith; and, in the loving pride of his heart, he had a photograph made of this smithy, when he was last over there. He was early noted as a man of strong, good sense and ability, and as a great reader of books. “I read,” he says, “every book I could lay my hands on.” His youth was a pretty hard one, and full of severe discipline. He was sent to the factory at eight years of age, and subsequently worked at the forge in Ilkley for twelve years. Here he commenced his ministerial labors, as a Methodist local preacher, in 1848. We remember his smithy very well,—a rude building, not far from the mountain stream which courses through the village; and we must have seen him in his panoply of leathern mail, many a time, as he struck his ponderous hammer on the seething iron, scattering the sparks like a rain-shower over the floor, which was littered with old horse-shoes and hoof-scrapings, while the smithy fire o’ nights lighted up the black rafters of the old roof with a ruddy glare, like a *Salvator-Rosa* picture. For we used to pass that smithy, night and day, once upon a time, while he was working inside, little dreaming that this lowly man would rise to become the pastor of the most intellectual Unitarian congregation in the West.

He was fond of the scenery round his village of

Ilkley; and many a time, no doubt, has he taken his trace of flies, and tried his luck after trout in the River Wharf, the river of the far-famed "Strid," where the boy of Egremond was drowned, and beyond which, at the extreme end of the valley, yet stands the old castle of the "bloody Cliffords" and the "Shepherd Lord." He was well acquainted also with the moorland house of the Brontés, and probably became so while living at Tewston. His account of that locality is the best we have, and superior even to Mrs. Gaskell's.

He came to America in 1850, and preached, as a Methodist local preacher, in the Milestown circuit, Penn., from 1850 to 1859, always earning his own living *entirely*, while so engaged, at the anvil. He gradually got dissatisfied with the pro-slavery Methodists of the Philadelphia Conference; and once he chanced to hear Lucretia Mott lecture and Dr. Furness preach, and these two personages seem to have made him dissatisfied with the Methodist theology. So, as he says, he dissolved partnership with them in January, 1859, and was called in the same year, only a month after this event, to the ministry at large in this city. The Unity Church was also built that same year, and opened in December, 1859, when he became the officiating pastor.

His public career since then,—is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles? We all know with what untiring energy and devotion he has given himself to that "ministry at large!" how he has befriended the soldiers in camp and field; how he has visited the hospitals, and, with his coat off and his arms bare, has mingled in those sad and bloody scenes as a ministering angel, soothing the wounded and cheering the

dying, while he personally superintended their bodily needs and requirements. After the burning of Lawrence, he was intrusted with the commission of disbursing the large funds which our noble and generous people of Chicago contributed to help the sufferers.





WABASH AVENUE M. E. CHURCH.

THE REV. ROBERT M. HATFIELD.

THE Rev. Dr. Hatfield, of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, is one of those self-made men who are destined to make a noise in the world. He has every thing in his favor, both external and subjective, to assure and confirm his success. He is a fine manly person, with a large social and domestic nature, and a polished and cultivated mind. He is at once a fascination and a power. In his presence the stranger feels at home, the friend more friendly. He opens the dumb mouth, and thaws the icy barriers of restraint by the gentleness of his voice, and the smile that makes sunlight in the darkness of his eyes. He is a man of strange magnetisms, — a central soul. To him come alike the weary and the heavy laden for consolation, and the joyous and cheerful for sympathy. He is known of all men ; and whoso beholds him is drawn to him. Instinctively people feel that this is the great spiritual medicine man, — the curer of souls.

And it is these qualities and faculties which are the seals of his popularity. To him are given, also, the seeing eyes to look into the mystery of diseased hearts. He knows men by their radiations, as they know him by his magnetisms, and the right word is always forthcoming to each individual case.

In the concerns of life he takes an active man's part. He has a large secular personality, and is more of a man than a priest. It is the secret of his influence; for nobody loves an islander, especially a narrow islander, who draws his boat after him on the sands, and worships his own Ego. To win the love of mankind, one must mix largely with their affairs, identify himself with their interests; and, even though he be a minister, he must eat and drink with publicans and sinners. A spice of worldliness even is not a bad thing in a man wherewith to catch the worldling, so long as there be nobler qualities higher up in the being to pull him to. Jesus had very indifferent associates, according to the estimate which both Jews and Gentiles set upon them; but he so leavened them by his truth and purity and holiness, that he converted them at last into sons and daughters of God. It is Dr. Hatfield's good fortune that he is not "righteous over-much;" that he is not, in other words, so good as to be good for nothing, as so many be, who look upon the world as too impure for such immaculates as they are to try to purify. He walks in the midst of men; is not ashamed to say to a very indifferent character, "My brother!" for he knows, as the good Bedford tinker knew, that but for the grace of God, he might have stood in that poor brother's shoes. It is not every one who, beholding a bad man, a gambler, or a drunkard, on the streets, can, or dare, say as this tinker did: "There goes John Bunyan, but for the grace of God;" and yet we regard this as one of the most memorable and manly speeches which the history of human greatness contributes.

If Dr. Hatfield did not possess this large heart and these large views of life and of men, his church would

not be crowded twice a day on the Sundays, as it is. For, as a pulpit speaker, he does not bring to his aid the arts of declamation; he is no Spurgeon; nor does he ever treat his hearers to those bursts of bathos and super-baton, which have made the name even of such a man as Henry Melvil notorious as a Vauxhall fire-eater's.

Now, a man, to be popular, must either possess meretricious qualities and cultures, by and through the sharp practical display of which he cheats the eyes and ears of those who go to him for the food that is spiritual, in which case he can be popular only with an ignorant audience, or he must have drank deep of "Siloa's brook that flows fast by the oracles of God," and thus have become inspired by a genuine eloquence. In which predicament we are happy in being able to aver that Dr. Hatfield standeth.

A prouder reputation can no man have than this. It presupposes a great, sunny, and fruitful background, — a genuine nature to start with, propped by the pillars of a grand sincerity, and domed with all the thousand eyes of truth, like a concave of bright stars. It presupposes, also, an intellect to match, and a conscience early touched by the delicate white finger of piety. For whatever Dr. Hatfield may be, — whatever rank may be assigned to him as a preacher, when the final judgment respecting his ability and attainments is pronounced, this also will have to be recorded in his favor, that he is a self-made man. He has done his best with the prodigal materials at his command. In other words, he has trusted in God, and taken his own part, — bravely taken it, with a self-reliance and heroism which our young men everywhere will do well to imitate.

We have no doubt, that he owes much of the special flavor of his character, both as a preacher and as a man, to this notable fact. If he had been regularly indentured to the formalities of the schools, he might have become more technically learned; but he would have lost his wild savor, his Dedalian graces, and half his intellectual energy and fire. Not that we would disparage the organic discipline of the universities; on the contrary, we grant all that can be rightfully claimed for it. But it often — almost always — happens, that a scholar is so conscious, so hampered by the legality of forms, and the requirements of art, that he looks too much after the manner, and not enough after the matter; whereas in all the regal examples of self-culture, the matter prescribes its own manner, and so chisels it with individuality, that we feel we can very well spare the more rigid forms of the latter, as they are set down for observance in the organons.

It is the freedom, boldness, and vigor, — often vehemence, — of Dr. Hatfield's style in the pulpit, which constitutes one of his main charms. He is, at times, wonderfully eloquent, and uses language like a whip of fire. Nor is picture wanting to his discourse, nor color nor a bright fancy; and here and there we are surprised by a grand procession of imaginative passages, marching with stately pomp and solemnity, to assist at the ceremonial triumph of some great argument.

There is no seeming in Dr. Hatfield. He is a man of great sincerity and earnestness; and these, at last, are the qualities which move the world. Without them the most brilliant man is but a showy firework, which, being ended, makes the surrounding darkness

more palpable. He loves freedom, we can see and feel; and all through his life, when it was neither altogether safe nor "respectable" to proclaim the manhood of the negro, and his right to the liberty which God gives to all, he has ever been the friend of the slave, and the advocate of his freedom. Not many Sundays ago he gave us a sample of his bravery in this direction. That religious convention which could not thank God that the negro was free, because of the Southern brethren who belonged to it, and who loved slavery, received at Dr. Hatfield's hands one of the most severe castigations that one Christian brother ever administered to another, or to a body of such. He took the high ground of Christianity, and, placing his foot firmly upon it, as the highway of God pebbled with stars, demanded that all who belonged to the Church of Christ, whether it called itself Methodist, Baptist, or Episcopalian, should recognize the truth of Christ, and preach it, "respectability" notwithstanding. He denounced with the fervor, and in the very words of the Master, those northern Christians who were so ready to succumb to the southern ideas of slavery; those lukewarm ministers who were neither for God nor the devil in this matter, but a sort of Pyrrhonist sceptics, standing between the two, "neither cold nor hot."

Unequivocally, he pronounced himself for the negro, the full rights of the negro, and that he should be placed upon the same civil equality as the white man, and vote for the makers of the laws which he was called upon to obey. It would be impossible to give any idea either of the discourse itself, or of the effect which it produced, upon paper. Those who heard it

will never forget it; and its power may be somewhat estimated by the fact that it stirred all the papers in the city, and woke the wrath of "The Times," which advised the doctor to mind his own business, and leave politics alone. As if politics were not the business of a teacher and leader of the people; as if any man, truly such, could consent so to emasculate his manhood as to forswear his own liberty, his right to speak upon any and all subjects, sacred or secular, which involve the best interests of the human race. Would there were more Doctor Hatfields who could see that politics are as truly a branch of religion as morals, and who could not be cozened or bullied out of their right to speak about them upon all fitting occasions. It is notorious, and sorrowful to the last degree, that our best secular men — our great thinkers, known and unknown to fame — have abandoned the whole field of politics to those who, for the most part, make a trade of it; who speak of it as partisans, and not as American citizens, who love liberty and the republic. If the pulpit be also barred from taking part in the discussion of the great and vital questions which are included in politics, there is little hope of a settlement of them upon the principles of justice and righteousness. At all events, in the instance alluded to, Dr. Hatfield's church, which is composed of some of the most intellectual and influential people in the city, pronounced their verdict upon the right of the pulpit in this respect in a most decided manner. They were fairly carried away by the stormy eloquence of the preacher, and evinced their sympathy by applauding him with hearts, hands, and feet.

There can be no question that Dr. Hatfield has in

him all the elements of a great sensational preacher, although there is nothing which he so little professes. He is a live man all out. He sees that the old humdrum way of preaching is worn out; that merely doctrinal discourses, or those which deal exclusively with the *dramatis personæ* of the Bible, with the history, circumstances, and society of the old Hebrews, or of the early Christians themselves, will not do for the western American man of to-day, who also is on hand, and has come into time to act, and make a history of his own. The affairs of to-day, the wants and desires, the longings and yearnings of the present human heart, under the altered conditions of human society to-day, are the fitter themes for pulpit discourse, if a minister is to be a doer of good, and a teacher as well as a master of theology. Indeed, all theology is fast resolving itself into a practical science of life, and he is the man who will most interest and instruct an audience who lays hold of the great, stirring themes of the present day and hour, and makes a good theology out of them. No man is fit to be a teacher who cannot evolve religious truths and practical life rules and instructions out of the common stuff of our every-day business, public and private; who cannot see sermons in stones, poetry in running brooks, and good in every thing. It is the method of the Master himself, who left Moses and Samuel, Joshua and Isaiah, and the prophets — nay, the very law itself, body and spirit — to take care of themselves; and, as he walked through the corn-fields, or stood under the shade of the cedars upon the heights over Jerusalem, or sat at meat with his friends and disciples, at the house of Lazarus, or mixed in the festivities of some Cana marriage, made

the occasion, or some circumstances connected with it, the subject of those beautiful discourses, allegories, and short pastoral stories, which were sufficient for that day and for all time.

The most successful preachers are they who have followed this course. Whitefield and John Wesley were greatest as extemporaneous speakers, depending upon the moment, and some theme from the present, for inspiration and effect. Henry Ward Beecher, by throwing himself upon the popular sympathies, and weaving some popular subject into the woof of his discourses, has become the greatest, most popular, and most efficient preacher of this or any other country; and we hope Dr. Hatfield will continue to discourse in his own way, upon subjects chosen by his own wit and experience, — having an eye always to the necessities and proprieties, without ever degrading himself and the high and holy functions of his office, by consulting with or deferring to the respectable Mrs. Grundy.

To give an idea of the range of subjects which is included in his idea of pulpit ministration, we may allude to the fact that one Sunday in 1865 he took "The Theatre" for his text, and produced a discourse which was printed — with others by various city ministers — in "The Chicago Republican," and occasioned a great stir in intellectual circles, as well as in the religious world.

Previous to his coming to Chicago, Dr. Hatfield was the pastor of a flourishing church in Brooklyn, where he was very popular, both as a minister and as a man. He was invited to his present church by the authorized officers; and a most cordial and pressing invitation it was. Here the field was wider, and the demand for

the services of such a man were more pressing and urgent than they were at Brooklyn; and his decision was influenced as much by duty as by his own personal feeling, which, for a long time, had inclined him to these latitudes. He is much beloved both by the church and by the congregation, and is very popular. He is faithful in the performance of all his duties, and regular in his attendance at the social meeting and the Sabbath-school. The sick and the dying find in him a true friend and consolatory adviser, and he is always ready to contribute his share at the public meeting or in the private circle.

He was born in the vicinity of New York about forty years ago, but spent his early ministerial life in New England, in the Cities of Providence, Newport, and New Bedford. He resided in New York and Brooklyn, however, during the last ten or twelve years. Like most ministers who have achieved a popular reputation, he has had many "calls" from churches outside his own denomination; but he was always firm in his attachment to the church of his young days, and could not be induced to change it for another.

As we said, he is sound on all national questions; is the friend of the negro and the soldier, and has proved his attachment by practical labors on their behalf. During the war he visited many of the hospitals, and administered consolation to all who were in distress and suffering. He was a faithful workman also in the Christian commission.

As a writer his efforts have been confined chiefly to journalism, writing largely for the papers of his own denomination, and having been a regular contributor to "*The New-York Independent*" for several years.

We have previously spoken of him as an orator. His success lies very much in his earnestness, and in the impressiveness of his delivery. He touches the heart as well as convinces the mind, and few can leave his church without carrying away with them some food for afterthought and meditation.

We subjoin the following threnody by Dr. Hatfield on the death of his little son, as a specimen of his literary ability, and as a glimpse into the deep sympathies and affections of his nature :—

A SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

The occurrences of the last few days seem like a horrid dream. But alas ! it is no dream, but a dreadful reality, through which I have passed. My poor boy is dead, and my house is left unto me desolate. For more than four years he was the light of our house,—a constant benediction in the household. During this time he had so intertwined himself with the finest fibres of my being, that my life was bound up in the life of the child. Now that he has left us, I do not feel that I have sinned in loving him too well, and the peculiarities of this dear boy were of a kind to draw out the love of a father's heart in all its warmth and tenderness. His nature was most generous and affectionate, and for some reason that I could never understand, he clung with unusual fondness to me : if I went from home, he claimed it as his right to be the first to welcome me on my return. Never can I forget the expression of the beaming little face that used to be pressed against the window-frame, watching and waiting for my coming. And when I came in sight, with

what a burst of enthusiasm he almost flew to open the doors and claim the customary kiss. When at home, I heard every day the patter of little feet through the hall as he came to peep into my study-door to see if I was disengaged, and if he found me at leisure, with what artless grace he would beg me to take him on my knee and "love him hard." Every morning he climbed into my bed, and twined his arms around my neck, while I called him by the pet names he loved to hear.

But all this is changed now. Death has set his seal upon my beautiful one, and I am bereaved indeed.

Three dark and gloomy days have passed since I saw him in his last untroubled sleep. The silken hair — "brown in the shade, and golden in the sun" — was thrown back from his fair, wide brow. The familiar dimple was in his cheek, a pleasant smile lingered about his mouth, and the whole expression of his face was as if the angels had kissed his soul away to Paradise. And I *know* that all this beauty is now hidden in the dark, cold grave. Yet "I cannot make him dead." I sit and listen with the feeling that I *must* again hear the music of his voice, or the sound of his foot-fall on the stairs. I can almost feel the clasp and pressure of his arms around my neck as I write.

But this is all a fond delusion. From the journey on which he has gone, none ever come back. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Much as I had loved this darling boy, never did I look upon him with such pride and tenderness as when I saw him smitten with disease, and wrestling with death. His sufferings were fearful, but he bore up against them with a brave fortitude that was wonderful

in one of his tender years. To the last hours of his life, it was his own desire that I should be constantly with him. No medicine was so nauseous that he would not cheerfully take it from my hand. And, when the last mortal agony was upon him, he begged me, with heart-breaking pathos, to lay my head beside his on his dying pillow. There is something inexplicably sad and mysterious in the manner in which little children often leave the world.

It does not seem strange to me that they are taken from the evil to come. It is easy to believe that the world has no need of them, and that heaven would be incomplete without their presence. But why are not these tender lambs led gently through the valley of the shadow of death into the green pastures beyond? Undeiled by the pollutions of earth, and needing no discipline of suffering to prepare them for heaven, why does not the south wind blow softly to waft them over an unruffled sea into the haven of peace? Instead of this tranquil passage, they are driven by fierce storms, over dark and tempestuous waters, into the desired haven. They reach heaven safely, but they come up out of great tribulation, through tears and agony and blows. A strange and awful mystery hangs on this subject; but we will not doubt a Father's love, or forget the promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, *but thou shalt know hereafter.*" The future will make all plain. With the Psalmist, we wait and say, "*I shall be satisfied* when I awake with thy likeness." For the present, I rejoice in the assurance that it is well with the child. How much of sorrow and temptation may be in store for the children who are spared to us we cannot know; but this dear boy is safe and happy for ever.

The world seems lonely without him, and our eyes are dim with blinding tears. Yet we sorrow not as others, who have no hope ; for our faith beholds him with saints and blessed angels at the right hand of the Saviour, where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

“ Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches heaven.”

The church is one of the largest and finest specimens of church architecture in the city. It is in the early Gothic style, of dressed ashlar stone, and smooth-finished, which detracts somewhat from its effect. The dimensions of the building are as follows : Depth, 105 feet ; breadth, 70 feet ; height of walls, 42 feet ; height to the apex of the roof, 75 feet ; height of the corner turrets, 90 feet. The church was built from the designs of W. W. Boyington, and cost \$61,000.

The audience-room has an open-timbered roof, finished with moulded ribs, having spandrel arches resting upon corbels, and ornamented with pendants. The timbered work of the roof, together with the pulpit and pews, are grained in imitation of oak, and the walls finished in stucco. This room is 105 feet in length, 70 feet wide, and 29 feet high, and has accommodation for over a thousand persons.

The Sunday-school room is large, and handsomely carpeted. Its walls are embellished with tasteful paintings, and upon them, beautifully lettered, are inscribed appropriate selections of scriptural texts. Leading out of this main room are four smaller ones, devoted to

the pastor's study, the library, a Bible-class room, and one used for the infant classes of the school.

There is also a hall, leading through to Harrison Street, as well as, by a stairway, to the auditorium above.

The Church has experienced much financial trouble and difficulty; but, notwithstanding this, there has never been a single jar or discordant element in its councils. This union of the brethren has resulted in profit to the Church, as union always profits. Many of the original founders are scattered or dead; but those who are left, and those who have since joined them, are enjoying the fruits of their labors and sacrifices, and the Church has increased from the original fifty-seven members to three hundred. It was organized April 1, 1857. The first board of trustees was composed of G. C. Cook, E. G. Reynolds, Daniel Goss, William B. Phillips, H. W. Clark, W. M. Doughty, Lott Frost, and C. H. Abbot. The society then embraced fifty-seven members, including men, women, and children. The Rev. William M. D. Ryan, of Philadelphia, was the first pastor. He was well known through the city for his financial ability, beside being a good, earnest preacher; having formerly been pastor of the First Methodist Church in this city. Through his instrumentality, a subscription was obtained to the amount of \$32,500 toward building the new church. On the strength of this subscription, the trustees commenced building, but suffered severely by the commercial crisis of that year. Several of their largest subscribers failed, and their subscriptions became worthless. But the society was not discouraged nor divided in its purpose or efforts. They promptly

completed their church and parsonage, at a cost of about \$72,000, leaving them in debt about \$40,000. Dr. Ryan was succeeded in the pastorate of this church by the Rev. William Krebs, of Baltimore, in 1859, who remained one year only, — he either not liking the political element of the Church, or else being frightened at the overwhelming debt; so he returned to Baltimore. It is due to him to say, that he was an excellent preacher, and gave satisfaction to his people.

He was succeeded, in 1860, by the Rev. Henry Cox, from Portland. Mr. Cox found the Church very weak in numerical as well as financial strength. During his administration, the Church increased in membership; and Messrs. John V. Farwell, Orrington Lunt, and John F. Carter subscribed largely to help liquidate the debt. The indebtedness, by interest and otherwise, had now reached \$50,000; but, through the instrumentality of Mr. Cox, the floating debt, of about \$20,000, was paid off. Mr. Cox left his impress upon the people. He was a popular preacher and energetic worker, and has many warm friends here.

He was succeeded, in 1862, by the Rev. Robert L. Collier, who was a great blessing to the Church. He proved to be the right man in the right place. While the Church improved spiritually under his labors, the membership was largely increased; and, during his administration, the remainder of the indebtedness of the Church was paid off. He was succeeded by the present pastor, the Rev. R. M. Hatfield.



BISHOP WHITEHOUSE.

THERE is a vast difference in rank, position, and influence between an American and an English bishop. The latter is recognized by the State as one of its main pillars. The Established Church, of which he is so high and dignified a functionary, is the Church of the nation, the legal and constitutional Church, the sister of the State. The bishop is a spiritual lord by virtue of his office, and some of his class are privileged to sit in the House of Peers. He has, in some cases, the revenue of a prince; although his income varies according to the wealth of the see over which he presides, ranging from ten to seventy, and, in the instances of London, Durham, and Canterbury, it has reached—owing to the falling in and renewal of leases, and the increase in the value of Church properties—as much as one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum.

It is impossible for an American, who has never been in England, to understand the feeling of the English Episcopalians for their clergy. A wide gulf separates them from the people, although they are the authorized pastors and ministers of the same. For, in spite of the progress of liberal ideas, the system of

caste in that Christian country is as rigid, and pretty nearly as well defined, as it is in Barbaric India. It is true, that the clergy mix, to a certain extent, with their parishioners; but rarely or never—except with the “old county families,” and the rich landed aristocracy,—as their equals, but as their superiors, who, for the sake of the rewards, have condescended to be the means of saving their souls.

The bishop is entirely exempt from all such duties, associations, and connections. He is, doubtless, much better occupied in his palace library, writing political tractates, than he would be in such visitations. Eighteen hundred years have made all the difference between Jesus Christ and the bishops of the English Church, which goes by his name. What the former could do with impunity, nay, with the reward of his heavenly Father’s approval,—in the way of associating with mechanics and poor fishermen, and poor people praying and rejoicing with them,—it would cost the latter his lawn sleeves, and the loss of his position in respectable society, to do. He lives in a palace, within the sacred precincts of the mighty cathedral-masonry,—which symbolizes the old religion, and is the stone poem of Christianity itself,—lives there, apart from the world; and when he goes to that venerable temple to pray, or at least to pronounce the benediction upon the people, after the service, he ascends the throne, which is his, by right, and does his duty at that elevation. Nor did we ever hear of any one of the order undergoing a “maundy,”—washing poor people’s feet, that is to say,—as Cardinal Wolsey did in Peterboro’ Cathedral, not long before his fall.

It is a false position, and the whole system is false, and must remain so, as long as these pagan distinctions are kept up, and the Church lives adulterously with the State. The necessities of circumstance and time, no doubt, justified this unholy alliance, when the rupture came between that grim Hal VIII. and the Pope; but, from that period to this, inveterate as have been the efforts to perpetuate it, the ties have been gradually loosening, and the Church is falling from the secular arms.

A State Church is an institution of tyranny and injustice. It is a Protestant Pope, not so good as the old one. It breeds pride, arrogance, and every hurtful and hateful feeling that can disturb and afflict the soul. Of its historic uses we say nothing in this place. Like every human system, it had and has its place and agency in the purposes of Providence. It was a spoke in the ladder of progression, upon which freedom has set its elastic and firm foot these four centuries, and is now mounting over it, upwards. So long as it exists, it is an insult to all the nonconformists of England. It has, until very lately, been their master, and its proud priesthood has trampled upon the necks of men whose names are the history of their time.

In America, a State Church would be opposed alike to the genius of the republic, and to the traditions and feelings of the people. It could not exist upon this free soil; and, as we have said, it is fast dying out of England. It is opposed to the advancement and liberty of mankind. Religion must be free, if she is to exercise her best and holiest influences over the human race. It is impossible to cram any doctrines down a people's throat by act of Parliament or of Congress; because

religion itself is a matter between man and his God, not between man and his government. Christianity is essentially democratic; it is the great revolutionary scheme of the modern world. It embraces all the nationalities: not a class or a party, but all the race; every individual, the meanest as well as the highest. It has a personal message to every human soul. And the recognition of this truth underlies every religious system in America. Here a man believes without dictation, and worships without fear of being imprisoned, racked, or burned because he worships in a form which is not authorized by the State Church. That no State Church exists here at all, is the reason that religion flourishes so abundantly among us. It makes religion possible, and worship intelligent, and religionists Christians. There is no longer any persecution, now that the mysteries of religion are understood and a tyrannous headship is abolished.

We have profited by the experience of England in her Church history, and are still far ahead of her in freedom and intelligence; and so we shall remain until she also merges all her sectaries in one great religious democracy, and blots the words nonconformity and dissent from her vocabulary and their meaning from her memory.

With us, a bishop is one of the highest officers of that form of the Christian religion which goes by the name of "Episcopalian." As an authority, he has no sort of weight or influence, outside his own church, save that which springs from his character. The State makes no more account of him than it does of the pastor of any other church. It protects him, as a citizen, in his rights and liberties; and that is the paternal atti-

tude which it assumes to all. It has no favorites. The just heart of the republic cannot be moved to the sanction of any scheme of government whereby one sect shall have pre-eminence over the other. All in vain, to this end, would be the most splendid memorials which the Episcopal Church might present to the executive authority. This great ecclesiastical power, with its great and venerable history ; this proud Episcopalianism, which was once clothed with all the might of the secular arm, and dealt destruction upon all who differed from her Calvinistic creed and the form of her worship, — is herself but one of the sects, and must depend upon God and her own spiritual resources and vitality for her place among the Christian hierarchies. There is no warrant of law, no command of Christ, to address a bishop as “My Lord,” or “Right Reverend Father in God.” If he be truly a reverend man, all the Churches — not the Episcopal only — will hasten to do him homage ; if not, not. For we do not affect titles nor concede rank. The style of “MAN” is great enough for an American ; and we say, with Pindar, —

“The man
Who first found out a spit or frying-pan,
Did ten times more toward the public good
Than all the tawdry titles since the flood.”

For that is sound republican doctrine, as well as good religion, and has the sanction of the great Master himself.

Let it not be thought, however, that we, by these sayings, design to speak evil of dignitaries. Far from it. No loyal soul — to which category we claim admission by inherent right — ever yet pronounced so

much as a dubious word in connection with men and matters that are venerable and sacred. We have no quarrel with bishops as servants of Jesus Christ; nor with the Episcopal Church as a system of religious belief and government. It is the form which it was forced to assume in England for four hundred years, as the wife of the State, instead of being the Bride of Christ, that we have spoken of above. That form was not legitimate, — did not result from the essential heart of the Christianity which was infolded in the bosom of the church, but was stuck on to it; so that it never fitted it, but was always loose and dishevelled, ready to be shuffled off. It was the form and paraphernalia of Rome that it was made to assume; and for a long time it was a genuine mongrel, neither wholly Catholic nor wholly Protestant; and what we now call the Episcopalian religion is the growth of centuries of Christian life, faith, and experience. But Episcopalianism, in the two countries of England and America, although the same in matters of doctrine, is nearly altogether different in its objective form, and in its discipline and government. With us it is the people who constitute the Church, who make the Church, its laws, ritual, and rule. It is a return to the apostolic practice, and the early centuries. Once more the Church is democratic. Its aristocratic hierarchy is abolished. Christ rules and reigns triumphant with his republic, on republican soil. Instead of having the land covered with fat “livings,” — so called, — in the gift of some lordly person or rich commoner, who gives it to some profane broken-down relative, or friend, as fit, it may be, for the office, as a thief for the kingdom of heaven, whom the people are, nevertheless, obliged by law to

receive as their spiritual guide and exemplar : — instead of this most foul and unnatural outrage of religion and religious souls, we have thousands of beautiful churches, built by the people, and supported and governed by them, after the model of the great Republic itself. The pastor is chosen by them ; and every officer of the Church, from the highest to the lowest, is the choice and the servant of the people.

The first Reformation was on English ground in the days of Henry VIII., the second on American ground in the days of George Washington. We are living under a new dispensation of Episcopacy. A reformed Church is here, which may justly claim all the glory of its olden history, and all the greatness which attaches to the righteous ordering of a new government. The old bugbear of a mercenary and arrogant priesthood, which was wont to be paraded in England by politicians of the Cobbett school, as a sufficient cause why no honest-minded workman should join the national communion, does not exist in the Episcopal Church of America, and never existed there. From first to last it is a popular church. The wise, good men who founded it here, lopped it of all excrescences, of all temporalities, and placed it upon a footing of equality with every other sect that claims to be Christian. We are not sure even that it lays claim to the much disputed apostolical succession. It is primitive in its whole system and practice, and its aim is surely this, — to conform itself to the likeness of Christ.

There are undoubtedly great and, in a certain sense, exclusive attractions which this church possesses over all the Protestant communions. It is the Church of the Reformation, and of the old Protestant Fathers, Con-

fessors, and Martyrs. Its great names, like the stars of heaven, roll their muffled music for ever in the ears of God, and are the watchwords also of religious liberty. We are willing to forget their errors and imperfections, their shortcomings, and even the crimes which some of them, in their mistaken zeal, committed, when we come to estimate also their real worth, and their influence, as primal causes, upon the grand results of history. Cranmer and Latimer are names which sound like the voices of Alpine cataracts, and thunder to liberty through the centuries. The blood of her martyrs has reddened the earth; but it has been only that it might blossom with the pure white lilies of Christ's holiness, and the passion flowers of his divine love for man. Her firmament is crowded with constellations of great souls who have lived in her communion, and died upon her beautiful and awful bosom, — statesmen and warriors, philosophers and poets, historians and mighty navigators. Her own divines are the eternal lights of that sky whose lustres will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Barrow, Chillingworth Hall, are but the leaders of the vast armies of her saints, who are now encamped upon the plains of heaven. To her votaries the whole Christian world are indebted for an organon of divinity and literature, of law and science, which needs no blush to its acknowledgment. Her churches are the poetry of the English landscape, as her altars were once, at all events, the reverence and the hope alike of the rich and the poor. She has been a great disturbing power as well as a great support of the secular authority. Her influence has changed the face of many a savage law, and called for interference in many an unjust

judgment. She has confronted kings and princes with her messages of mercy, and trampled upon commerce itself when it dared to trample upon mankind. Witness the traffic in human flesh which she denounced and crushed. Witness the freedom, which she was mainly instrumental, through her ministers and devotees in accomplishing,—the freedom which she gave to eight hundred thousand negro slaves in the West Indies, at a cost to the English people of a hundred millions of dollars. This was her crowning triumph; but all along, in the bloody tracks of the slave-trade, she followed on her errand of mercy; and her great children, both in parliament and upon the public platforms of England, never ceased for a moment their cries against the oppression and the oppressors, until the iniquity was abolished.

The Episcopal Church, we say, has a right to be proud of this star-robed history, which is her toga of the past; and yet we think her more modern and American history, although not so luminous with bright names and glorious issues, is, in its simplicity and purity, greater even than that, and the beginning of a great career. What a change for all that pomp of priestcraft, all that cunning device of raiment, ritual, pageantry, procession,—all that sacred regalia,—all that grandeur of the House of Lords, of the Bishop's palace, of the Dean's deanery, of the Prebends, Canons, and Minor Canons, mansions in the monkeries of the old monasteries, now converted into cathedrals, &c., requiring pages to catalogue them. What a difference from all this show and parade, to the quiet Episcopal Church, with its plain, unadorned vestry, its parlor library and school-room! What a change,

too, from the costly retinues, retainers, ceremonies, attendant upon the government of the one, to the plain, every-day, working, American churches, and their simple laws and discipline.

It is not generally known how nearly the constitution of the Episcopal Church approaches that of a republic. It is a government by the people, and a representative government. Take the organization of a parish. Each regular parishioner is a voter in the election of vestrymen, who are chosen annually by ballot to administer the affairs of the congregation; and to the parishioners the vestrymen are responsible for the faithful performance of their duties. These representatives of the congregation, or vestrymen, elect the pastor of each church; and in this important matter, are subject to no control from without, and are only limited in their choice to a clergyman episcopally ordained and in good standing.

Each parish, annually, by its vestry, elects lay delegates to a convention of the Church in each diocese, to assist in making the laws, and organizing and extending the work, of the Church within the bounds of that diocese. In the diocesan convention, the laity are equal in numbers to the clergy; and no law can be passed, or measure enacted, without their concurrence. A vote by each order, separately, can be demanded, if necessary; and thus the laity can, if they see fit, always control the action of the clergy.

The Episcopal Church is a federal republic, in reality; united by a federal constitution, and governed by a congress or general convention, meeting triennially. It is composed of two houses,—the House of Bishops, corresponding to the Senate of the United

States, and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, answering to the House of Representatives. Here the power of the people is also supreme. No law can be enacted, and no measure passed, without the concurrent action of both houses ; while the separate vote of the laity, in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, can always control the action of the general convention.

The people also elect the bishop. The laity, in each diocesan convention, representing the parishes, do, in effect, elect the chief minister. In the election of a bishop, the two orders, of clergy and laity, are required to vote separately. The clergy first nominate to the laity one of their number, whom they deem fitted for the office ; but the election is the act of the laity, confirming and ratifying the nomination of the clergy, and their decision is final.

The bishops of this Church, both in England and America, present us with a long array of illustrious names, distinguished alike for scholarship, commanding eloquence, and love of liberty. The Church, indeed, has always been on the side of the oppressed ; and the world is indebted to it for ameliorating the condition of the slaves under the old feudal system, and finally for helping to abolish feudalism altogether.

The Episcopal Church in America had to begin *de novo* the work of framing a system of government and law, after the war of the revolution. In a certain sense, it was a branch of the mother Church in England ; but all its old polity was broken up when the war closed. This, of course, was not the case with the sectaries ; for they were always independent of the Church, and gloried in the fact. Many of the Episcopal clergy

were missionaries of the English Church, and dependent upon her for support. All that was over now. Congress met; and, on Benjamin Franklin's motion, an Episcopal clergyman offered up the first prayer to God, in gratitude to him for his great deliverance of the nation. For twenty-five years after that event, Bishop White was the spiritual adviser of the Congress, and he it was who shaped the destinies of the Episcopal Church in this land. He was the friend of Washington, Franklin, Livingston, and Jay.

The first general convention of clerical and lay delegates met, for the purpose of organizing the Church, from seven States, in Philadelphia, in October, 1785. It was some of the old warriors of the revolution, who were yet wet with the blood of battle, that met at that convention,—Jay and Duane, New York; Hopkinson, Pennsylvania; Ogden, New Jersey; Pinckney, South Carolina. These are the men who ordained the national holiday,—the Fourth of July,—that it should always, by that Church then formed, be kept as a day of “thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty vouchsafed to the United States of America.”

That was only eighty years ago,—not a century; and yet what a history have these United States written for themselves since then! The second revolution was greater than the first, and pregnant with a mightier destiny for America and Americans. The Church will play an important part in the history of the future; and a change will come over the vision of our Christianity, such as one soul only ever dreamed of, or foresaw, in the fulness of its glory.

Among the great names belonging to this Church,

which we all know and revere, are those of Bishops Chauncy Moore, of Virginia ; Griswold, of Massachusetts ; White, of Pennsylvania ; Chace, of Illinois ; and Alonzo Potter. Henry John Whitehouse, D.D., LL.D., is the present Bishop of Illinois.

In this connection, it may be well, before closing this review of the English and American Episcopal Churches, to give a brief sketch of the bishop's history.

Bishop Whitehouse was born in America, of English parents, and graduated at Columbia College, New-York City, and at the Escorial Theological Seminary. He was always distinguished, while yet a young man, for his great love of learning and his singular aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He made a figure among the scholars of his day, and took high honors at his college. In 1826, he was ordained deacon, and, in 1827, priest. Shortly afterwards, he was inaugurated to the rectorship of Christ Church, Reading, Penn., where he remained until, by urgent request and entreaty, he was induced to accept the office of rector of St. Luke's Church, in Rochester, which was the largest parish in Western New York.

How long he remained in Rochester we have no means of determining ; but he won for himself the affection and esteem of his parishioners, and the respect of the citizens, both for his official zeal and ability, and for his fine social and genial qualities. Before the canonical age, he was elected Bishop of Indiana. In 1844, he returned to New-York City, as rector of St. Thomas's Church. In 1851, on the 20th Nov., he was consecrated Bishop of Illinois. He was at that time assistant bishop of the same State, while

the veteran pioneer of the episcopates, Philander Chace, was bishop; and it was upon the death of this brave, noble, and ripe Christian, that Dr. Whitehouse became bishop in his stead.

For fifteen years has the present bishop held his high office; and how successfully he has performed its duties, we all of us know, more or less. He is keenly alive to the interests of his Church. Whatever affects it, affects him, and he is jealous of its honor and good name. During his episcopate, the churches under his charge have been more than usually flourishing. He is always devising schemes for their advancement and prosperity. He entertains, too, a very lofty idea of the dignity and grandeur of his office, and is fully alive to its duties and responsibilities. He is never weary in well-doing, nor does he ever think he has done enough. He desires to see a stricter bond of fellowship and brotherly love and unity among the Churches. He wants to create a truly Christian community out of the Churches, which shall work together with one object, and that the "glory of God in the salvation of souls."

As a scholar, the bishop ranks very high. Apart from the ordinary classics, which belong to the common education, he is a fluent speaker of the Latin tongues, and has a critical knowledge of the German. His education was not confined to divinity, but extended over a wide curriculum of instruction, and embraced law and physics, as well as the literature of the English tongue. He is considered, by competent lawyers and jurists, as a sound and an accomplished proficient both in canonical and civil law; and few are more thoroughly conversant than he is in parliamentary law and usage, ranking first, in these high

respects, in the Church to which he belongs. He received his degree of Doctor of Laws, on account of these legal qualifications, from Columbia College, Maryland; an honor of marked distinction, this college having only twice before conferred that degree upon any one, during the course of well-nigh a century; and, in both the cases alluded to, the recipients had become noted lawyers, — one before entering the ministry, and the other a judge upon the bench.

Few clergymen are so happily furnished, in mind and in estate, as the Bishop of Illinois. He is a man of private fortune, and does not depend upon the fees of his office for sustenance. He is thrown, by virtue of his relations to the various Churches, among all sorts and conditions of men; and it is gratifying to report, that he knows well enough how to adapt himself to all the shades and changes of human belief and practice, — to admonish where that is necessary, to encourage the desponding heart, and send him on his way rejoicing once more. He has the happiest manner in these social deliverances of himself. He is not stinted for words nor for ideas, and the impression he makes in society is favorable to his influence as a minister.

He is a great conversationalist, not a monologue by any means, but a man who will not be likely ever to be condemned without a hearing. On many subjects, such as theology and canon laws, his decisions are regarded as absolute and final.

As a preacher, he is fluent, without effort; and his discourse often flashes with great jewels of wit, and rolls in long streams of eloquence. He speaks extemporaneously, rarely using even a note to assist his memory. But he is not a polished nor a great orator.

A remarkable plainness, almost to baldness, is visible in his ordinary rhetoric. His manner is easy, and without pretence or affectation. He is a powerful pleader. He has not written much, the bent of his talent not being in that direction. He is a practical man, entirely averse to talk when work can accomplish his end and purpose, but otherwise talkative enough. Some of his sermons have been printed; but he does not much care for the kind of reputation which comes from that source. As a speaker, he is well known; equally so on secular as on sacred themes, and he is always ready to help the poor and the persecuted.

He is a man of wide sympathies, and during the war, his whole heart was with the Union Cause, and his services at the command of the sick, the wounded, and the dying. During the last few years the bishop has been very active in endeavoring to establish what is called the cathedral system of England upon American soil, and graft it upon American institutions. It would occupy more space to set forth the programme of this innovation, than we have at command; nor are we possessed of the secret of its interior objects. The outer design, however, so far as we are acquainted with it, is to establish a society for propagandist purposes, and for those of education in connection with the cathedral. A parish and training school are to be a part of its machinery. The theological department is to consist of a chapter-house and library; the former for the discussion of all church matters, apart from those of the parish, or exclusive of them, and all others connected with the bishopric; and the latter for the benefit of country clergymen chiefly, who cannot be expected to have a large, systematic, library

of their own. All records of the churches are to be deposited in the chapter-house. It is to be the common centre for the gathering of the clergy, and their home when in the city. From it, also, are to go forth bands of missionaries to proclaim the gospel. The bishop proposes to open the cathedral at all hours of the day, Sunday and week-days alike ; where the wayfarer, or the pious citizen may turn aside to rest and pray, when he is weary of travel, or inclined to religious exercise. He wants all seats to be free, as in the older churches of Europe ; and separate services in different languages to be conducted in the cathedral, and indeed in all the churches on Sunday ;—the cathedral to be the spiritual home of the bishop and all his flock.

In Europe, the bishop and his clergy mostly reside within the precincts of the cathedral ; and, so far as possible, Bishop Whitehouse desires to see a similar ecclesiastical community established in Chicago.

The Bishops of California, Minnesota, Iowa, Western New York, &c., have adopted the cathedral plan of Bishop Whitehouse with great success and usefulness so far ; and, as the hearty co-operation of the clergy and laity are given to it here, there is no doubt that it will soon constitute a very important feature in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Chicago.

The bishop has just returned from Europe. This is his third visit to that continent ; the two previous ones lasting four years in all. He visited Stockholm in 1867, in company with the Bishop of London, on matters connected with the Swedish Church ; and, these settled, they proceeded to Russia, with a view to bring about some adjustment of the question of the

union of the Russo-Greek Church with the other forms of Protestant worship denominated Episcopalian.

The diocese of Bishop Whitehouse is in a very prosperous condition, and the growth of Episcopalianism in Chicago and elsewhere, is an unceasing source of thanksgiving and praise in all the churches.

The Church Guild lately established is one of those old ecclesiastical institutions which obtain in England, and which are, no doubt, a relic of Catholic times.

Its object is to bring to bear as an unit the Church strength of the city upon any given object; to systematize the different branches of parochial work, in order that there may be perfect harmony and unity in the work; to introduce some plan of city missionary work in connection with the Church; to effect a system of visiting the sick, burying the dead, relieving the poor, and encouraging parochial Christianity among the members of the Church, personally, in family and in private. These are some of the general objects. The bishop is the warden, and the clergy act as counsellors and laymen, — meeting together. The room is the headquarters of the Church, a place where clergymen from abroad can meet and converse on Church matters. Church papers and general newspapers are always on the table of the reading-room, and there is a well-selected Church library.

The new Sunday-school Union is a society which cannot fail to be of immense benefit to the rising generation. Its objects are to promote harmony and good feeling and co-operation between all the Sunday-school teachers of the city; to promote the interchange of Christian and fraternal intercourse between all who

are engaged in teaching Sunday schools ; to make provision for the assistance of weaker mission schools, by use of kindly sympathy, by gift of surplus material from larger schools, and by devising measures to interest the children in city-mission work ; to promote uniformity of action in Sunday-school workings, classifying scholars, &c. ; to introduce as much as possible, a regular course of study in the schools ; to form a normal class for the advanced students, with a view to making them teachers ; to form classes for baptism and confirmation.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH.

The church is built of stone, in the early English style of Gothic architecture, and is capable of seating from six to seven hundred people. It consists of chancel, nave, and transept. The internal arrangements are very tasteful. The form of the chancel is exactly nine sides of a regular eighteen sided polygon. At the extreme back of it is placed a finely-carved oaken chair for the bishop, surmounted by a niche, and enriched by other characteristic devices ; at its side is a stand for the various articles used in the sacraments ; in front is the communion table ; the whole being surrounded by an oaken railing. Immediately in front of the chancel, stand a reading desk, lectern, baptismal font, and pulpit ; whilst around the entire circumference are ranged twenty-four stalls for the clergy.

At the west end of the transept is placed the organ, the remainder of the church being filled up with seats of painted oak.

The woodwork which supports the roof is remark-

able for airy lightness of appearance, and evident strength. The whole of it is painted to represent grained oak, whilst the ceiling of the chancel is painted a rich ultramarine blue, and the nave and transept are what is technically called *diapered*. The blue of the chancel is relieved by stars of gold.

The building is lighted by ten stately windows in the nave, eight in the transept, and nine in the chancel. They are all of stained glass, varying in device, except that each one has, near the top, a circular memorial, while lower down is a similar space, emblazoned from the Christian story. There is a legend inscribed on a band round these memorials.

The effect of the colored light from these noble windows is wonderfully beautiful and pathetic, especially on occasions of full service, when the sunlight pours through them in rich floods of glory, tingeing the garments of the assembled people, and staining all the floors and wood-work. The designs of this church were made by Mr. Dudley, architect, of New York ; but J. V. Wadskier, architect, of this city, has made all the working drawings, and superintended the erection.





THE REV. D. C. MARQUIS.

THE North Presbyterian Church, on Cass Street, is a fine brick building, with a spire, although it represents no particular style of architecture. The interior, like the exterior, is plain and unadorned, but lofty, commodious, and well lighted by ample windows. The church, we suppose, is capable of holding some fifteen hundred people; and the lecture-room, which is large and well appointed, is used also as a school-room. The society is composed of some of the best families in the city, and many of its members are distinguished for intelligence, as well as for piety. It is what is called a "rich church;" and most of the learned professions are represented in the roll of its communicants. It is animated also by a large and liberal spirit of beneficence and good will to men. No good cause in need of help, pleads in vain at its doors. The good hearts within vibrate with a ready sympathy to all the necessities of the church and the world. They have been educated to the practice of Christian uses and benevolences, and sit under the preaching of the gospel of charity, with open purses in their hands. It is one of the most vital churches in

the city, — always on the alert, always ready to enlarge the borders of Christ, by every practical means and method. Its Sunday schools are large and flourishing, and admirably sustained by the numbers both of the church and congregation.

These schools are regarded by them as the nurseries of the church, and high and low, rich and poor, contribute their share of labor in the teaching and superintendence of them. It is, indeed, the pride of Chicago to take care of its sabbath schools. Very few American cities present so high and beautiful a spectacle as that which our churches contribute, in this respect, to the eye and heart of the Christian philanthropist. There are comparatively few waifs on the streets during the sabbath hours of worship. The combined effort and influence of private persons and the ordained missionaries, have absorbed nearly all of them in the great sabbath-school system; and who can tell how many souls have thus been saved from temporal and eternal destruction! Regarded only as a scheme of benevolence, these schools have an inestimable value; and many a poor child, neglected by his parents and by society, bred in sin, and familiar with crime and all manner of iniquity, has been redeemed through this agency, and built up into a noble and religious soul. We can never do enough for the sabbath school, and those who are engaged in this silent and secret labor, from a genuine love for God and their fellow-creatures, are preparing for themselves a crown of immortal life, and an unspeakable blessedness in the eternal world.

The pastor of the Church is the Rev. D. C. Marquis, a young man of great natural ability and learned

attainment. The important charge with which he is intrusted, is the best proof we could desire of the value set by the Church upon his abilities and character. He is fresh, we can see, from the academic halls, and is still redolent of the midnight oil. The mannerism of the student clings to him in spite of himself. He tries hard to liberate his style, and enfranchise himself as an orator. But the more he tries, the more absolutely will he be enslaved. For the mind often hinders itself, and in nothing more than in this effort to be free. Freedom comes by grace and practice; never by the enginery of the will, and the gymnastics of force. That fine "Play-impulse," as Schiller calls it, which sparkles in the writings of Montaigne and De Quincey, for example, and flashes amidst the imaginative pomp and gigantic imagery of Jeremy Taylor's discourses, is the very eldest birth of the mind, and the surest sign of its maturity. The only way to write well is to write with sincerity and a full mind. Let the thought shape the rhetoric, not the rhetoric the thought. The highest utterances are always clothed in simple and sweet words, making their own melody.

On the great occasions of passion, when the spirit of a man is moved to its profoundest depths, there is no lack of fitting language to express it; on the contrary, words come like pictures, and give it a grand and tragic form at once, without beating about the bush to look for them. And in this great matter of preaching, it is certainly to be affirmed, that whoso feels the weight and grandeur of his mission, and is inspired by the divine Master's love for the souls of men, will not only make others feel, but in the end

carry them aloft, *vi et armis*, into the inmost bosom of the church.

There is no subject of more importance, for the consideration of the young minister, as a means to the spiritual awakening of his congregation, and to his own personal success as a preacher, than this of delivery and style. It ought to be his first concern, how he shall, with the greatest clearness and vigor, set before their eyes the truths of the gospel, and stimulate them to a complete Christian solution of the questions affecting human destiny. Singleness of purpose, simplicity, earnestness, and a sincere desire for the glory of God, are the moral spurs to this high achievement. How often have we seen young and ambitious pastors floundering in the dead sea of language, without either helm or compass, and finally drifting a mere wreck on the shore; because, in spite of wind and tide, they recklessly carried all sail, even to the skyscrapers, when a true nautical experience would have taught them to run before the wind under close-reefed sails. Power does not lie in many high-sounding words; but, on the contrary, every exhibition of this sort is a sign of weakness, not to be misunderstood. Thought alone is power, and the inspiration that accompanies it begets its own eloquence.

These remarks are not intended to be personal, or to apply to any particular instance. They have, however, a general significance and import, which it seems to us is worthy of consideration. Most young ministers are more careful of the style than the subject-matter of the discourse, and think they cannot succeed without embellishing their speech with all the flowers of rhetoric. But the mistake, if persisted in, would

be fatal. The true man of genius will discover it soon enough to rectify it, and avoid all such nonsense in the future. The dignity and solemnity of religious themes will naturally exalt the oratory, and attract the kindred words to express them. One must become impassioned in speaking of things which link earth and heaven together, and man with immortality and eternity. But this passion must grow out of the fervid heats of the speaker's soul, and cannot be assumed at pleasure. There are no masks or mimes here. These may belong to the festivities of literature, but not to religion, its emprises and beatitudes.

Mr. Marquis, with the advantage of youth on his side, has a fine career before him in the West. The heart of this great democracy is full of organ-music, power, and immense capability of all kinds, both secular and religious. To touch its beautiful white keys with effect, one must grow up with the people, and understand their peculiarities and faculties, their strength and their weakness. It is a new world that sits here upon our prairies, and conquers the dominions of the setting sun,—a new world and a new race! The Western man is genuine to the core, with a great idiomatic speech to represent him. He has doffed the tinsel of the old societies and the hollowness of the old civilization. He is the freest man, to-day, that walks the planet; and his executive abilities have no match elsewhere in the United States. Free, generous, noble, hospitable, and sincere,—there is such stuff in him as grand men only are made of. To develop, therefore, the spiritual nature of this man,—to make him as religious as he is intellectual and powerful for enterprises and conquests,—would be a mighty achievement,

and tell as mightily upon the destinies of the West. It is certain, that no man will ever have any lasting influence over them who comes here stereotyped in the manners, forms, and fossil ideas of the East. This people is alive, and must be addressed — by live men — in a language which they can understand and love. Full of verbal picture and music themselves, they must be moved by these influences and powers of speech. They will not listen to dry discourse nor to dogmatic teaching; but insist upon a broad humanity, and the revealings of God's love, rather than the demonstrations of his wrath. A broad field of usefulness lies before the true preacher, if he will study the Western character, and adapt his discourse to the mind and conscience of the Western man.

There seem to be in Mr. Marquis the elements of a great success; although it would not be fair to judge him as if he were a ripe and fully developed man. His career lies before him, "where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide." So young a man must have yet to undergo the greater part of his own Christian pilgrimage. Neither can his personal experience in the profound abysses of spiritual truth and life be either very varied or very extensive. No doubt he also has suffered his agony in the garden, and wrestled with angels and devils on his pathway to the cross that gave him freedom and eternal life; nor have we any question that he has received his commission to preach through the divine appointment. It is easy likewise to see that he is all too conscious of his immense responsibility, and that the burden of it weighs heavily upon his soul, lest, perchance, he should at any time be found wanting. He looks, too, with almost

a diseased eye, upon the dark side of life. The enchantments of moral evil have a terrible fascination for him ; and he dwells upon them, in their connection with the human destiny, as if God delighted in punishment rather than in forgiveness and mercy. All his discourses are steeped in gloom, and flame with the red glare of eternal physical torments for the unrepentant sinner. A more than Hebrew sternness abides with him ; and he muffles himself up in the blackness of a fatal necessity, which he regards as the lord of men, here and hereafter. The predestination that he preaches is not to him a system of favoritism, a horrible doctrine, and the expression of a despotic will, but the enactment of sovereign wisdom and love ; and he defends it, on the Pauline doctrine of the right of the potter over the form of his clay images and vessels. He walks the floors of hell without fear or terror, and presents us with portraiture of that infernal abode enough to appal the very hearts of the damned. He is the embodiment of Sinai, and deals with wrath and hate, — very rarely with love and the tenderness of the broke heart of Christ, who died to save men from the vengeance and retribution of the violated law, as the Presbyterians word it.

One cannot but be sorry for this, as we believe that the old law is merged in the new gospel of love and redemption. Mr. Marquis evidently believes what he preaches, and binds his brows with the cypress and the yew of death. He certainly does not make religion attractive and beautiful, nor does he delight in drawing pictures of the heavenly beatitude. But it would be unjust to let the analysis drop here. For underneath this stern exterior, and all this pomp of judg-

ment which he arrays against the sinner, there may, nevertheless, lie an infinite pity and compassion. It is in the nature of such men as Mr. Marquis to show their love by their hate; to go out into the high-ways and by-ways, and compel them to come in, — assuredly not because he hates them, but because he loves them. It was Paul's method of conversion, so to speak, and in this stern, legal, Hebrew way, he whipped the sinner through a sea of fire into Paradise. But while Mr. Marquis has this high authority for his presentation of the gospel truths, we think it would be no disadvantage to the preaching, or to the spiritual efficacy of the doctrines which he inculcates, if there were infused into them the beauty of Christ's appeal, — the most touching and pathetic ever offered to human misery: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." True it is, that different men require different mental treatment during the process of religious conviction; but it is wonderful what love can do with a man's heart in the way of changing, softening, and purifying it. Mr. Marquis knows all this very well, and may therefore have deliberately chosen his own methods and weapons of speech in the pulpit. It is not, therefore, a greater or deeper love which we desire to see manifested in him; but only another aspect and phase of it. The Decalogue is the embodied thunder of Heaven against sin; but infolded therein lies all the infinite love of God for man. The gospel is also God's love for man, incarnated in another form; and both are necessary.

We have spoken of Mr. Marquis, in this memoir of him, with a good deal of critical freedom; and, if we

had not thought him worthy of it, we should assuredly have said less about him, or have passed him over in silence. Those who know him, and hear him regularly, affirm that a bright, warm sunshine often breaks through his surface glooms, and floods the hearts of his hearers with tenderness and love for God. There is no doubt of it in our mind; but it seems to be a necessity of his intellect to deal with the dark side of things as a rule. Neither does he possess any imagination, and but the smallest tint of fancy, and he divorces poetry from his rhetoric. Hard and bald as granite, his mind deals with religion as with a proposition of Euclid, and he demonstrates all his positions with mathematical clearness. Eloquence is no part of his literary armory, and he can do without it, — making up for this loss by the vehemence of his feelings and the vigor of his reasoning.

There is, notwithstanding all this, both power and ability in him. A wider reading and more liberal thinking — which are sure to come in due time — will change this man in all his aspects, and soften both his character and his style. He is endowed with fine reasoning powers, which give to his sermons a rare consistency and logical sequence. There are few men, so young as he, who have attained to his clearness and brilliancy of diction, or who exercise so great a control over an audience. His people are *en rapport* with him, and this gives him confidence, and stimulates his ambition. He cannot help his youth; and, as Jeremy Taylor said to Archbishop Laud, as he grows older he will mend that matter. But if we might venture to make a suggestion, we would say, that his is a nature which needs to be sunned by poetry, art,

and the refining influences of literature, and would amply repay for the experiment. It is based upon a right royal intellect, which is capable of proving all things and of holding fast to that which is good and true.





THE REV. PROFESSOR SWING.

THE Rev. Professor Swing is a Presbyterian minister, and preaches in a little church on Dearborn Street. It is a brown building, of very humble and modest pretensions, — sufficiently commodious for his congregation at present, but destined, at no remote period, to have its borders very considerably enlarged and extended. This is said, not so much in a spirit of prophecy, as from a logical induction based upon the genius of the man and his fine scholarly attainments. It does not often happen that the pulpit is graced by a man of letters who is educated up to the topmost heights of the learned culture of his age, as is the case with this comparatively unknown, and therefore unappreciated, Professor Swing; whose sermons and secular lectures are the most finished and brilliant examples which it has been our good fortune to listen to for many a long day. He does not belong, it is true, to the saurian specimens of theology, — those cumbrous monsters of a fossil erudition, whose bones are occasionally dug up in the Massachusetts formation of the Puritan era; nor is he, indeed, a fossil of any sort, but a great living soul, full of ripe thoughts, a rich literary experience, and the tender-

est humanity. With theology, other than as a dead science, and a knowledge of very doubtful clerical importance, he does not seem to have any intimate relations; but, estimating it at its true value, he leaves it among the things that were, and presses forward to the arena of the modern conflict, amidst the living realities and the surge of the times. Here, surrounded by these great human interests and concerns, he finds theology sadly out of place, and the poorest possible prescription for a diseased soul. He marks, with the genius of a spiritual mind, the grand distinction between theology and religion. The former he abandons to the old schoolmen and the modern legalists and speculators; and the latter he loves like a bride, by whose celestial beauty and illuminations he fascinates the careless and the unconverted, and wins them over to the cause of Christianity.

Those, therefore, who expect to hear from his lips the usual orthodox discourses will be sadly disappointed: not that he is, in any sense, heterodox to the faith and dogmas of the Presbyterian Church, but because he speaks in a new way, and draws his illustrations from the resources of a large and liberal reading, and from the manifold instances of nature, science, and art. He is a man who has thought for himself upon religion, as well as upon human life, questions of state polity, and the philosophy of government. In the presence of this beautiful and awful universe, with its infinite capacities and forces, he is overwhelmed with the consciousness of the soul's grandeur and destiny, and proclaims alike its power and dependence, — its power, as an exponent of the fable of material existence, and the discoverer and user of its divine secrets

for the ennobling of man and society ; and its dependence, as a creature of God, which receives all its good things from him, and has no inhering virtue without him. He is not ashamed to let the competent hearers see that he knows more things than those which belong to religion, and that it is in accordance with his scheme of preaching to set these into the jewellery of his discourses. There are many, who, judging from their pulpit rhetoric, have a perfect horror of learning and all poetical imagery, and who seem to imagine that the barer their statements are, the more religious the sermon must be, and that to quote from a heathen or even from a secular Christian writer, or to allude in any way to the revelations of science or the creations of art, would be little short of blasphemy.

Professor Swing, however, allows no such superstition as this to affect the free movement of his mind, and impede his eloquence. He is as likely to quote from Swedenborg and Montaigne, as from Paul ; from Emerson and Carlyle, as from Jeremy Taylor, John Milton. Robert Hall, or John Foster. But he does not, therefore, disparage the holy word, or make it a secondary authority. To him the Bible literature is supreme ; and we often fancy that he sees farther into its infolded meaning than is common to men of his sect, — although at present he has given us no absolute proof of this, nothing but dim hints and suggestions, as if he himself were not quite sure of the hidden treasure below the “*placing*” of the text.

There is often an indescribable charm in his sermons which belongs as much to the rhetoric as to the subject-matter. His style is free and impulsive, and he throws himself without reserve upon the sympathies

of his audience. He is at home with the age and the men thereof; is acquainted with their needs, and has a ready word of consolation and hope for the seasons of trial and despondency. He will have no man despair of salvation, but shows him how infinite is the love of the Lord who died for all. But neither will he give place to the Pharisee, nor cheer to the indolent and the selfish. Works and faith must meet together in the life, or it is no Christian who has the bearing of it. Selfishness kills the soul, and Christ in the soul, and tumbles the universe into ruins and desolation; whereas love makes its own paradise, and the soul immortal;—not a mere abstract love, however, but a vital, practical love, which manifests itself in human service and charity, as an influx from the Holy Spirit. All his discourses, indeed, have a practical bearing, and are full of the tenderest humanity. He has very little to say about the dogmas of his creed, or of any creed; but he goes down to the household, the mart, the country-house, and the store, and interests himself in the common affairs of life. For our modern life is made up of these material things for the most part, and herein, therefore, should religion manifest itself, and bring forth fruits of love, honesty, honor, fair dealing, and a generous reciprocity. He knows well enough that neither dogmas, nor theories of morality, nor religious truths even the highest, are of any avail unless they show themselves in the life. The spiritual minded and divine souled Jesus was also the spiritual lived Christ. He was the embodiment of his own truth and holiness,—God manifest in the flesh.

Professor Swing bravely and boldly rebukes the shortcomings and externality of the Christian world;

nor will any of his own Church receive condemnation through any lack of warnings at his hands. He exhorts to personal purity and to prayer, — to prayer as a communion with God, as well as a formula of supplication of praise and of thanksgiving. There is a wonderful pathos in him at times, and his appeals drop down into the soul bathed with the sweet dew of tears, and a heavenly pity. But we like him far better as a lecturer than a preacher. A stranger to his personal peculiarities would be very apt to take a strong prejudice against him at first sight, and not to like him at all. In stature he is about the common height, but not the most graceful person in his form and manners. His head is of the Puritan stamp, — a high “top brain,” a broad upper, and a well-defined lower, forehead. He wears his brown hair carelessly over his brows, and there is nearly always a sad smile upon his face. His eyes are chiefly beautiful when he is inspired by speech. Then they are illuminated as with the inmost light of heaven; and occasionally there flash from them sudden mystic gleams, which seem to come from the deep soul of the universe, through chinks and loopholes in that eternal veil which drops down between it and all mortal vision. This may look exaggerated and far-fetched; but it is true, and it is the best way in which we can express what we mean to convey by that weird, strange, and solemn radiance. The mouth is of mixed elements, both sensual and refined; the complexion sunburnt; the cheek-bones high; the chin broad and coarse, and, when he is animated, it protrudes a good deal. Add to this that his voice is harsh and dissonant, without culture or training of any sort, — given, in moments of passion,

to loud storm-bursts, which end often in a wild scream, — and the reader will have some idea of this remarkable man. For ourselves, we confess to like the good pastor as he is, with all his imperfections on his head. He is unassuming and gentle in his manners, and wears even his uncouthness with a sort of wild native grace which to us is very charming. He strolls leisurely up the aisle of his church to the pulpit, hat in hand, — that great brow gleaming brightly in the dim religious light, as if it were full of golden thoughts; his eyes “loving the ground;” his gait almost a roll. Not a common man, we can see at a glance, nor would one suspect him of greatness. When he begins to speak, — especially to lecture, — he shows intense but controlled nervousness. He places his manuscript before him, and now ventures to take a look at his audience. His lips open and close as if he would fain begin; but he is not yet ready. Again his eyes descend to the manuscript, and again they look beseechingly and earnestly to the people, his face all aglow with excitement, and his head thrown forward. This dumb play he repeats several times, and at last commences his oration. The first few words disappoint, and almost anger a stranger, they are drawled out in such an odd sing-song; but as he proceeds, and we become accustomed to his delivery, we begin to think that it is not so bad after all, and end by heartily liking it. There are sweet, clear, touching tones in his voice while expressing certain emotions, which are very enchanting; although to hear, as we are compelled during any discourse of his, beautiful and melodious sentences spoiled by that ungainly utterance of them, is very annoying, to say the least of it.

In his late lecture on Madame Guyon, — which attracted all the *élite* of the churches, heterodox and orthodox, — he was exceedingly happy. His picture of the times of Louis was graphic, and full of color; whilst the portrait which he drew of the lovely saint herself, whose strange, mystic songs belong now to the Christian hymnology, was as bright and sweet and holy as if it had been painted upon the canvas by the pencil of Raphael. In fact, this clever minister must be heard as a lecturer, if one is to come to a full understanding of him. His lecture, upon the occasion in question, was evidently elaborated with the finest eye to literary effect and the pictorial arts of language. The young, pure, and holy maid, in her white raiment, praying to the Lord in her childhood, was traced up — through the manifold circumstances and pomp, situations and trials, good-fortune and ambitions, of womanhood — to her marriage with that worldly old nabob, her husband; and her relations to the court and to society were set into bold contrast with her devotion to God and his worship, and her final triumph as a believer and sacred singer. She was of her time — for all times that henceforth shall be — truly religious, after the fashion of the Orthodox ideas and teachings. The professor also brought upon the stage many historic characters of that time, and hit them off in the boldest strokes of literary art. He struck, indeed, in the brief space of his delivery, nearly all the grand under-tones and organ-tones of the passions, in his delineation of the splendid vices of that age; and he made us love the sweet, mystic woman, the sweet singer of France, who lived so high and holy a life, — the contemporary of a licentious court and a corrupt

and sensual aristocracy. A rare philosophical spirit ran through the performance; and, when at last the brave little woman was carried by the angels to her native heavens, we all felt that her death was like a piece of poetical justice in some beautiful dream, and that her translation to the celestial world was simply the going home of a pure and spotless child.

Professor Swing's eloquence is peculiar, and, as might have been expected from the mental superiority of the man, original also. He never aims at fine writing nor strives after effect; and he achieves the latter by his thoughts tersely put, rather than by any claptrap of words. He is, indeed, rarely eloquent at all, in the ordinary sense of the word, and deals very little in declamation. He is fond of comparisons and — in the elucidation of character — of sudden strokes of contrast. He takes a wide survey of things and of men, and treats them philosophically rather than religiously. He ascends, in his higher moods, into the spiritual sphere, and discerns and makes plain the significance of material symbols. But high above him are the beseeching voices and entreating eyes of the celestial heaven. They would draw him up to that divine height, but he cannot ascend thither, and folds his wings sorrowfully over his shoulders, and feels that he is an alien to the blessedness of that supreme abode.

For we regard Professor Swing as a progressive man, still struggling for the light, and neither settled nor happy, therefore, in his present condition. He is painfully orthodox, — chafing, in his chains, like a caged lion. It always seems to us as if he longed to break loose from the formality of creeds, and preach the religion of love and charity alone. Every now and

then there come alien voices, full of celestial melody, into his discourse, which seem to us as if they were the harbingers of a new spiritual epoch to his soul.

Of course, we may be wrong in this estimate of his mental and religious condition ; but we believe that he is destined to a far more interior unfolding than any he has yet known, to a higher appreciation, to a wider fame, and to a more extended usefulness.

Like most men of his stamp, he is very unequal ; and some of his sermons are commonplace, dull, and utterly devoid of feeling and inspiration. But when he is "i' the vein," when he is kindled by the celestial fire, he shows a superb intellect, as well as a great, loving, and religious heart.

He is a poet by birth as well as by culture, and has written some pieces which lie very close to the heart of nature. In his off-hand discourses—his expositions of Scripture passages, for example, on week-day evenings—we often catch him disporting with the Muses, in a vein of unconscious playfulness. Often, too, his thoughts come to us in a golden drapery, making sweet music in their dancing joy, as if Apollo had seized the pipes of Pan, and were improvising lyrics to the beauty and glory of the universe. In his reading of the word, there is often a slovenliness, and we had almost said a want of reverence, which it is hard to pardon in a man of so profoundly religious a nature.

But, as usual, custom reconciles us to the inharmonious exhibition. And, moreover, every now and then, in the deeper passages, his voice melts into a most touching pathos, which goes directly to the heart, and relieves the elocution,—like sudden and unexpected minors in some ordinary score of music. He

is very earnest as a preacher, notwithstanding, and wrestles hard with sinners to win them to Christ. He is full of entreaty and pity and love, and is very chary of the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. To make men like to Christ, — this is his aim ; and he presents the Saviour in his most loving and merciful aspect, with his infinite heart yearning for the salvation and happiness of mankind. He exalts the Saviour, indeed, to the heights of the supreme Godhead.





HEBREW HISTORY AND RELIGION.

WHAT a strange, solemn, and old people are the Jews! They come to us from the shadow-land of an unknown antiquity, confronting us to-day with the same unaltered features, the same pure and unmixed blood, the same distinctive mind and character, the same rich and glowing imagination, and the same wild, passionate nature, which are the marks of the heavenly favoritism, and the seals of their glory among the nations, from the advent of Abraham into history, all through the reign of the judges and the kings, and the religious sovereignty of the priests, the bards, and the prophets. A wonderful people! Each man a sort of microcosm of his race; marvellously individual, marvellously homogeneous. Not a plastic race, flowing readily into other forms, assuming readily the mask of the blond and beautiful Gentiles; but a strongly, sternly sculptured people, cut out of the solid granite of aboriginal character, like one of Michael Angelo's stone gods, — sublimely sorrowful, and veiled in awful mystery.

The human soul, in all its innumerable incarnations, has no such startling development as this, which we call Jewish history. It is the romance of grandeur and of power. It trails its civilization over six thou-

sand years of time, and Jerusalem, at its fall, instead of being the tomb, was the resurrection of its greatness, and constitutes a new era in its spiritual influence. Its literature, and to a great extent its religion and laws, were destined from that time to a still mightier triumph; and at the very moment of the dispersion, when they were without a country and without a ruler, the fiat had gone forth that the Jews should become, through their sacred books, the masters of the whole Gentile world.

The fatality of providential design could alone have preserved these books intact, and have incorporated them with the Christian Scriptures. The tragedy of Calvary conjured up a vast wall as of adamant between the Jews and the Christians, and was an effectual barrier against all sympathy between them. But the same hand which led the Jews from their bondage in Egypt, directed that there should be for ever a great, silent, spiritual communication between them and the Christians, through the medium of these books. Here they are to this day, a testimony to the immortality of thought and truth, and to the high purpose of God, who will make good his own, and secure his sovereignty on earth, despite alike of the loves and hates of mankind.

The world could not afford to lose the amazing record of Jewish history. Regarded simply as a memorial of antiquity, it is of priceless value. We could better spare Homer or Herodotus; for these books, and the accompanying literature, have exercised an influence over the human destinies such as no man can sum up. They have cheered the desolate and the solitary, the desponding and the sorrowful; they have put hope and

joy into lost hearts and souls ; and to-day all Christendom, in its devoutest mood, prays its prayers through the Psalms of David, and celebrates its spiritual festivals by and through his songs.

It is high time, for humanity's sake, if not for Christ's, that the blind and brutal enmity with which the entire Christian world has followed the nomadic Jew, in his homeless wanderings, should cease its pitiless scourge. There is a higher meaning than belongs to the mere objective fact, in the union of the religious books of the two peoples. All through the persecutions and imprisonments, the punishments of the gibbet, the rack, and the stake, which have been the awards of Christian states and rulers to the unhappy Israelite in all ages, that solemn and touching fact has remained for admonishment, appealing to us, in its dumb, eloquent way, to imitate the love for each other of which this dual unity in the books is the expression in a symbolical form.

In this country, the Jews have, thank God, nothing further to dread from outward persecution ; but that is not enough. It is the function of the Christian religion to bless the human race, and its highest command is, that we should "love one another." From the commencement of their history to the present hour, the Jews have been the chosen people of the Most High God. It is true that they rebelled against him, and in the early part of their record, they went astray after false gods, profaning the sanctuary with the presence of abominable idols, and the desert air and the day and night, with their flaming orbs and constellations, with a still more impious and offensive idolatry. But it is also true that they sincerely repented, and that,

through dreadful temptations, they subsequently kept their altars pure, and were the only people then living on the face of the earth who had any knowledge of the true God. How faithfully they preserved this knowledge, and its accompanying ceremonial and service, is recorded in their books,—“nothing therein extenuated, nor aught set down in malice.” Let it be remembered, also, that those times of the wilderness and the brazen serpent, of the golden calf and the miraculous rain of bread from heaven,—when, at the bidding of the great lawgiver’s rod, living waters gushed out of the iron hills and flooded the fiery sands of the desert for miles, so that all the people could wash, and drink, and water their camels and cattle,—let it be remembered that these were times which belonged to the twilight and the dawn of human life; that, outside the tents and nomadic clans of the Israelites, in the lands of the Ammonites, and the countries of the wine and oil and honey, a most shocking depravity prevailed, including in the catalogue of its crimes offences so dire that the mind shuts its gates against all recognition of them. Curious, too, that this people, with so many discordant elements in their character, should possess others so grand and great that one gladly forgets the evil, in his love for the memory of the good. Nor can we help feeling that this is a great exceptional race, preserved for some special purpose, even when we are with them in the midst of their sins and backslidings. Miracle accompanies them from their outset to the Jordan,—miracle, and a great human as well as divine love. These vast swarms of tatterdemalions, these seminaked slaves of the hard-hearted Pharaohs, these swart, stalwart, grim-visaged brick-makers,—commanded, as

the final impossibility which broke the back of the peace, to make brick without straw; these cunning-fingered workers in precious metal, descendants of Tubal Cain and his cyclopean crew, a long way back among the myths,—these locusts of the Egyptian cities were transformed by this agency, and even by a more direct and special interference of Providence, into Hebrews,—a Hebrew race,—whose matchless genius awoke the thunders in all the trumpets of reputation, and rolled them in stormy orchestral music all around the world. In the loins of those wild, passionate, black-eyed men and women, led by one who was greatest in intellect, in learning,—after the manner of the Egyptians,—in energy, in vehement and trampling scorn of all obstacles, in indomitable will, in quick resolve, in swift execution,—were already infolded the kings and rulers, the priests, bards, and prophets of the Hebrews that were to be.

They had a mighty history to write in fire and in wonder signs,—a history of institutions and laws and government so profound, so elaborate,—relating to the highest, relating to the lowest human concerns,—that it seemed, long while subsequently, when done, as if nothing but an all-wise mind could have made out the organon of it. For this were the mighty hosts of Israel surrounded by the pomp and splendor of the delivering God; for this did the vast pillar of dazzling fire march before them, under the arches of midnight, paling the lamps of heaven and the lagging moon; for this did the pillar of the awful cloud, like the shadow of God, hide them by day in its secret places. How splendid, how sublime too, the retribution of the Red Sea waters upon the swift-following and confounded armies

of Pharaoh. It is the justice of the epic poem, done upon the plains of history.

And, indeed, the whole passage out of bondage into the desert, and the forty years' life which they all lived there, doing so many good and so many evil things, receiving their rewards for both, — is it not a poem of the highest, of more than Homeric, grandeur, proportions, imagery? We think the introduction of that sweetest lyrical passage of Miriam going forth from between the high walls of the glassy waves upon the dry land, — land of redemption, of freedom, of hope, and of promise, — with her timbrel in her hand, and her voice attuned to the praises and the glory of God, who had delivered her people, — we think the introduction of that passage one of the finest touches of art that literature boasts in all her arch images of poetry.

Looking at it with the eyes of poetry, or of Swedenborg, which is all the same, how exquisite is the symbolism of that enchanting picture! It is the genius of the new-born Israelites, welcoming them to the glory of a matchless career. And was it not matchless? For its literature, are Virgil's *Bucolics* so fine as those of the Bible? Is Goethe's *Faust* equal to the Book of Job? Is Dante, with all his pictorial firegloom, his deep mystery, his insight — like a sunburst — into all infernal and divine things, equal to Ezekiel's vision, the Book of the Revelation, or certain passages in Daniel and Isaiah? Where is the pastoral, for natural descriptive power, for its country scenery, its people, their manners and customs, its insight into patriarchal and city life, its touching, tearful, sweet, womanly pathos, its violet-like unobtrusive piety, its sublime trust in God, — where is the pastoral that shall begin to

sound the mighty stops in the rolling diapason of the oratorio of Joseph? Have we any thing for manners and interior domestic life like Esther? Does Tennyson's Dora touch the sublime nakedness of the beauty and simplicity of Ruth? And was not a literature like this worth the saving of a people to create?

Surely God knew his own meaning when he redeemed those black-browed Israelites from the weeds of his human growths at that time. They were to become the sheet anchors of religion and truth, piety and holiness, in the world. Underneath these shaggy, sun-tanned visages and brawny chests, there beat the rudimental music of all the moral harmonies and excellences, which are the chain of communion between God and man. What is it that we do not owe to these grand Hebrews, whose degenerate and decaying posterity did that one nameless, unforgivable, but yet predestined wrong to the Universe? Our very life, all that we prize in morals and religion, in law and government, we have received from them. Who shall speak for the table of the Ten Commandments?—that superb code, devised and pronounced once for all, for the entire human race; which Christ came to fulfil, superadding one other and eleventh commandment, "Love one another." What could adulation do here, or say, of any sort? In their great presence all hearts are still with the silence of humility and the spirit of obedience. That immense Man, supreme Lawgiver of the world, fitted to assume the functions of universal ruler, thus made his epitome of the negations, which, like the flaming sword of Eden, guard the human soul from the onslaughts of temptation, and secure for it the rewards of present peace, happiness, and joy.

Moses saw what we should not do. Jesus what we should do. The one is a system of negations, the other of affirmations, and both tend to the same grand result, man's happiness. But Moses and his work, so far as he saw it, ended with man's life and time. Jesus put his seal upon the work of Moses, and pronounced it good, — good for time, good as a basement for moral life ; and accepting that, he went further and legislated for immortality and eternity.

In all the Hebrew literature, there is not (that we remember) a single gleam of light into the wonder-worlds of eternity. The Hebrews, if they believed in immortality, accepted it silently, as an intuition of the consciousness ; they never spoke of it in their poems, stories, fables, nor in their religious books. Their most elaborate, condescending laws, which touch upon every possible action or condition of man, upon things pure and upon things impure, never look for a moment beyond the gates of death. Their duties were rounded in by the big planet ; they were the creatures of Time. Christianity is rounded in by no world, nor universe of worlds ; it is illimitable and eternal in its range, and Christians are the beings of eternity. But Christianity was not more expansive to Judaism than Judaism was to the Paganism which it crushed into nothingness. The Decalogue belongs to man, and is his best friend, so far as it goes, which is a very long way. It was as much, perhaps, as the Jews could bear at the time ; but that does not suppose that it was as much as Moses knew. He could hardly have been instructed in the knowledge and learning of the Egyptian priests, without being conversant with the great speculative inquiries, the profound spiritual truths, and theosophi-

cal doctrines which we know that the Egyptians were conversant with at that time. There is an Egyptian discourse, in the shape of a story with Osiris and Typhos as the good and evil principles, which was brought from Egypt by Synesius (a Christian Platonist and Bishop, of somewhere about five hundred years after Christ), and is included in the miscellanies of Plotinus, where it can be seen by scholars, which is quite a modern Christian interpretation of the doctrine of the Divine Providence. It is a very rare fragment, and we adduce it here as an example and proof that the Egyptian mind had reached down into the profoundest depths of modern thought; for this treatise includes immortality as a very ancient and long recognized fact in the esoterics of the priests. It is impossible, therefore, that Moses was not acquainted with it.

We find, indeed, that all revelation, like the universal life, proceeds by degrees, and advances very gradually, as from physical to metaphysical, from the clam to Plato. Hence the reason why too much was not put upon the bearing reins of the stubborn, stiff-necked Jews, as the most of them were at the time of Moses and the law-giving. It is as a record of the progress of the human soul that the Hebrew books are so valuable; and this is one of the under-reasons why they are combined with the Gospels and Evangelists.

We owe them an immense debt, which we can never pay. We are also indebted to the Jews, to Moses, for the institution of the blessed sabbath; which, whether it be regarded in its secular or religious aspects, or both combined, is, of all the devices

of man for the rest and health and happiness of the busy, tumultuous world, the most inconceivably priceless. Without it we should sink into dumb surds and shrivelled anatomies, with no ear for the voices of God's inspirations, nor tongue for his praise; and our crowded years would break down our manhood before its prime. It is the sure and safe defence of the workmen against the encroachments of avaricious selfishness, which would steal from sleep and death, if possible, to add one hour to the productive labor of the world. It is more especially the poor man's day,—the only plank that is left him in the wide ocean of time, on which he may hope to ride safely into port; the only day, in other words, on which he can hope for leisure to rub off the rusts of ignorance, and put on the polish of temporal and spiritual culture. This day saves the manhood of mankind; and we are indebted to the Jews for it.

If it were possible that we could establish in our civilization the institutes of the jubilee festival,—that great day of restitution, returning once in every fifty years,—though it would do much evil, might it not be productive of incalculable good? We are already, however, so steeped in the thought, feeling, and religious atmosphere of the Jews, that to introduce more of its elements into our system of civilizations might interfere something too much with our Christian liberty. For, much as so many affect to despise the Jews, they have moulded, far more than we know or suspect, the religious thought and feeling of our time. Every Christian reads the Psalms of David, which are the grandest oratorio of the soul's passion, its sorrow and sin, its reverence and worship, its love of God, its

abasement at the thought of sin committed, and its hatred of evil, which the literature of the world contains. Curious, that a Jewish shepherd boy, grown into a man, and advanced to the dignity of a king, should write, all those thousands of years ago, the religious experience of Christendom in 1867 in such glowing words; should sing the praises of God with such a golden glory to the music and the verse, that every Christian heart vibrates to it!

We need not speak of the influence of the Hebrew prophets upon the religious feeling of the Christian. We all admire and reverence these mighty dreamers and speakers, these bold denouncers of the sins and wickedness of their time, and of all time. We have one matchless orator, one princely reasoner, one mighty Jew turned Christian, whose writings are the jewels of the New Testament, the burning rubies of his love for Jesus and for man. Paul is the type of the high-born, highly cultivated Hebrew, and in him are those attributes, pre-eminently, which flash through the fiery pages of the Old Testament, and are the sureties of their immortality, — the attributes of sincerity, earnestness, and an intense and profound religious feeling and reverence. We are more indebted to Paul than to any other person for the organic existence of Christianity. Jesus Christ was himself also a Jew; a very stale fact, no doubt, but one which few consider. All that we are — all our ideas, culture, religion, civilization — are Judaized beyond recovery. The mind of Christ puts every soul to-day, within reach of his name, under contribution, — taxes his thought, colors his feelings, and is the reflex of his religion.

The Jew, in his cultivation, is a man of large and

liberal ideas ; religious despite himself, and because he is of the things that live for ever, which nothing can without religion. A warm and glowing imagination, stained with the gorgeous sun-pomp at sunrise and sunset, he puts his Semitic seal upon all that he touches. Some of the greatest men that the world has seen — in literature, poetry, sculpture, painting, music, learning, statesmanship — have been Hebrews. There is a vast mine of wealth in them yet, which has never been developed ; and one day, in the concurrence of events, and the urgency of resolute wills to bring it about, they will once more become a mighty people, — mightier than they ever were in the days of Solomon and David. We do not speak here of the low Jew, who degrades his manhood by the perpetration of every sordid vice and venal crime ; the disgusting intinerant, who lives upon the credulity of mankind, and thinks cheating a virtue, and theft from a Christian a high honor done to his name and nation. There are plenty of these, and such as these, all over the great cities of the world ; and yet, while we condemn them, we do not despise but rather pity them, as the victims of atrocious and long, century-enduring wrong and ignorance.

The Jews are no longer a nation ; they are citizens of every country on the earth, preserving always intact their religion, their customs, manners, festivals, and observances. They contemplate the fact of their dispersion from quite a different stand-point compared with that of those who affirm that it was designed as a curse upon them, that they might remain a living testimony to the truth of the Christian religion.

They maintain that the dispersion was a blessing,

and not a curse, and designed to be such by the God of their fathers. They are to bring light to all the nations of the earth, and the "Wandering Jew" will not have fulfilled his mission until the last vestige of heathenism shall have disappeared, and all mankind shall proclaim with one accord, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one!" This, they affirm, is the mission of the Jew in his wanderings; namely, to proclaim the unity of God. Israel had to cease as a nation that she might do her work as a religious body. This is the belief of all thinking Jews at this day; and, in the midst of their persecution in ancient times, the rabbis instructed them in this faith,—that the coming Redeemer would gather them all from the four quarters of the world, march at their head to Palestine, rebuild Jerusalem, and reinstate the former political organization.

They preach this doctrine no more. The Israelite, wherever he lives, is attached to the land of his birth or adoption, and is mostly a good citizen. He no longer looks for a personal Messiah; the Messiah has come already, he says; and Israel itself is He, and by Him mankind will be redeemed.

They have very exalted thoughts about the *rôle* they have to play in the coming history of the world. They do not believe in missionary efforts, but in the inherent force of the truth to prevail at last. With them Christianity and Mahometanism are the forerunners of pure Judaism to the heathen world. They are the offsprings of Judaism, daughters of the Jewish mother. Without passing through such an intermediate state, they would have been too weak, too incapable of nourishing themselves from the bread of life offered by Judaism.

The fundamental doctrine of the Jews is the unity of God. Judaism also teaches to-day the immortality of the soul, rewards and punishments, and enjoins upon its professors the strictest and purest morality. They have nothing to say about the future condition of the soul after its departure from the body. Secret things, they answer, belong to the Lord our God. They look upon such speculations as idle dreams, without influence upon the moral life. They have no articles of faith, such as are usually the bonds of a Christian communion; nor were such ever introduced into the Jewish Church. They disbelieve the doctrine of human depravity, and believe in the freedom of the human will in regard to moral actions, and therefore in man's responsibility for his acts. In place of salvation by faith, they speak of salvation by repentance, by pure thoughts, words, and a sinless subsequent life.

Judaism is not, and never was, in a position of enmity to science. It is always ready to hear the last facts and the speculations upon them, without assuming to itself the right of vetoing the natural revelations of God. Nor is it alarmed at Biblical criticism. If it were proven that Moses and David were myths, the Jews would hold their peace, because their religion does not depend upon the existence of either of these great personages, but upon the existence of one Supreme God. It does not enjoin its confessors to believe that every letter of the Pentateuch was written by Moses, and dedicated by him to the Lord; but it insists upon the moral law as laid down in those holy writings, and as still more clearly revealed in the consciousness of man.

Instead of speaking of Orthodox Jews and Reformers, to indicate a difference of opinion between them, the educated Jews prefer to denominate them the Religious and the Legal Jews. But there is very little difference of creed among the various divisions and parties. There are no forms of faith, as we said, among them, and heterodoxy is not tabooed as a thing damnable, so that there is a wide liberty left to the individual in the church. The chief divergences of opinion have been brought about by the question, whether the old laws of the Bible, of the Talmud, and of the Rabbinical books, are binding, or whether there is any right to change laws and customs, and adapt them to altered circumstances and conditions. The legal party clings to the letter of the law; the religious party say any custom, usage, ceremony, or law that has no influence upon the amelioration of man, and that has not come from the inner man, but only from outside authority, possesses no value, and that heart and mind are of more value than outward judicial actions.

The main division between the so-called Orthodox and the so-called Reformers is in outward matters,—in mode of worship in certain ceremonies. They are a people of wonderful elasticity and power of intellectual life, extending from beyond the days of the pyramids.

No people, no creed, was ever called upon to suffer so much. Judaism counts its martyrs by the myriad; and yet there is not a single century in which a bright galaxy of distinguished names does not appear. At the time when the light of civilization was nearly extinguished, when barbarism reigned over Europe and

Christendom, the Jews were among the chief preservers of science. They excelled not only as theologians and as Oriental scholars, but as philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, and physicians.

What a wonderful array of Jewish names, excelling in every branch of science and art, do we meet in our own times! Hardly the age of a generation has passed since the doors of the Jewry (Ghetto) have been opened, and since, in various states of Europe, some liberty has been granted to Jews; and now we see them excel as poets, painters, sculptors, musicians,—as professors of and excellent writers on every branch of science. It would take too large a space in our present article, were we to enumerate even the principal bright Jew names of our times only. Prejudices do not disappear suddenly, and so we find still many prejudiced against this people. Truly liberal men, men of culture and refinement, entertain no such prejudice. Lessing, the great and noble German writer, is renowned on account of his friendship with the Jew philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. Alexander von Humboldt cultivated, at Berlin, constant acquaintance and friendship with Jews. All educated Europe pays regard to Jews,—to the excellent traits of the Jewish mind and heart. In America, also, they make their mark. Although the Jew immigration is very slight, as yet, in this country, we could point to a considerable number of Israelites who adorn society, and who excel, not as merchants only, but as professional men, as lawyers, physicians, theologians, &c. The philanthropist, Judah Touro, who died about twelve years ago in New Orleans, has a national reputation.

We suppose we do not err much when we set down

the number of Jews in the United States at about three hundred thousand souls. Here, in Chicago alone, there may live five or six thousand Israelites. Most of these people came from Germany ; ten per cent of them only may have come from other European countries. There are also a number of Israelites in America whose fathers and grandfathers were already here, but this number is a limited one. At the time of the Revolution, there were hardly more than five thousand Jews in the then colonies.

The congregations are independent one of another. In the government, the same democratic principles are carried out to the fullest extent : nothing of hierarchy, no bishop, no ordained clergy. The rabbis are nothing more than the religious teachers of the people, and every one who has the necessary qualifications (learning and moral worth) may officiate as rabbi and teacher, without having any clerical ordination. As it was in Israel in all times, for two thousand years, so it is to-day.

The rabbis are, as a rule, a class of highly learned men. It is erroneous to suppose that rabbis, in particular, are pious. Jews in general are much given to devotional exercises. "Study of the law" is considered of far more worth than praying ; more stress is laid upon service than upon devotion. The Jews have never any thing like converts, monks, nuns, penitent hermits, and so forth. But in those days of the bygone dark ages, when ignorance and superstition ruled everywhere, and pious Christianity built splendid Gothic cathedrals and numberless cloisters, Jewish piety built schools of learning. Few Christians have an idea how rich the literature is which these perse-

cuted Jews have produced since the day Hakadosh wrote the "Mishnah," in the second century. It is a truly wonderful literature, rich not only in the number of its volumes (counting by thousands and thousands), but rich also in its thoughts and contents.

THE JEWS OF CHICAGO.

Chicago has five Jewish congregations. The K. Anshay Maarab (Men of the West) is the oldest, and was formed eighteen years ago. They first met for divine service in the upper part of the south-west corner of Lake and Wells Streets. Subsequently they built a synagogue on leased ground on South Clark Street. This edifice, in a much enlarged and improved condition however, now stands on the corner of Adams and Wells Streets. The Rev. L. Adler is the talented and learned rabbi of this congregation, which now numbers about one hundred and fifty members, prominent among whom are the Messrs. Rosenfeld and Rosenberg, A. Kohn, and M. M. Gertsley.

The K. B'nay Shalom (Sons of Peace) was organized in 1854. Their new and nicely arranged synagogue, at the corner of Harrison Street and Fourth Avenue, was erected in 1864. The officiating rabbi of this congregation is the Rev. S. Loewenthal. The congregation is a large one; prominent among which are Messrs. A. Herzog, Jonas Moore, and S. Harris.

The third congregation, in regard to age, is the Sinai Congregation, whose first public service was held on the twenty-first day of June, 1861. Its temple is at the corner of Van Buren Street and Third Avenue. The congregation has over one hundred members, promi-

nent among whom are Messrs. B. Schoeneman, G. Snyder, Leopold Mayer, and J. M. Stine.

The youngest congregation is the Zion Congregation. Its temple is the former Second Tabernacle Baptist Church, on Desplaines Street, near Washington, in the West Division. The dedication service was held on Sept. 20, 1864. Service is held every Saturday at 10 A.M., including regular sermons in the German language. Occasionally, however, English discourses are delivered.

The congregation was organized by thirty-five members, and now numbers about eighty; prominent among whom are the energetic president of the congregation, Henry Greenebaum, Esq.; the vice-president, Mr. Moses Reineman; the secretary, Gen. Edward S. Salomon; Messrs. Haas and Powell, M. Beers, and the Rubel brothers. This congregation has a library association connected with it, which bids fair to become a useful institution. The minister of this congregation is the Rev. Dr. Bernhard Felsenthal, favorably known to all of the German and many of the American scientific men of Chicago. He is about forty years of age. He was born in Rhenish Bavaria, and received his scientific education particularly in the renowned institutions of learning in Munich, the capital of his native State. From early youth he showed a predilection for Hebrew lore; and a wonderfully retentive memory, with a powerful, perceptive intellect, and a deep, logical thought, combined with his uninterrupted and steady application to study, have brought forth in him their legitimate fruits. His thorough scholarship in Hebrew and kindred languages, his intimate acquaintance with the Bible, Talmud, and rabbinical literature, rank him

one of the first theologians of our day. He has published several pamphlets, and a number of articles in theological periodicals, which have met the most appreciative public acknowledgments of the greatest rabbis both of Europe and America; prominent among whom were Drs. Geiger, Holdheim, Stein, Einhorn, and Adler. The Rev. Dr. Felsenthal is a man whom, at the first sight, nobody would credit with the possession of rich learning. He is modest, almost to a fault, pays little attention to outward appearance, and is somewhat awkward even in his manner. But, as one gets more acquainted with him, and begins to realize the eminent attainments of the reverend gentleman, his acute judgment upon any subject, matter, or controversy that may be presented to him, his moral rectitude, the manifest excellences of his private character,—then, indeed, we are led to respect and admire him for the modest, unassuming, scholarly gentleman that he is.

The Rev. Dr. Felsenthal is the father of Jewish reform in Chicago. The formation of the Sinai Congregation, in 1861, was due to his own direct efforts. He filled the pulpit of the Sinai congregation for three years, when he accepted the place in the Zion Congregation. To one unaccustomed to hearing him, he is not a fascinating speaker, his manner of expression being wanting in force and distinct enunciation. On the other hand, there is an earnestness, truthfulness, and consummate skill in his manner of treating his text from the pulpit, which his hearers deeply acknowledge and appreciate. The Rabbi of the Sinai congregation is Dr. I. Chronick, a sterling character, an acknowledged orator, and of a thorough liberal education.



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

THE REV. WILLIAM W. PATTON, D.D.

THE Rev. William Western Patton, D.D., is one of the most distinguished clergymen in the city. He comes in his ancestry from the land of the Puritans, — the cradle land of the religion, the civilization, and the liberty of America. The faith which he holds was the faith of the Puritan fathers, those English refugees who fled from the persecution of the Church and the State to the sanctuary of the primeval forest, that they might enjoy what we all now possess ; namely, freedom to worship God.

Those venerable fathers and mothers, those high, brave, and beautiful brothers and sisters, who left Delft Haven, in Holland, in that little ship which carried Christianity and its fortunes to the New World, brought with them also the denominational doctrines which Dr. Patton, in common with hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens, cherishes to-day with such holy reverence and love, and which have always been identified with the interests of religion and human liberty. It was this profound faith, and these stern, uncompromising dogmas, which solved the riddle in the brain

of the sphinx of English history, and which, in the days of Charles I., took this tangible form: "Shall absolutism in government and religion remain in England, or shall the people rule in both these spheres?" It was the Independents, or Congregationalists, with Cromwell as their leader and representative, who pronounced against the first, and in favor of the second part of this proposition, which was the upshot of long centuries of struggle and agony between the might which made right, and the right, which, in its turn, in the times of the Commonwealth, made might. It was the question always on the verge of utterance, over which the old sphinx aforesaid had long brooded, with her fiery wings gathering to its full fruition all the inspirations of tradition, of popular achievement, of genius, literature, and law.

It is not a little curious, that dogmas so stern and absolute in their nature, so exclusive, in so far as they are Calvinistic, should be found in history so resolutely enlisted in the service of freedom and progression. The logical sequence of the doctrine, that God has the absolute right to do what he will with his creatures, removed to the arena of politics, would be that the monarch had sole and unappealable power over the people of his government; but the contrary is the fact. Wherever despotism and Calvinism are contemporary in the same country, there is the red hand which burned Servetus at the throat of the despot. Who love freedom like the Swiss? It has passed into a proverb: and the poets, who assimilate all truth, have personified and sexed Liberty, and given her a home among the mountains,—“the *mountain* nymph, sweet Liberty,” as they denominate and localize her.

The New-England Puritans did not come from a mountainous region, but, part of them at least, from the pancake lands of Holland, whose dikes are its mountains, and keep out the sea. But, on the other hand, there are the hills of New England to put in their claim as influences upon the Puritan character, helping to mould them into lovers of liberty, despite the interior creative power of the doctrine of predestination, which bound them and the whole human race in the chains of invincible destiny. They shall have the fullest merit of the plea. We care but little how the fathers came to be such liberty-lovers in politics, while the name of liberty, as a theosophical doctrine, was little short of blasphemy. It is enough for us to know that they, by their goodness and rectitude, their adhesion to the laws and to that eternal Nemesis which includes all law, and is, as we said, above all, laid the foundations of the republic, and secured for all generations a priceless and universal freedom.

So vast and comprehensive are very often in history the development, unfoldings, and final issues of causes, which, in their beginnings were insignificant and mean ! When Pastor Robinson blessed, with outstretched hands and overflowing heart, the kneeling Bradfords and Winslows, the Carters, Chiltons, and Brewsters, men, women, and children, with Miles Standish, the fighting man of the little colony, and Mary Chilton, the beautiful virgin mother of the new America yet to be, tears in her mournful, resigned eyes, looking on, thinking, it might be, the same thoughts, although from widely different stand-points, — when good old Robinson, who had been their pastor in Holland so long, thus prayed over them, and blessed them, previous to their perilous

embarkation from Delft Haven, whither they had fled from England some twelve years before, that they might enjoy the same privileges of worship which were now once more the object of their search in another hemisphere, he never dreamed of the mighty energies which slumbered in their souls, nor of the mighty issues which, so to speak it, were to proceed from their loins. Could he have beheld in some apocalyptic vision the future of to-day, — crowded with all the luminous pictures of a wonderful civilization; a mighty nation clustered around it, obedient for the most part to the injunctions of that high law which these solemn and earnest Puritans had adopted for their own government; God worshipped everywhere in tens of thousands of temples built to his honor, — not amazement alone would have taken possession of him, but fear and terror and trembling, like one who, in some hitherto undiscovered region of divine art, stands appalled before the splendor and sublimity of his own creation. As it was, he saw nothing but the human forms before him, a little company of devout, indomitable Christians, who were, for their souls' sake, and the glory of God, adventuring into an unknown land, whose coasts were guarded by stony dragons upcast from the fiery depths of chaos, by the wrath of the primal earthquakes, — an inhospitable land, doomed to wither under the enchantments of frost and snow, and the curse of the east wind, nine months in the year, with scarcely summer enough to mature the food of man in the churlish earth.

Who could have prophesied the astounding miracle of America, from the humble portents of these poor, persecuted Pilgrims? We are told that they had very

little to do with American civilization ; that trade, commerce, English literature and laws, English thought and politics, were the greatest, almost the sole, aids of this consummation. But these, without that inexorable Calvinism, and its quenchless integrity, to animate them all, might each have been, even now, an isolation, like floating sea-drift, without a pilot, instead of being organized into a republic, which is the hope and aim of the world. From their first appearance in history as a religious body, — from before the times of Wycliffe, when they were known as Lollards, and had become so numerous that, during his lifetime, in the native county of the great reformer, scholar, and preacher (the county of Leicester), every third man one met was a Lollard, the Roman Church to the contrary notwithstanding, — down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when they were first called Puritans, they have always been the announcers and the defenders of freedom. The blood of their martyrs has become a crimson river, which flows past the gates of death, bearing whole armies of immortal souls to the glory and the liberty of eternal life. They preserved the glad tidings of the gospel, as far as possible, in their full integrity for centuries, when the Church had done its utmost to darken the land by extinguishing that great light. In their secret meetings, these tidings were orally declared unto them. They were the first, the original, defiant *Protestants*, that, contemporaneous with the dominant and long-established Church, kept pure the faith, and clung to their own simple forms of worship, when the punishment for that surpassing crime was excommunication, the ban, the dungeon, the rack, or the fagot. Wycliffe's translation of the Scrip-

tures gave a new impetus to the spiritual life of that time, and a new boldness to the courage of the confessors. What that boldness was, how matchless that courage, how sublime that faith, let the martyrdoms of Jerome of Prague and John Huss, the embodiments of Lollardism on the continent, proclaim to the deathless honor of these heroes of the Cross. Their course is a track of fire all through the subsequent history. They were the braves of Elizabeth's time, after the Reformation had given them, as they hoped, the freedom which they had always struggled for against the most powerful hierarchy that was ever banded together in the name of a God; and it was the Puritan ploughmen of Cromwell who rode down the cavaliers at Marston Moor, and in a score of other battles, and gave their boasted commonwealth to the English. It is to them also, as we said, that we are indebted for freedom in America; and it is very remarkable that these same Puritans should have brought with them to this country, in the formula of their church government, which they had used for centuries, the miniature model of a perfect republic. It looks almost like a design of Providence. We believe that it was so. Well might Hume say that "to this sect the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution." Well might they receive the splendid eulogies of Macaulay and Carlyle. Well might Brougham say "that they were worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance for the unshaken fortitude with which at all times they have maintained their attachment to civil liberty; men to whose ancestors England will ever acknowledge a boundless debt of gratitude as long as freedom is prized among us."

For they carried about with them the secret of their union and power, and had it all ready in the ripe time of God when America wanted it.

Puritanism, or, as it is now chiefly denominated, Congregationalism, is republicanism in its best and simplest form. De Tocqueville, with his keen scent for remote causes, finds the whole American form of government in the New-England town-meeting, and that was a duplicate of the church-meeting. Each congregation elects its own officers, including the pastor or bishop, and gives an equal vote to every member, itself being judge of the qualifications of the members. No one among them is superior to the rest. All are equal. The Church is the supreme power, as it was in the days of the Apostles. The ecclesiastical principles and practices of the Puritan settlers of New England are known to have shaped their political institutions, and these in time affected our national Constitution. Thomas Jefferson, who had much to do in forming these institutions, attended occasionally the meetings of a church near his residence, that was conducted upon congregational principles, and he pronounced it to be the "only form of pure democracy in the world," and added, that "he thought it would be the best plan of government for the American colonies."

A profound historical as well as sectarian interest attaches, therefore, as we have seen, to this religious denomination, which includes some of the greatest names in the world as its members, and among them those of John Milton and Oliver Cromwell. Its record in this country is crowded with high triumphs in all the departments of literature, religion, and art. It is,

perhaps, the most pronounced of all the sects, and yet it is by no means an uncommon thing to hear the question asked: "What are the religious principles of Congregationalism?" We will endeavor briefly to answer the question. The early Puritans of New England, particularly of Connecticut, were Nonconformists, and not Separatists; and were strongly attached to the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, which possesses a Calvinistic creed and an Arminian clergy. They adopted quite early the Westminster Confession (1648), nevertheless, and believed its doctrinal articles to be the same with those of the Church of England in meaning. The churches and ministers of Connecticut, in 1703, met in a consociated council, and consented both to the Westminster and the Savoy Confessions, which they have retained as their religious platform for more than two hundred years.

It is, therefore, no fault of theirs if the creed which they profess is not generally known. Good, quaint, grim old Cotton Mather says the same complaint was made in his time, whereupon the "New-England churches took all the occasions imaginable to make all the world know that they agreed with the doctrine of the Reformed churches of Europe." In these modern times, each church makes its own confession; and yet, although they possess both the right and the might to make what alterations they please in the standard platform, a singular harmony prevails among the churches in respect to all the grand cardinal doctrines of Christianity. It is true, that the grosser forms of the doctrine of predestination are a good deal polished and refined to what they were in Cot-

ton Mather's days ; but there it is yet, intact in every essential feature. Antinomianism, however, is clean gone ; and no one now believes what we ourselves once heard a very hard-shell Calvinist declare in his pulpit, — that there are “ children crawling about hell not a span long.” But in the stead of this benighted apology for the absolute sovereignty of God, we have the dear little children and the white lilies and the beautiful Christ associated together in the imagery of the Christian Paradise.

The Congregationalists believe in the Bible as God's word and man's infallible guide ; in the Trinity ; in the fall of man, and his consequent entire depravity and lost condition ; in Jesus Christ as the atonement for sin by his passion on the cross ; that whoso repents of sin and believes in Christ will be pardoned, justified, and saved, through that faith alone, and not through any personal merits ; that all who are thus justified, through faith in Christ, are renewed by the Holy Ghost, according to God's eternal purpose, and will owe their preservation in holiness, and their final salvation, to grace alone ; that the children of God are created in Christ Jesus unto good works, and that a renewed heart will evince itself in the various acts and duties of an obedient and holy life ; that there are two sacraments, that of the Lord's Supper, and that of Baptism ; that the latter is to be administered to none but believers and their households, and that the Lord's Supper is to be received by his disciples ; in the resurrection of the dead, and that God will hereafter judge all men, and award to them eternal happiness, or eternal misery.

Such is the formula of the faith of the Congrega-

tionalists, as the articles thereof are set down in the programme of Dr. Patton's Church. Any person may become a member of the communion who shall give credible evidence of his piety, and assent to the creed and the covenant, which latter is an instrument binding the novitiate to the Church and the Christian life. The government, as we have already said, is vested in the members of the Church proper, and in them alone. There is no authority superior to them.

There is, however, a General Association belonging to each State, composed of delegates from the smaller ones; but in Illinois it embraces all the pastors, and a delegate from each church. It is an annual assembly, and the object of it is to learn the religious condition and the general prosperity of the various churches; to give advice upon matters of benevolence, doctrine, and discipline. They possess, however, no kind of ecclesiastical power. They are for mutual help and brotherhood, not for mastership. Nor is it obligatory that any church should send delegates at all to the Association, although its importance and uses in the interests of the denominational religion are obvious enough.

Nearly all the old traditionary forms of church government are preserved; but in many cases they are put to new uses, and their functions are different. There are, for example, Ecclesiastical Councils; but these exist solely for offices of love, admonition, and advice, not for judgment and command. If a pastor be invited to take charge of a church, "letters missive" are sent to the neighboring churches to invite them to be present at a given time, by their pastors and delegates, to form an Ecclesiastical Council to examine

the proposed pastor, and to act in behalf of the Church in the exercises of installation. If a pastor is dismissed, a similar council is called to advise and act for the Church interested, and to give the minister a parting letter of recommendation. Ecclesiastical Councils are also a sort of courts of appeal against alleged acts of injustice committed against a church-member; and, although their judgments are not absolute, they rarely fail, by their advice, to enforce accommodation and an adjustment of grievances which are satisfactory to all the parties.

These are the chief institutes of the Congregational society. The equal participation of all the members in the government of their churches, by interesting them in these affairs, and imposing a personal responsibility, necessarily makes them intelligent, active, and independent Christians; and the ministers, being accountable only to the Churches, are as brave and free as the people. They are by this constitution a progressive society. If the pastor be in advance of the Church, and can make them of his mind, they have the inherent power and authority to change their articles of belief, and have done so on more than one occasion, without, however, infringing upon any cardinal doctrine as held by the so-called Orthodox Christians.

The First Congregational Church of Chicago sprang from the Third Presbyterian Church. It is at once a sad, curious, and brave history. Many of the old warriors and lovers of liberty in this city were once in connection with the General Assembly of Presbyterians, through their organization, the Third Presbyterian Church. They abhorred slavery, because they

loved Christ and His liberty; and they found that the General Assembly was too prone to overlook the national disease, very desirous of hiding the gangrene from their eyes, and making of it not a thing accursed and accursing, but a necessity of the Christian State that ordained it, sanctioned it, and legislated for it. As Christian confessors, they wanted the New School Presbyterian General Assembly to wipe this blot from the fair escutcheon of their honor. It was hoped that this would have been done at Detroit, during the session of that body there in 1850; but when the action of that Assembly "proved to be equivocal," says the official circular of Dr. Patton's Church, or capable of conflicting Northern and Southern interpretations, and there was reason to suppose that it was designed to be thus "Delphic," the Third Presbyterian Church suspended all co-operation, till a Christian heart should beat under the ribs of that so-called Christian Assembly, and the judicatories of the Church should hasten right action. They did not secede, but nobly resolved, "That this Church, so long as this vacillating policy is pursued, hereby declare their determination to stand aloof from all meetings of Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly; and thus, as they believe, free and relieve themselves from all responsibility." Forty-two out of sixty-eight members approved this resolution. But the Presbytery of Chicago met in hot haste, and, after pronouncing it to be irregular and disorderly, required the Church to rescind the resolution. The Church said, "No! we have taken our stand upon the platform of freedom to all men made in God's image, and redeemed by the blood of Christ, and we will not rescind it." Then the Assembly voted that

the names signed to the resolution should be struck from the church-roll. Those members who were not present at the vote, but who signed it afterward, were not cut off by the Presbytery, "evidently," says the circular, "to avoid the singular appearance of excluding the majority of the Church, and declaring the minority to be the Church."

The First Congregational Church grew out of this difficulty. It was organized by the aid of a regular Ecclesiastical Council on the 22d of May, 1851. Forty-eight persons consented to the articles of faith and to the covenant. Their names follow:—

RECEIVED WITHOUT LETTER. — Philo Carpenter, Mrs. Ann Carpenter, Trumbull Kent, John Sheriffs, Benj. F. Worrell, William H. Worrell, John Davis, D. E. Davis, Mrs. M. E. Davis, J. H. Morris, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Lydia Clifford, H. B. Mills, Walter Lull, Henry McArthur.

RECEIVED BY LETTER. — George R. Sloat, Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. M. Mack, Elisha Clark, Mrs. E. Clark, Hannah Bragg, Samuel Aiken, Mrs. S. Aiken, Cornelia G. Sloat, Mrs. P. Crawford, Mrs. Jane Mason, Mrs. S. Holbrook, Amos Holbrook, Ellen Holbrook, L. H. Holbrook, Susan Holbrook, Harriet Bristol, Mrs. M. Ready, Mrs. Emeline Kent, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. E. Gaffney, Mrs. Mary Andrews, William Rawson, Mrs. S. Rawson, Mrs. M. J. Worrell, Mrs. E. Croner, Mrs. J. A. Ensworth, Mrs. Sarah Lull, Abby S. Dyer, Carlisle Mason, J. F. Lawrence, Mrs. J. F. Lawrence, Caroline Mills.

A small house of worship was shortly after erected, of wood, on West Washington Street, in which the Church assembled till the edifice was destroyed by fire in June, 1853. A second building, also of wood, was provided on Green Street, where public worship was held till October, 1855, when the present spacious and substantial edifice of stone was completed, with

the exception of a corner tower and spire, and dedicated to the service of God. After several temporary arrangements for the supply of the pulpit, the Rev. George W. Perkins was, in June, 1854, invited to become the pastor of the Church, and entered upon his labors in September of the same year, though not formally installed till January, 1855. His labors continued with great acceptance and success, till, to the grief of the Church and the whole Christian community, he was removed by death, November 13, 1856, and was succeeded by the Rev. William W. Patton, the present pastor, in the following year.

The number of the Congregational Churches in America is 2,400, and the communicants 230,000. Dr. Patton's Church is, like the rest of the Orthodox Churches of the denomination, Calvinistic in creed, and free in polity. It is composed of men and women of known and well-tried piety and love, and of great active benevolence. All the schemes which are devised by the Christian world to help and succor the poor and the needy receive its hearty support, both of will and deed, of word and purse. They do not send the humblest of God's servants away from God's doors, to beg alms of unbelievers and scoffers. They do not do that, to their honor be it said. Many good benevolence societies originated with them. The Congregationalists founded the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Tract Society, the modern temperance movement, and various systematic operations in behalf of our brave sailors.

The Rev. William W. Patton, D.D., was born in New York, October 19, 1821. His hair is prematurely

gray, and he looks, therefore, much older than his real age. He is the son of the Rev. William Patton, D.D., well known for years as one of the most prominent members of the Presbyterian Church in the city of New York, although he is now connected with the Congregationalists. His wife was from Massachusetts, and Dr. Patton of Chicago is their oldest living son. He graduated at the University of New York in 1839, being then not quite eighteen years old, and at the Union Theological Seminary in the same city in 1842. Though brought up in the religion of his father, his convictions were in favor of Congregationalism; and hence, though licensed by the Third Presbytery of New York, he was ordained to the ministry by a Congregational council at Boston, January 18, 1843, where he spent five years as pastor of the Phillips Church, and then removed to Hartford, Conn., where he remained as pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church for eleven years. On January 8, 1857, he became pastor of the First Congregational Church in Chicago, where he still remains; being in the tenth year of his pastorate here, and the second in pastoral age among the clergy of the city.

In 1863 he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Asbury University, Indiana, — a leading Methodist college, — in view, perhaps, of the friendly relations which, though a Calvinist, he has always cultivated with that body of Christians, and in view also of the various articles on theological topics which he has contributed to the "Methodist Quarterly Review."

Dr. Patton has always been an avowed and active anti-slavery man, and has lived to see the fulfilment

of all his hopes. His Church flourishes abundantly, — could hardly do otherwise, with so conscientious a pastor, and people who dared to break loose even from their own denomination, when its convictions demanded it. The communicants number 553, and this is said to be the largest membership of any Protestant Church in the city. They gave, with the congregation, in 1865, \$16,000, in addition to their own church expenses, in benevolent objects. The Church is entirely out of debt, and has just dedicated the first mission chapel in the city, at the corner of West Indiana and Morgan Streets.

The First Congregational Church stands at the corner of West Washington and Green Streets. It is of stone, seats about a thousand persons, and is filled both above and below every sabbath, by an intelligent congregation. The pastor's study is in the church edifice, and there is a parlor opposite to it designed for the social gatherings of the people.

This noble Church also sustains several sabbath schools in different localities, requiring the personal aid of every member not providentially disabled. There are the Home, or Central School, held in the Church lecture-room after the morning service, — an adult Bible class in the parlor, and an infant school in the Church audience-room going on at the same time; the Industrial School, on Union Street, near Owen Street; North School, on the corner of Curtis and Third Streets; South School, on the corner of Twelfth and Balsted Streets; and the West School, west of Union Park, on West Washington Street, near Wood Street.

Congregationalism has a great work to do in the

West. Its form of government, being so decidedly democratic, cannot fail to help political as well as religious liberty wherever it exists; and there is no reason why the glory of its future career in the Western wilderness should not eclipse the transcendent glory of its history in Europe and the East.





FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE REV. WILLIAM W. EVERTS, D.D.

WE are now to speak of the Baptist denomination in our city, — a task of more than common pleasure, on account of the worth and nobility both of the pastor and the people who are to be the subject of this sketch. There are twelve Baptist churches in Chicago and Evanston, four mission schools, and four other educational institutions connected with the denomination. We propose to speak of them as they rank in order of time, beginning with the first.

No denomination of Christians has done more for the spread of religious truth in the West than the Baptists. The First Baptist Church in Chicago is also the first Baptist church in the West. At the very dawn of our civilization, — long before the present metropolis had its being even in embryo, — did the early missionaries of this religious body find their way into the wilderness, crying aloud to the wild hunters and trappers, to the frontiersmen and settlers, to the savage Indians and the scattered farmers everywhere, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make His paths straight." It was no rose-water undertaking at that

time. The country was still unsettled; the Indians were far from being friendly toward the whites, and frequently outnumbered them. At the best, Chicago was a mere trading-post, and no one imagined that it would ever become a great city. Indeed, so late as 1836, it was generally supposed that Calumet would be selected for a harbor, and become the great centre of business transactions in the West. So prevalent was this idea, that some of the chief traders removed to that locality from Chicago, and among them was Mr. John Gurley, who, however, soon found out his error, and returned in 1837, to make an immense fortune, and see the little Indian village grow up into "something considerable" of a city.

The old fort, which then stood adjacent to the ground now occupied by the lighthouse, was the place where the first religious services were held in Chicago.

In 1833, however, the settlers had become numerous enough to hire a place, which was for some time afterward occupied exclusively for religious purposes. It was the first floor of a small frame building, on the corner of South Water and Franklin Streets, and was removed not long ago, to give place to Mr. C. Jackson's large brick store, which is an ornament and a credit to the locality. That unpretending house was the first ever used in the city for regular Protestant services. The Roman Catholics had a small chapel on Lake Street; and there was a log-hut on the North Branch, just above the forks of the river, where a stalwart gunsmith, called Brother See, who repaired the hunting weapons of the Indians, used to congregate his wild hearers on the blessed sabbath days, and preach to them in his homely way the homely truths

of the gospel. This man was a Methodist, and very popular with the savages and the semi-civilized trappers and frontiersmen, who used to come into the village on those days, and listen to his rude appeals, his dreadful threatenings, his dramatic representations of the grand and awful imagery of the day of judgment. He was quite a character in the wilderness, and believed, to some necessary extent, in muscular Christianity, and was a good workman and citizen. How many intensely interesting pictures of those primitive times have we lost, for the want of a pen-and-ink limner! — pictures that can never be recalled, that would have been valuable to the historian, the poet, and the artist. Fancy Brother See, in his greasy, patched old coat of frieze, more than half worn out before the little schooner which visited the colony twice a year brought him a new one from the East. There he stands in the dingy hut, open to the rafters; a pine board nailed on the top of a stake which was driven into the bare ground, for a pulpit desk, and all around him the red faces of the black-haired savages, whose many-colored blankets are their only covering; the strongly marked, weather-beaten faces of the settlers, all of them rudely dressed, — some of them in blue and red shirts open in front, without tie or neck-gearing of any sort; venerable old hunters with a wolf-skin thrown over their shoulders, rifle in hand, with or without shoes, as the case may be; some in moccasins and brogans, having a powder-horn and shot-belt around the waist, along with a knife and hatchet; tall, handsome young pioneers, having their wives and children with them, perhaps, who have come from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and the forests of Maine, to build for

themselves a home here in the West,—descendants of the Puritans, who cannot forget their early religious instruction, and are grateful to Brother See for his rustic but profitable ministrations.

The sunlight streams through the unglazed windows and the open door of the log-hut, illuminating the motley congregation, and transfiguring them with a glory which they know not of, lighting up the face of the black-visaged preacher, making his two eyes like stars flash with a fire that almost seems supernatural, and to their untutored minds deepens the terror or the joy of his words.

This Methodist log-hut, and the other two aforementioned places of worship, were all the temples that Chicago could boast of at that time. There was no set singing at the log-hut, owing to the deficiency of "the folks" in the organ of tune; or, as the recorder of these early annals has it, "singing was omitted!" The houses of the settlers, however, were always open to prayer-meetings and preachings; and the various religionists lived together in harmony, and without jealousies. That little first floor in the building at the corner of South Water and Franklin Streets was the house of worship common to all; and Brothers Freeman, Porter, and Whitehead, missionaries of the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian societies, used, in those primitive days, to sit side by side at the back of the pulpit, which was "no bigger than an ice-box," and take their turns in addressing the people. "The choir" was a term unknown to these unadorned Christians. The congregation was the choir, as it always should be.

The Methodists were among the earliest pioneers

of religion in Chicago. They were represented here, in 1831, by Jesse Walker, and their first quarterly meeting was held at Watkin's school-house, in the fall of 1833, on the south-west corner of Clark and old North Water Streets. From this year the interests of religion gradually grew in strength, and all the various denominations began to flourish; and from that time there has been no retrogression here.

The history of the Baptist enterprise is singularly interesting, and possesses many romantic features. Nearly the first official act of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, which was organized in the city of New York in 1832, was the appointment of the Rev. Alfred B. Freeman to labor as a missionary in northern Illinois. He came to Chicago in August, 1833, and we have already seen him in active service, preaching and praying, in conjunction with his clerical brethren of the other Protestant sects.

Whether the church in which they held their services in common was built by the Baptist friends or not, we have no means of determining. In a little tract, called "A History of the First Baptist Church," now going through the press, we learn that on the 19th of October, 1833, the First Baptist Church of Chicago and of the North-west — indeed, north of Peoria — was organized; but whether the edifice spoken of in the same tract, which cost \$600, was the same as the one previously alluded to by us, is the difficulty. We are inclined to think it is not, but that it is distinct and exclusively denominational. There were fourteen members present at the organization, — the Rev. A. B. Freeman, S. T. Jackson, Martin D. Harmon, Peter Moore, Nat. Carpenter, John K. Sargents, Peter War-

den, Willard Jones, Eben Crane, Samanthe Harmon, Lucinda Jackson, Betsey Crane, Hannah C. Freeman, and Susannah Rice.

From this small beginning have grown up the extensive Baptist churches and their accessories and interests in Chicago. Mr. Freeman went about from house to hut, from hut to wigwam, from wigwam to trapper's lodge, far and near, around the city, to discover old friends, and make new converts. He was chosen pastor of the Church for one year, from the first of that month; but before the period terminated, on the 15th of December, 1834, while prosecuting with unremitting toil his missionary work, seeking out, not only among the people coming to this place, but also, as we said, upon the prairies around, the straying disciples, and endeavoring to organize them into churches, the good man ceased from his labors, and entered upon that rest which remaineth for the people of God. So says the tract alluded to above. "I die at my post, and in my Master's work!" were his last words. He lies buried in the old cemetery, and it is in hand to mark his remains by an appropriate monument. Sixteen new members were added to the Church during his brief connection with it, twelve by letter and four by baptism. He baptized his converts in the waters of Lake Michigan, "amid the quiet of the sabbath, not broken then as now, people of all sects gathering upon the shore, and little groups of wondering Indians looking on from afar;" which is another picture of those early times.

Beside these additions to his own Church, five new churches had sprung upon the surrounding prairies, as the result of his loving and persistent labors; and it

was the exposure consequent upon these labors which put an end to his valuable life. It was soon found necessary to enlarge their boundaries, owing to the great increase of members and attendants; and they were fortunate enough to secure a donation from the State, under the provision of the dedication law, by which they were put into possession of a lot at the corner of Washington and La Salle Streets, measuring 180 by 80 feet. This was in the year 1835, when the Rev. J. T. Hinton was inaugurated the second pastor, and soon afterward sent East to obtain subscriptions for the erection of a suitable place of worship. He met with but poor encouragement, returning with a subscription list of only \$846.48. They seemed to think a good deal of it, however, and it stirred them up to active work and generosity among themselves. They laid in the foundations of the new temple, and prepared a good deal of the wood-work; but the crisis of 1836-37 so completely demolished the enterprise that they finally equipped a frame building, which had been erected as a temporary workshop, and converted it into a church, where with additions and improvements they worshipped God until the year 1844, handing over one of these additions to the colored brethren of the Methodist Church on Jackson Street.

The Rev. Mr. Hinton removed to St. Louis in 1841, and was succeeded, after an interval of some months, by the Rev. C. B. Smith, who entered upon the duties of the office in September, 1842. The next year the pastorate became vacant, and a number of members, in all thirty-two, withdrew and formed the Second Baptist or Tabernacle Church.

In 1844 the Church resolved to erect a new church,

although they were not so rich in this world's goods as they are now, and were compelled to make many sacrifices of personal ease and comfort, to enable them to contribute each his share in the great work which they had undertaken. The Rev. E. H. Hamlin was appointed the new pastor, in January, 1844; and, in due time, funds were raised to the amount of \$5,000, and a brick building was erected 55 by 80 feet, where the Church and congregation continued to worship, until it was destroyed by fire in 1852. Mr. Hamlin's resignation took place in July, 1845, and he was succeeded, in October of the same year, by the Rev. Miles Sandford, who remained here two years, until he was called to a church in Massachusetts.

The next pastor was a man of great mental and moral endowments, who, as Byron said of Henry Kirke White, adorned even the sacred functions that he was called upon to assume. This was the Rev. Elisha Tucker, D.D., who was for some time pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church in New York. A man of great energy, and ceaseless devotion to the work of the ministry, he won many souls to Christ, and the love of all good hearts to himself. He was a handsome, well-formed man, with a large and lofty forehead, an eye full of sunshine, and his whole face beaming with heavenly radiations. The Baptists had never before associated with their Church a man of such strong personal attractions, eminent talents, and unobtrusive learning and piety. His eloquence in the pulpit was the theme of every tongue, while his social bearing and conduct was in the highest degree refined and conciliatory. He was not destined, however, to a long course of usefulness in this new and wide field

of labor. He worked faithfully and successfully for two years and a half, when he was seized with paralysis, and cut off in the prime of his life, and the glory of his days. During his connection with the Church, as many had been added to the membership as in the eighteen years of all her previous history.

During the year and a half preceding the death of Dr. Tucker, the pulpit was supplied by various ministers, until, in October, 1852, the Rev. J. C. Burroughs, now President of the University of Chicago, was chosen pastor. On the 20th of the same month, the church was totally destroyed by fire, while workmen were repairing the roof. This occurred at noon, and the next day a meeting was called, and a committee appointed for the purpose of building a new one. On the 4th of July, 1853, the corner-stone was laid; and on the 12th of November following, the house was dedicated. With such despatch do the Chicago Baptists restore the temple of the Lord in cases of sudden damage and desolation. The new chapel cost \$30,000.

Dr. Burroughs resigned his pastorate in May, 1856, and went over to the University. Stephen A. Douglas gave ten acres of land to the Baptist denomination, situated in the suburbs of the city, and it was chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Burroughs that they were secured. It was through his exertions, also, and those of the Rev. J. B. Olcott, that money enough was raised to add a wing to the University building. Another member of this Church, Professor A. M. Mixer, raised large subscriptions for the observatory and main building of the University. All this shows that the Church is full of every sort of activities, energies, and practical talents, as well as religious life and experience.

Nor is this all. The great work of colonization has spread from this mother Church all over the city. Churches have been organized, new temples to the living God have been erected, mission schools established ; and after thus taking good care of the destitute at home, it has sent its missionaries abroad to many lands and climes, to proclaim the glorious gospel of peace and love to all mankind.

The Wabash Avenue Church was organized in the South Division of the city, almost exclusively from the members of this Church, under Dr. Burroughs' pastorate, and 200 members were added to the Church.

There is no need of acts of the Legislature to enforce church extension in Chicago, as there seems to be, from all accounts, in England. Here churches swarm from each other like bees in summer, — swarm naturally, and with overflowing love. Dr. W. G. Howard, of the Second Baptist Church of Rochester, is no sooner chosen to succeed Dr. Burroughs (in May, 1856), than in September following, the Union Park Church is organized ; and in November of the next year, the North Church is also created, mainly from members of the aboriginal mother ; and in April, members who have removed to Evanston form themselves also into a new Church, praising the name of the great Alma Mater.

Dr. Howard remained pastor until 1859, when he removed to New Orleans, having, under God, added 220 new communicants to the Church during his ministry.

At last, in May, 1859, the Rev. W. W. Everts, D.D., comes upon the scene. He has been minister of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Louisville, Ky., for

some years. He is an old pioneer, a mighty laborer in the vineyards of the Lord, — stamping all his work with the seals of his individuality and character, — descending upon the dark places of the earth like a conqueror, rolling over them the chariots of his Master's glory, and proclaiming as with the trumpets of the mighty cataract the glad news of salvation for all people and kindreds and tongues and tribes, under the pitying heaven of God. The very man for the West, — not because of any peculiar darkness there may be here, but on account of the vast extent of its boundaries, the manliness of the people, their hospitality, and love of good things and good natures. They need a man to deal with them, not a journeyman, — one who can and will sympathize with them in their sorrows and joys; be true to their faults, follies, and sins; faithfully admonishing them while he encouraged their virtues, and sunned them into the fruition of a noble life; not succumbing to them in any case, and especially not on account of their wealth and worldly estate; but one who should be to them in all respects — and in the highest most of all — a man and a brother; not forgetting their humanity in his zeal for their salvation, nor their salvation in his love of their humanity; setting not faith too high, nor works too low, but measuring the former by the latter, and the latter by the former; a wise counsellor in involved cases; a steadfast friend in troublous trials, and on great and difficult occasions; not buoying up the soul with false hopes, nor overwhelming it with despair in prospect of the river of death, but accompanying it, like Faithful in the priceless book of the great Baptist tinker, in prison for conscience' sake in Bedford jail, —

accompanying it in the dark waters, and saying to it, as he said to Christian, "Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom; it is good." The "shining ones" on the other side will do the rest after that.

Precisely such a man as this, is Dr. Everts. He succeeded Dr. Howard in May, 1859, and from that time to this, the march of the Church has been like a royal progress through triumphant arches and over roads strewn with flowers, amid the glorifyings of redeemed souls, and the acclamations of men and of angels. Works of great practical benevolence mark its progress all the way. Educational enterprises, mission sabbath schools, and a wonderful spiritual fertility, evidenced in numerous church organizations, the offshoots and colonies of the original First Church, are the proofs of its triumph, and the children of its glorious life. The Church was heavily in debt when he accepted the pastorate. Fourteen thousand dollars hung like an incubus round her neck, crippled her energies, and retarded her advancement. That debt must be paid, and he resolved, by God's help, to pay it. On the ever memorable sabbath of September 25, 1859, he preached a sermon from the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us," in which he set forth in such jewelled words of persuasive eloquence the riches of the love of God, through Christ Jesus our Lord, in the salvation of the world, and set forth in such enraptured imagery the glory of the life eternal, that time, and the joys of time, shrunk into a mere projected dream of airy and empty nothingness, a name; and all the wealth of the world was shrivelled into dross compared with the matchless glories of the heavenly and the immortal world. And men's hearts were melted

as they never were before: they were seized by a mighty spiritual *anastasis*; they were exalted into the region of the angels; selfishness dropped from them like a garment; they were ready to give themselves, to give their all, in love for the dear God who had given so much to them; and the result was that in forty minutes they were pledged to pay twelve thousand dollars of the debt.

As a climax to the above golden event, we have still to record the fact, that, on the following Tuesday, a re-union of the Church and society was held for mutual congratulation over the success of the efforts thus made; and that there, amid the jubilations of the assembly, the balance of the \$14,000 was made up, and the Church was free of debt. It is one of the rarest instances even of Christian generosity in our great, generous, Christian America, on the records of history, and will remain, as long as civilization shall exist in the West, at once the stimulus and the pride of the society.

The Shields Mission Sabbath School, in connection with this Church, was founded, and the lots, valued at \$1,400, paid for by a lady of that name, who was a temporary resident in the city, out of regard for Dr. Everts, as well as love for religion. The building was removed, in 1860, from the New Street to a more eligible field of missionary labor. The property, with the recent additions and improvements, is worth \$5,000, and is free of all incumbrance. It belongs to the Church, and was originally called the New Street Mission Sabbath School.

The Bremer Avenue School was also removed to a new location, and a new and beautiful house, com-

bining the functions of a school-house and a church, has been erected, the present value of which is \$5,000. This is well known, especially on the North side, as the North Star School, and is one of the most useful and interesting of all the religious enterprises in the city. The building is a very large and commodious one, and is capable of holding, we should say, upward of twelve hundred children, consisting of infants and more elderly boys and girls. We have visited this great nursery with more pleasure than we can express. The system of instruction is a very happy one, and the children very evidently love their teachers, and the minister who talks to them so well in their own sphere of understanding. We have seen the great body of the hall full of all sorts of children, from the poor waifs of society to the boys and girls of respectable God-fearing parents. From 800 to 1,000, we should say, the basement floor will hold; and on a Sunday they are taught short Scripture lessons, mingled with songs and music, and interesting and instructive lecture talk. The upper floor, at the extreme end of the building, is divided from this main floor by a partition, and here the tiny infants are mustered on Sundays, and made as happy, almost, as if they were playing among the grass and flowers in the blessed sunshine. They are all cared for. No one is rejected. The bad are reclaimed, the good confirmed and strengthened in their tendency to the right and true, to religion and God. It is an unspeakable blessing, this great, free school, taught by voluntary teachers, who forego their own private privileges that they may become nursing fathers and workers for the Church of Christ. The worldling laughs at these things; but in reality they

are the beginnings of a glorious immortality ; and these young men and women, these elder men and women, who go there Sunday after Sunday, without fee or reward, content with the smile of God and the approval of their own consciences, present the sublimest spectacle of self-sacrifice and Christian love and devotion which the world can boast of.

The Mission supports a pastor, the Rev. George L. Wren, who conducts the regular services there on the sabbath day, and at least on one evening of each week. We can testify to the affection which the children entertain for him, as well as the congregation. The superintendents and teachers of these schools have for the most part been members of the First Church.

Dr. Everts has, indeed, been a most laborious minister and pioneer. Almost unaided, he built a brick church of the present value of \$10,000, about half a mile from the University, which was dedicated in 1863, and a sabbath school organized in connection with it, which is conducted by members of the First Church. During the present year, after the organization of a church from members of this and the Wabash Avenue Church, under the name of the Indiana Avenue Baptist Church, the property was transferred by the formal action of the Church to the Church so organized. In other words, this princely and munificent First Baptist Church has given this property to that Church, and the Rev. J. A. Smith, D.D., is the pastor.

In 1864, leading members of the First Church removed to Evanston, and revived the interest there ; built a beautiful church, and settled over it a young clergyman, the Rev. W. J. Leonard.

All this time the mother church has been abundantly prosperous. Upward of three hundred members have been added to it since Dr. Everts became pastor, and he is the head and front of all the progression. Through him, and his love for scholarship, his people have contributed magnificent sums of money to the University, as well as to religious and benevolent associations. They all seem to be actuated by a love of the great Master, — this first and this last with them; so that generosity and the First Baptist Church go hand in hand together, in the mutual love of God and man. It is a noble tribute to their honor, worthy of living for; and it were good to die in the harness of such a cause. The time had now come when the dear old church, the scene of so many triumphs, of so much Christian love and usefulness, was no longer commodious enough for the congregation. Commercial prosperity, too, had pronounced the warrant for a new and more costly undertaking. The conviction also had for some time past been forced upon the Church that the centres of population and business in the city were undergoing such important changes that the time was not far distant when the place of worship must also be changed. The site of the old church was regarded as the most eligible for the new Chamber of Commerce, and a proposal was made by the chief merchants of the city, in connection with that great and influential body, to pay sixty-five thousand dollars for the property, exclusive of the church edifice. This offer was accepted by the Church, and resulted in more munificence on the part of this royal-hearted society. They made a distribution of considerably more than one third of this sum in free gifts to the

different Baptist interests in the city. It was right, and according to the equities of poetical justice, that the golden-mouthed pastor should have a golden-handed people. Whether he had or not, let the following arrangement of the distribution testify. They gave to such members of the Church as should unite with others in forming the Second Baptist Church, in the West Division of the city, the building and fixtures of the former house of worship, valued at \$10,000; to the North Baptist Church, \$6,500; Union Park, \$4,000; Wabash Avenue, \$3,000; Berean, \$1,000; Olivet (colored), \$500.

Some fifty members of the First Church, residing on the West side, together with the members of the Tabernacle Church, organized a new society, under the name of the Second Baptist Church, and carefully removed the old building — mother of so many buildings and interests all over the city and country — to the corner of Monroe and Morgan Streets, where it was re-erected in its former style and arrangement, at a cost of \$20,000. All their churches gladly received and appropriated the moneys thus donated to them; but the particulars of other organizations we must reserve for separate notices.

The First Baptist Church was now necessitated, by the sale of its lot and the gift of its building, to choose a new site and erect a more costly temple. They purchased, therefore, a lot on Wabash Avenue, just south of Hubbard Court, having a frontage of 112 feet, and a depth of 165, to a spacious alley, and measures were inaugurated for the erection of a new church, the estimated cost of which was not less than \$100,000. The rise in values, both of material and labor, put

twenty-five per cent extra, at least, upon this estimate. But the Church that had scattered its thousands like water for the benefit of the Lord's vineyard were nothing abashed at this prospect. They raised about \$100,000, and have now so nearly completed their glorious temple that it may be said to be finished.

It is of the Gothic style of architecture, and covers an area of 13,800 feet, including the main edifice in front, and the transverse building in the rear. The main edifice is 75 by 108 feet. The auditorium is 70 by 105 in the clear, and 56 in height from the floor to the apex, and will furnish sittings for 1,550 people in the pews below and the galleries above.

The transverse building in the rear is 40 by 112 feet. The lecture room will seat 600 people, and is so arranged that on occasions of overcrowded assemblies in the main audience room, it can be opened in connection with the main room, so that, together with the open vestibule, on great occasions, an assembly in the aggregate of 2,000 people may be comfortably seated, and nearly all in full view, as well as within hearing, of the speaker. The sabbath-school room, for design, finish, and adaptation to the Bible classes, infant classes, and the school proper, is conceded to be unsurpassed, if equalled, by any in the country. It will hold 800 scholars, and 1,000 juveniles can be accommodated in its walls on great occasions.

This Church is built in the early English style, or Gothic style of architecture, and is a stone building, with rock face. It is adorned with a spire, which, when finished, will be 225 feet high, and a tower, with gablets and finials, 100 feet high. The aim in proportioning the front, which is a very fine one, was to

produce not so much a rich and elaborate, as a grand and imposing, effect, although there is ornament enough to relieve the openings. The interior of the main audience-room is 70 feet wide in the clear, by 105 feet long, with a height of 55 feet. There are galleries all round, which, with the room below, will hold about 1,500 persons, and, with the school-room arrangement, 2,000. The roof is open-timbered, with a space of 70 feet without columns, and is the largest ceiling of this kind in the country, — a triumph of architectural skill. The spaces on the surface of the ceiling between the timbers are Gothic mouldings, relieved by Gothic ornaments. Spandrel ribs rest on large corbels and the wall, springing from each side, intersecting with great pendants.

It is lighted by six large reflectors in the upper part of it, containing sixteen lights each, which are enclosed in elaborate Gothic tracery made expressly for it, and suspended from the apex of the ceiling. This lights up all the tracery of the roof, producing a magnificent effect. The pews, galleries, and audience-room are composed of white walnut, oiled and polished, without paint or varnish anywhere. The upholstery is of green damask, with a carpet of the same color. When finished, it will not be surpassed in magnificence of internal finish by any church in the city. The architect is W. W. Boyington, Esq., whose talents are so well known that it would almost be insulting to praise him.

Such is the history of the First Baptist Church. Take it for all in all, it is a great history, and includes the record of a great work done.

Dr. Everts, to whom so much of this great merit

belongs, was born in 1815, in Washington county, New York. He graduated in 1839, at Madison University, in the same State, the oldest institution in the country, which has sent out more missionaries than any other, and is famous all over the East. He settled in New York City during the same year, as pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. He was born to create churches on earth for the Church universal above, for in three years his communicants grew from a mere nominal number to 900 members proper, who overflowed, as is always the case with his churches throughout life so far, and colonized and purchased the Laight Street Church. The Doctor went with his people there; but his health failed, and grew so precarious, that he was ordered off to Western New York to rusticate. But it was impossible for him to be idle. Instead of ruralizing, he worked, during the two years he was there, harder than he had ever done before. He recovered his health, however, for a time at least, and was called to Louisville, where he gave the greater part of his time, as he has always done, to church enterprises. The Louisville friends erected for his ministrations the largest house in the entire South, and he was, as usual, a successful pastor. One of the most interesting facts connected with his residence in this place is, that a young actor named G. C. Lorimer was converted under his preaching, and he baptized him from the theatre to the Church, where he now officiates as a clergyman. He was only 19 years old when he received his baptism, but he was a young man of great talents, and seems destined to become a preacher of eminence. Dr. Everts was in Louisville seven years, and, in addition to his

own church, two others of brick were built through his instrumentality, and one was bought, — a German Baptist Church. He came to Chicago in 1859, and we have already shown how successful his preaching has been, and how executive his administration. Like Benjamin Franklin, he seems all along, hitherto, to have done the work of three sufficient men.

Besides his own pastorate, and his immense efforts in the direction of church extension, missions, schools, and other benevolent objects, he has found time for abundant authorship. His books proper amount to nine large volumes, and his tracts for the churches, of which there are five published, extend from fifty to one hundred pages each. Church & Goodman publish a list of his performances under the head of "Everts' Books and Tracts." The chief of these are: "The Bible Manual," an important aid to the study of the Scriptures. "The Pastor's Hand-Book," of which there have been many thousands of copies sold to the clergy of all denominations; it is used by more than six thousand ministers. "Manhood" is a trusty guide to the young of both sexes, to parents also, and teachers. "Childhood's Promise and Training" is an excellent treatise, which unfolds the philosophy of early culture, with practical directions. "The Beauties of Foster," — that great John Foster, who wrote books on "Popular Ignorance" and "Decision of Character," was the friend of Robert Hall and Sir James Mackintosh, — an excellent minister, but of a gloomy turn of mind, which often darkened the sunshine and converted it into the imagery of desolation and despair. Dr. Everts attached a memoir to this book which competent critics pronounced to be the best extant. It had a

large circulation, but got a good deal bandied about by the book-sellers, until at last Derby & Jackson, hoping, we suppose, to save themselves from the ruin which shortly after befell them, by the profit of this book, pirated it bodily without acknowledgment or recompense, omitting the life, which was one of the best parts of it, and striking out the author's name altogether. They were fearfully castigated by the city press of New York, as they deserved to be, for so impudent and audacious a theft, and, as we said, they subsequently became bankrupt, and went the way of all flesh. Fletcher was the original publisher.

The "Scripture School Reader" was brought out at the time of the controversy, whether the Bible should or should not be taught in our public schools. It has had a large sale, and is an admirable help to all teachers and scholars.

The most literary of all these performances is "Childhood, its Promise and Training." It is a philosophical analysis of the mind of the child, with directions for its proper culture. The most artistic piece in the book is that styled the "Voyage of Life," which is the philosophy aforesaid, illustrated by a parable, with the Narrows of New York Harbor as a basis or starting-point. As all ships bound seaward go out thence to the great ocean, so through the narrows of childhood, do all human beings go out to the ocean of life, each with a different and distinct destiny, but all tending to one safe port at last. It is wrought in a very poetical manner, and with great ability.

Dr. Everts has in the press the first of a series of tracts, called "The Problems of the City." It is upon the theatre, and is treated in a calm and well reasoned

spirit, with far more of love than hate or condemnation in it. It commends itself, by its fair and honest treatment, to all who are interested in this great social question — and who is not?

As a preacher, Dr. Everts is very eloquent and impressive, full of power, and animated by a great and touching sincerity and earnestness. He speaks with rapidity and great ease, and always extemporaneously, never using so much as a note. He is a middle-aged man, of attractive appearance, and in his face is combined a singular mixture of humanity and kindness, with austerity and firmness.

The Baptist faith is the exact reverse in every article to the faith of the Universalist. They are Orthodox in all respects, and differ from other Orthodox Churches only in the matter of baptism, their faith being that baptism is properly administered only by immersion, and that it is an essential prerequisite to communion.

The government of this Church is by its own members, who may make their own church covenant and laws for external observances, taking the Scriptures only for a guide.





INDIANA-AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

REV. DR. I. A. SMITH.

THE Rev. Dr. I. A. Smith is the pastor of the Indiana-Avenue Baptist Church, on the corner of Thirteenth Street. The society was organized in 1864; and Dr. Smith has been the pastor of it from that time to the present. He came to this city from Rochester, where he officiated as minister of a Baptist Church during a period of four years. He has resided in Chicago about fourteen years; and left Rochester, as we understand, to take the editorial management of the "Christian Times," — a first-class denominational and literary paper, which owes its present influential position to the rare ability, energy, and untiring labor of its learned and eloquent editor.

Dr. Smith is a man singularly gifted for the efficient discharge of the dual functions which he has assumed, as editor and pastor. He is a very exact scholar, and a master also of the theological learning of his time; so that he is in every way qualified to take a part in the controversies which distract at present the Church and the world. If he might have chosen his own work in the wild scramble of human life, it seems to

us that he would now be living in some forest, or mountain Patmos, surrounded by his books, and devoting himself to study and meditation. For, of all the men that we know, he possesses the most hermit nature, and a passion for interior experience. He is remarkably reticent, — what Carlyle would call a silent man ; and in his speech he is mild and gentle, and in his manners as unobtrusive as a violet. The study is, to all appearance, his true sphere, and not the arena either of theology or politics. That he has taken the fullest advantage of books and retirement, at some period or other of his life, is evident from his solid and brilliant acquirements ; and even to-day, immersed as he is in the labors of the press and the pulpit, he still finds time for communion with his own soul, and many a spiritual symposium with the souls of the mighty dead enshrined in his library.

Indeed, it is true of him that he is a man of ceaseless activity and enterprise. Each day brings with it its own task and labor of Hercules, which he manages to perform without detriment to the claims of his personal culture. His editorial duties alone would be enough, one would think, for an ordinary man to discharge ; but these are the mere “ dice and cockle-shells of his sport,” as Plutarch says of the “ dark questions” propounded by Eumetes to Anacharsis, as that sage philosopher and much-seeing traveller sat in the porch of her father’s house, whilst she — that beautiful sphinxine woman — combed and plaited his effulgent locks. He makes light of this work, — which he performs, indeed, with the skill and swiftness of an accomplished hand. And yet his articles are not unfrequently of a very superior order to the common run of such, and

flame with unmistakable vitality and inspiration. For he is not a narrow and limited islander of the sect to which he belongs, but ascends to the mountain-heights of cosmical vision, and speaks for mankind. On all the great questions of state, of morality, and of religion, he takes the liberal side. Wealth dazzles him not, neither does power daunt him. Know, all men, that this man is for truth and God, though death and hell lie at the end of the argument. It is the proclamation of his life; and the words are writ in fire upon many a petty and many a big despot's heart. During the anti-slavery war just closed, he was a stanch friend of the unhappy slave,—as what Christian man was not? He could not have been otherwise, and profess the faith of Christ, who so profoundly loved the despised and maltreated African, and all who are now or ever have been in bonds and in despair.

The leading articles of the "Christian Times" have always reflected the leading features of the Christian religion. Neither indignity nor wrong, nor the tyranny of authority and power, has ever met with mercy from this journal. In all such cases, it was war to the knife and the death, and no remorse for the slaughter made. On the other hand, all that is beautiful in art or sublime in science, all the great questions of social reform and the movements of human progression, have found in its editor a wise, able, and generous champion. Nor need we say that he has always devoted himself to the best interests of religion, both foreign and domestic. A man like him could not sit down quietly amidst the ruins of the Church, and that awful vastation of its doctrine and tradition, which is now, and has been for some years past, going on in England,—in the

very adytum of the sanctuary, — and, more or less, in this country also. For, to him the Christian religion is neither an intellectual proposition, nor a fact of history dependent upon contemporary witnesses for its existence ; but it is a revelation from God to the human soul for the salvation thereof, — eternal and immutable as God himself. We have often thought it was a happy thing for the readers of this paper that so true, faithful, and competent a man as Dr. Smith was its editor-in-chief ; that it represented genuine convictions, and not paid-for opinions, and a bribed advocacy of sect and party. We are all acquainted with the profligacy of American and English journalism, — a profligacy so universal, that it is absolutely appalling to contemplate it. The vocation of the journalist proper is to lead public opinion, — not to trail after it in the mud ; to elevate and ennoble the public morals, and put the seal of righteousness upon its conscience. But the moneyed power of these times is all but omnipotent, and buys up the white trash of the pen with an impunity as absolute as that which, in former days, accompanied the purchase of black nobles in the South. All honor, therefore, to the great exceptions to this rule ! — to the unbribable men who walk in the light of the conscience and the ways of the Lord ! It is this integrity, this faithfulness to truth and conviction, which has given to the “ Christian Times ” so sterling a character, and seated it as an authority in the Sanhedrim of Western journalism.

Mr. Smith has written no great book at present, to attest his learning and ability ; but there are some small volumes from his pen, such as “ Letters to a Bible-Class,” which, so far as they go, are admirable,

and leave nothing unsaid that could be said in so small a compass. It is, in fact, a condensed history of the Bible, and invaluable to young students of the Word.

Mr. Smith's sermons are eloquent and vigorous, — lucid in argument and learned in exposition ; now passionate in appeal and now convincing in logic. He is a studious and thoughtful speaker, who always knows what he wants to say, and says it ; never allowing his enthusiasm to carry him out of bounds. He is a well-balanced man ; and brings to his work of the pulpit a store of learning and a high critical capability. He is not what is understood by the designation of a popular preacher. He thinks too much, and is too careful of his reputation for accuracy, to trust himself to the impulses of the hour. He writes his discourses, therefore, as every earnest, truthful man is sure to do, if at the same time he has any regard for himself and the good opinion of intelligent men. We have always remarked, that it is the lazy and vain man only who refuses to take that trouble upon himself ; who has so low an estimation of the minds of his hearers, that he thinks any — the commonest and most undigested — trumpery from his oracular lips is good enough for them. It is an error of the understanding — a *blunder*, which, as Napoleon said, is *worse than a crime* — to entertain any such absurd and egotistical notion. Aim high and hit hard : this is the law of the ring in which men fight for eternity. And no man, whether he belong to the platform or the pulpit, can aim too high. "Do not seek to bring the gods down to you, but raise yourselves up to them," was the sound remark of the wise Egyptians of antiquity. It is certain

that even hearers of limited learning and culture do very readily perceive the source and depth of the pastor's message, and know the gold from the glitter that imitates it. Nor can a sermon, in our opinion, be made too attractive, or enriched with too high thoughts, or adorned with too costly a drapery of imagination and rhetoric. He is surely an enemy to his order, who seeks to degrade its functions by a slovenly diction and a general ignoring of the resources of learning, art, and oratory. Let the pulpit compete with the professor's chair; and refuse not to learn, even from the profanest oracles, so that thereby it can enhance its advocacy, and win the world to its feet. This negligence has, of late, become criminal, as we look upon it; because it has brought the pulpit into disrepute, and despoiled it of its ancient high rank and distinction. It is the duty of the priest to lay all science, art, literature, and learning under contribution, wherewith to dignify and ennoble his vocation, and thus to rescue it from the contempt of the scholarly worldling, who delights in nothing so much as the degradation of religion and its ministers. In the great times of Jeremy Taylor and his compeers, there were contemporary little and mean times, full of ignoble scoffers and licentious cavillers; but it never happened that they could put their dainty, evil fingers upon any passage in the discourses of those great divines which they could caricature or treat contemptuously. They were compelled to reverence their intellect and learning, and the mighty flood of their matchless eloquence; for in those days the pulpit received homage, and ranked in precedence over the other learned professions; and we hope to see the return of those lumi-

nous days, and a new pulpit era inaugurated in this country.

We have, undoubtedly, much to be thankful for, in respect to the intellectual attitude of the Chicago pulpits ; but there is still room for advancement. All the leading churches are happily supplied with superior men, of superior attainments ; and we rejoice to see that the various denominational colleges are instructing the students in a deeper and more liberal learning, and are no longer content to take the refuse kinds, and grind them up for the ministry. The highest service should, assuredly, have the highest teachers, — men from whom the spiritual culture of the age should proceed, as their proper function, — as light proceeds from the sun, — and not be content to receive it from secular sources.

All good and true ministers, who are acquainted with the spirit of the age, and the distractions of religion, through the alarming increase of the German neology, the decay of faith, and the in-rushing of the dire elements of materialism into the very precincts of the Church, — nay, into the Church itself, — will understand what we mean by these admonitions and injunctions, and attribute them to the real motives of their delivery. No one knows them better than Dr. Smith, or mourns over them more deeply. He has shown this many a time, in his pulpit and in his journal, and has done good service to religion by the faithfulness and ability wherewith he has advocated her claims to the reverence of mankind, and defended her truth from the attacks of her enemies. It is, indeed, through the intellectual ability and piety of her ministers that the Baptist denomination ranks so high and possesses so wide an influence in the city. There are no laggards

in this Church ; they are all, pastors and laymen, who belong to it, "up and doing," —

"Making no haste,
Taking no rest,
Ever fulfilling
Their God-given 'hest."

Its vitality is shown in the abundance of its buildings and communicants. — a mere list of which, with their services and devotions, would occupy a page to announce it.

The Chicago University, however, is the great Baptist institution of the city, from which we expect great things. Nor shall we be disappointed, judging from the reputation of its professors, which we have spoken about more fully in another place. It is a distinguished honor, for which any Church might be glad and grateful, — the building of this, the first Chicago university ; and when we think of the fact, that, not forty years ago, the ground upon which it stands was occupied by the wigwams of the Indian, we are amazed in spite of ourselves, and notwithstanding our familiarity with the early history of this romantic city. When finished, it will be the grandest architectural example that Chicago can boast of. The wings and tower, already erected, present a truly grand appearance ; especially when viewed at night, and in the moonlight, as we had the pleasure of viewing it not long ago. The tower, especially, attracted and moved us, by its stately beauty and magnificence. The old Gothic style of its architecture, beheld under the influences of silence and the solemn night, impressed us with feelings akin to those which must have been felt by earnest, expectant monks, on the venerable soil

of England, when they, more than fifteen hundred years ago, beheld the completion of the first tower of some mighty cathedral, or monastery, of which they were members. We thought both of the past and the future, — the past, with its savages and wigwams, as we said; and the future, with its long roll of illustrious names, — names distinguished for learning and piety, — whose bearers graduated under this roof, and whose eyes, as ours, had, many a time and oft, been cheered by the grace and grandeur of this superb masterpiece of stone-work, though they and their studious owners would then long since have been quenched in the darkness of the grave.

Not the least interesting feature in the history of the Chicago Baptist denomination is that of the colored churches which belong to its communion. There are two of these, severally called Olivet Colored Baptist Church, on Harrison Street, and Providence Colored Baptist Church, in the lecture-room of the Union-Park Baptist Church. This is to us, in the profoundest degree, both affecting and encouraging. So mightily have these good Baptist people bowed the walls of the old popular prejudice against the equality of the common race of mankind, that they have bowed them to the dust; and the despised negro has become the minister of the Lord, and owes to them, humanly speaking, this spiritual elevation. It is, indeed, an immense stride, from the overseer's whip to the Lord's pulpit in the Baptist Church! but "it is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." It is, moreover, only the beginning of the good work which must be accomplished on their behalf and for their exaltation among the peoples of the earth.



ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

DR. FOLLEN was the first Unitarian preacher in Chicago, and preached his first sermon in June, 1836. The services were held in the Old Lake House, on the corner of Michigan and Rush Streets. On the 29th of June, 1836, a society was organized, under the laws of Illinois, with the title of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago; and eight hundred dollars were subscribed at once for the purchase of a lot on which to build a church.

For several years after the organization there was no settled pastor, and the society were dependent upon such occasional preaching as they could obtain. The Rev. William Huntoon preached for some time in 1837. In June, 1838, the Rev. James Thompson, of Salem, Mass., preached three Sundays, with much acceptance, and benefit to the society. In the early part of 1839, the Rev. Crawford Nightingale preached for some months. Services were held at this period in the "Saloon Building," so called, situated on the southeast corner of Clark and Lake Streets. In the same year, the Rev. Mr. Barrett preached two Sundays,

and the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, of Buffalo, three or four Sundays, with great acceptance.

In October, 1839, the Rev. Joseph Harrington arrived, and took charge of the society as their pastor. The first Sunday, he held services in the "Saloon Building" with an audience of ten persons. Mr. Harrington preached in the "Saloon" that winter, to a constantly increasing audience, so that in the spring of 1840, he determined to go East, and ask for help in building a church. He was successful in his mission, and a lot was purchased on Washington Street, between Clark and Dearborn Streets, 80 by 200 feet. A building was contracted for with Alexander Loyd, in October, 1840, and it was dedicated by the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Harrington, in May, 1841.

The cost of church was	\$3,758.45
The cost of land	500.00
	\$4,258.45
Of this there was collected at the East, chiefly through the exertions of Rev. Mr. Harrington	2,888.46
Collected in Chicago	1,369.99
	\$4,258.45
Cost of steeple built afterwards	461.00
	\$4,719.45

Mr. Harrington closed his pastorate in the fall of 1844, after which the Church had the services of the Rev. William Lord, the Rev. Henry Giles, the Rev. William P. Huntington, and the Rev. Messrs. Ripley and Conant, at various times.

In February, 1847, the Rev. William Adam was called to the pastorate of the society, and entered upon

his duties in the following June. He remained about two years, and was succeeded by Rev. R. R. Shippen, who commenced to preach in the fall of 1849. Mr. Shippen continued as pastor of the society until July 1, 1857. Under his ministrations, the society attained such prosperity that the church building was twice enlarged. The Rev. George F. Noyes succeeded the Rev. Mr. Shippen, in September, 1857, continuing as pastor until the spring of 1859, when he resigned. Under his auspices the "Ministry at Large" was organized in the autumn of 1857, and the Rev. William H. Hadley placed at its head. His failing health, however, compelled him to abandon the work he had most successfully commenced, and he was followed, as minister at large, by the Rev. Robert Collyer. When Mr. Collyer was called to the pastorate of Unity Church, Miss E. P. Newcomb was chosen by the trustees to conduct the business of the Ministry at Large, and still continues to fill that position. This charity has been the means of relieving much destitution in Chicago, and particularly has furnished many neglected and destitute children with suitable homes, and cared for them till they were able to care for themselves.

After the resignation of Rev. Mr. Noyes, the society remained without a pastor until the summer of 1861; but their pulpit was supplied, during the greater part of this period, by various clergymen, among whom may be mentioned Rev. Messrs. A. B. Fuller, E. H. Sears, Horatio Stebbins, Thomas Hill, A. D. Mayo, and Robert Collyer. In July, 1861, Rev. C. B. Thomas accepted the pastorate of the society, and continued in that relation until April, 1864.

In the spring of 1862, the society determined to sell their church property on Washington Street, with a view to erecting a new house of worship. To facilitate this object, Mr. Jonathan Burr generously donated to the society forty feet of land located on Wabash Avenue, near Hubbard Court, and by the purchase of forty feet adjoining the same, a choice site was secured for the new church. The old lot on Washington Street was sold for \$15,000. The building committee of the new church, appointed in May, 1862, consisted of the following gentlemen; Messrs. E. K. Rogers, Jerome Beecher, D. A. Gage, and Daniel Thompson. In June, 1862, the designs of T. V. Wadskier, architect, were adopted, and in the autumn of that year the foundation was laid. The cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, April 9, 1863, and the work of building prosecuted with energy during that year. On the 22d of May, 1863, the old church building on Washington Street was totally destroyed by fire. About the 1st of December, 1863, the society were enabled to hold services in the lecture-room of the new church, and continued them without interruption until about the 1st of July, following.

The completion of the church was unavoidably retarded in the years 1864 and 1865, by the settling of the tower, which was taken entirely down after it had been completed; and nearly the whole front and one side of the structure had to be rebuilt. This circumstance alone involved a loss to the society of about \$15,000. The whole cost of the church was about \$90,000. In February, 1866, the Trustees, on behalf of the society, extended a call to the Rev. Robert Laird Collier to become their pastor, which was

accepted by him, to take effect upon the completion of the church edifice. On the 15th of April, 1866, the church was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, and on the evening of the seventeenth of the same month, the Rev. Robert Laird Collier was duly installed as its pastor.





FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.

REV. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

THERE are two clergymen in this city named severally, Robert Collyer and Robert Laird Collier, and no two men could be more distinctly marked, as to differences of mental characteristics, than these famous persons. It is not a little singular, also, that they were both Methodist ministers before they became Unitarian preachers. The Rev. Robert Collyer was, as we have stated in our memoir of him, a blacksmith in early life, and lived at the fag-end of Yorkshire, in the beautiful and sequestered valley of the Wharfe, at Ilkley Village, about six miles from the ever memorable and classic ground of Bolton Abbey and Barden Tower. Here the burly smith beat his iron into ploughshares and horse-shoes, working manfully all the days of the week; and on Sundays, believing that he had a call to speak to the unconverted, he went forth into the neighboring villages amongst the hills and dales of that grand old shire, — the shire of York, largest and most important politically and commercially in all England, — and proclaimed the gospel of Christ accord-

ing to the Methodist acceptance of it. He must have been a popular preacher even at that time; for all the elements of popularity are in him, and the Methodist theology gave wide scope to his ability and declamation. But he was not destined to remain a follower of John Wesley. He came to this great country and got his borders enlarged,—his mind expanded, and his religious views completely changed. He soon announced himself on his new platform, and was sent, by the Unitarian Association, to this city, as a minister at large. Here he has done his work, and exalted his trusts bravely, faithfully, and manfully. He is now pastor of the Unity Church; and a new building worthy of the highest ministry is about to be erected for his use and the service of the Church. He has lately published a book called "*Nature and Life*," which is full of bold and vigorous writing, with touches here and there of great tenderness, and deep undertones of melody. A more simple, plain, unvarnished style has rarely shown itself in a book. It makes no pretensions to any high consideration, but it is at all times pleasant reading; often stimulating to the intellect, suggestive, and pervaded by a profound religious feeling. Here and there, perhaps, are signs of egoism and hurry, and of a too great dogmatism. These, however, are rather defects of education than any thing else; and they are not offensively obtrusive, but keep for the most part in the background; whilst the general sunshine, from which the book proceeds, lies broad and bright and warm over the pages, and kindles the heart into enthusiasm and love. There is no ornament to the thought or sentiment all through the book. He uses the simplest, tersest words, and

manages to make both music and picture out of them. One can see the best of Robert Collyer in these few brief pages. They are, for the most part, sermons or discourses, such as he delivers in the Unity pulpit; and, indeed, we fancy we have heard many of them delivered from his desk. Very fresh and sweet, like flowers drenched in dew on a May morning, are some of the pieces. Nor is there in any of them a sign of force-work or decrepitude. If not inspiration, then a most genial, sunny feeling pervades them, and the happiest mood. They are the voices of the flute, however, and not of the organ. Such power as belongs to this matchless instrument—which is the musical exponent of religion, and thunders the truth of God into the ears of the careless and the worldling—has no place in these pieces. But the flute music is there continually,—the music of the running brook, and the flashing of the quiet and silent sunshine. Mr. Collyer forged this book on the anvil of his own heart, and tempered it by his experience, and adorned it by his reading; and this is the secret of such popularity as it has achieved.

The other reverend gentleman, Robert Laird Collier, is of quite another stamp. He has not the insinuating manners of the smooth clergyman, nor the pointed, epigrammatic, idiomatic speech which distinguishes him; but in some respects he is certainly his equal, and in others his superior. We do not wish to be thought invidious in any comparison which we may institute between the two men, and certainly we have no intention or desire to become so. But the concordance of the names, the likeness of the circumstances attending their previous and present ministry,

are sufficiently inviting, and almost compel us to set the one against the other, and test the kind of stuff they are individually composed of. This we can say of Robert Laird Collier, that he is a man of great power, compass, and originality, — of great eloquence on set occasions, and of a commanding rhetoric on every occasion, which touches the common heart of an audience, and sometimes carries it away as upon the stormy ways of a mighty inspiration. Where Robert Collyer talks, and clenches his right hand to show the agony of his feeling, whilst demonstrating some grand proposition of religion or morals, Robert Laird Collier lets fall a torrent of eloquence, into which he puts not his right hand only, but the whole force and energy of his body politic, and his soul. His sentences often boom like Atlantic tides, and toss their wrathful and tempestuous waves into orchestral melodies, such as make an audience quake and quail with unspeakable emotion, and end by winning their convictions to the demonstrations of the argument. Robert Collyer has no such power as this. He is a talker, rather than a declaimer; and often seems to talk for effect's sake only, uttering startling statements that he may win or maintain a reputation for pulpit eccentricity. Not so Robert Laird Collier. He goes straight to his theme, — to the very inmost heart of his theme, — and sets it forth in all the splendor of our classic English tongue, not satisfied unless he has roused his congregation from lethargy and death to life and immortality, through his preaching of the gospel. We have heard this brilliant minister both when he was a Methodist, and since he has become an Unitarian. It was clear to us, even whilst he was defending the extreme Ortho-

dox doctrines, that he was not destined to be imprisoned in those chains for ever, or for ever to sign himself a Methodist minister. He was always a large and liberal man, — earnest, sincere, upright, and free in his thinkings, far too free for the censorship of the Wesleyan Conference. For a long while before he broke out of his bonds, it was not difficult to see that he was very unhappy, and that he was tossed on the sea of doubt and almost of despair. The difference between his present and his previous position is manifested by the happy and joyous tone of his later discourses. There is no more vengeance in his words for sinners, nor does he “deal damnation round the land, on each he deems God’s foe.” The new theology has taught him a wiser, a more just, and a more humane lesson. Now he preaches the love of Christ, and the happy immortality that is in reserve for all who “truly repent, and unfeignedly believe in his holy gospel.” Like his namesake of the Unity Church he eschews dogma for the most part, cares very little for the theologians, and sticks more than ever to practical religion and the Ten Commandments. There is a great improvement in his style and matter since he became an Unitarian. Formerly, he was troubled with inflammation, — blew his sentences into raging flames, and mercilessly tore, at times, the great English speech into rags and tatters. He had no anchorage, and was tossed about upon a shoreless sea, without any pilot to guide him. The old dogmas were his master, even while he questioned their authority. So long as he remained in the Methodist Church, he was bound by duty and honor and honesty to preach the Methodist doctrine; and a hard time he must have had of it before he

made up his mind to come out of the pale of that orthodoxy.

Indeed, we cannot imagine a more terrible position for a minister to be placed in than this. Externally he must, so long as he retains his pulpit, preach the word of the Lord as it was propounded and interpreted by John Wesley; whilst internally his mind is in the throes of revolution, and he suffers all the pain and agony which a change from one form of religion to another cannot fail to engender in a noble, manly, earnest, and sincere mind. And the longer the mind is in coming to a final settlement upon the new questions and speculations, the worse it is sure to be for the minister. He has grown up, it may be, with the sect whose advocate he is; all his life-long and time-honored friends are in close connection and intimate communion with him; he knows what he must sacrifice if he obey his convictions, — friends, position, and all that has hitherto made life beautiful; while, on the other hand, if he do not obey them, he is a recreant to truth and God, a dishonorer of human nature, a trampler upon the soul's sovereignty and supreme right.

No doubt Mr. Collier went all through that valley of death, and garden of Gethsemane. He had his share of misrepresentation, and his painful encounters with old friends; but he also had the countenance of new friends, and was comforted and sustained by them until he was strong enough to let the dead past bury its dead, and stand or go alone. His style of preaching is very attractive; and he adds to the art of an accomplished rhetoric a fine elocution. He is essentially an eloquent man and a powerful preacher. He is fond of figure and metaphors, and his sentences

drop with music and the odors of poetry. He is more of a student than a practical man, and we should hardly imagine him to be a good pastor in the sense of visiting and beating up his flock. But he is a man of far more spirituality than his namesake. He is not tied down to theological books and examples, but has the whole vast field of literature, science, and art to draw from in the illustration of his thought. So, therefore, his discourses are infinitely richer and more attractive; they are no longer bald and bare, but clothed with the garments of nature and the spirituality of religion. Neither is there any longer a limit to his themes. He is a free man,—free to choose his subject, and to speak upon it with the utmost license which the intellect can demand for its elucidation. It is a painful position to be placed in when a man cannot speak his final, sincerest thought upon the subject which he has chosen for discussion, lest, peradventure, he should at any time strike his foot against a stone, and offend the party to which he belongs. He may say any thing that accords with the covenant of that party's faith; but if any new light come to him, tormenting him for an adequate deliverance, he shall not dare to open his mouth,—inasmuch as it is not so nominated in the bond. This, we repeat, is the saddest of all sad things upon this earth: a soul seeing the light, and not daring to proclaim it, for fear of man's persecution. Unitarianism does away with all that falsehood and superstition. It is a free platform, whereon a man may think and speak as he pleases. And this is its great charm. Free discussion upon all things sacred or profane is the legend of its heraldry; and here assuredly, if anywhere, the soul of a man can

grow up to the divine heights. A good deal dead, nevertheless, is Unitarianism. It is rather an intellectual than a religious system, or theory of life and the universe. It lacks fire and poetry, and puts a ban upon enthusiasm and the blooms and sweets of sentiment. But it is planted upon the granite rock, and will stand as the champion system of free thought as long as the universe holds together.





NEW-ENGLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

REV. DR. GULLIVER.

THE history of the New-England Church — which belongs to the Congregationalists — is one more example of the power that lies in individual effort to accomplish great things. According to our judgment, it is the grandest church in the city; and it has been built chiefly by the contributions of the communicants and the members of the congregation. It is in all respects a temple worthy of the divine service, if any such there can be, raised by human hands. It is almost impossible for one to enter the gates of this holy sanctuary without being touched by the beauty and solemnity of the architecture, — the vaulted roof, the lofty walls, the stately windows painted with Scripture stories, — the music of the mighty organ, and that appealing silence which reigns around the altar and choir and body of the church immediately after the voluntary is concluded, and all are waiting for the commencement of the services. At such a time the soul sits rapt in ecstatic fire, and holds a far higher communion with its Creator than can possibly come out of the noise and babblement of any mechanical prayer or praise.

A few Sundays ago, we entered this church for the first time. It was a beautiful, sunny morning; the foliage of the surrounding trees was green and glossy with the glory and brightness of June; the great, blue sky hung over the quiet and teeming earth, like the dome of some vast cathedral in the wilds of immensity. All along the path from the city limits, flitting from tree to tree, sang the merry, happy birds; and the park at the back of the church looked so fresh and green, so free from all the human taints of sin and corruption, that it seemed to us a most fitting casement wherein to set this architectural jewel. Outside, as we said, was silence, — silence and the music of sunlight and the glory of green fields and trees. Within, as we entered, the mighty voice of the organ broke the silence of the temple and filled it with a sea of melody. Not, however, in one soul-burst; but, first of all, in gentle and subduing tones, which conquered all unholy thoughts and passions, and flung around the spirit an atmosphere of transcendent praise. Then came louder, loftier voices, — voices which broke from the golden mouths of the instrument in diapasons of sweet and holy sound, until all the sacred fane was alive with thanksgiving and prayer.

How could any pious soul refrain from joining in the holy chorus? To us it seemed like the blowing of the trumpet of immortality before the gates of heaven. That wondrous music did literally float the soul into the highest beatitudes, and prepare it for the solemnities of the subsequent service.

No doubt, the soul itself was also prepared for this grand entertainment, and brought with it the capabilities for such high enjoyment; but given the recep-

tivity in any case, and also the capacity, one is sure to be moved to his deepest depths by the entreaties of the organ in a church which has been adorned and decorated in its architecture by the lavish expenditure of genius and its imaginations.

During the silence aforesaid, which succeeded the voluntary, we entered the church. Around us sat the various members of the congregation,—men and women and little children; and it seemed to us as if all the halos of heaven had descended upon them and made them saintly. So pathetic was the sight! Then broke through the silence the voice of the pastor, as he read the lesson for the day; and, as we attempted to analyze our own feelings, and show cause for the still and deep enthusiasm of devotion which came over us, we could not help being conscious that the beauty of the temple and the religious profundity of the music were the chief agents which produced it. Here, then, was another proof that the æsthetic condition of the mind is the bridge, so to speak, which leads to the divine and the holy. Hence, all churches should be as beautiful as art and human skill can make them. The old Puritan notion, that any place—any barn or hovel—is good enough for the worship of God, has gone out of fashion; and the introduction of noble religious houses, in which architecture has done its best, has immensely helped religion in the Western States.

On this redolent and balmy sabbath-day morning we heard Mr. Gulliver, the pastor of the New-England Church, preach for the first time. The fame of this man had gone before him, and lay broad over all the land. We were prepared, therefore, for an unusually

good discourse ; nay, we expected it, and were not disappointed. Mr. Gulliver is a man of middle height, thin and spare of habit, elegant in his person and manners, and of striking intellectual features. There is nothing, however, imposing in his pulpit appearance. He is, we can see, a plain, unpretending man, as earnest as he is sincere. He gives us the impression of one in whom reverence is an abiding attribute. There is nothing flippant in him ; nor does he ape the vulgarity of those so-called eccentric pastors whose eccentricity is the chief sum and substance of their minds and characters. His manners are very attractive, very quiet, and—if one might say so, without being misunderstood—very gentlemanly also. He does not brawl, and make loud declamations ; neither is he a showman of any sort. His mind has evidently been cultured by the best writers and thinkers ; and his sermons are far more intellectual than most pastors deliver to their congregations. Indeed, to us he seemed like some theological literateur delivering himself of choice essays, into which he had put his best thoughts and knowledge. He is a man of remarkable evenness in his discourses, and rarely ascends or descends above or below a certain level. Neither is there much power in his sentences : all is quiet, genial, and sunny, like a trout-brook on the prairies. What force he possesses manifests itself in the staid, sustained flow of his rhetoric ; not in any continuous sun-bursts of imagination or sallies of wit or startling utterances. The scholar and the student show themselves in him from first to last. He demands and possesses an intellectual audience ; for his appeals are rarely to the feelings—nearly always to the minds—of his hearers.

And yet there is a large womanly element in his composition. He is receptive rather than originaive, and delights in things gentle and loving. He seems to have found his true place where he is. His people are devoted to him. They like his elegance of diction, his rich reading, his thoughtful sentences. Poetry is not wanting in him, nor fine descriptions of nature; and here and there he gives us touches of deep pathos. Now and then also he rouses up to a great fervor, and makes electric sensations in his auditory. But this is rare; for he does not much affect the fires of Sinai, but rather the passion of sorrow, and the love of the Saviour.

Mr. Gulliver is not what we understand by the word brilliant, as applied to a public speaker. He goes straight ahead; and, whilst he uses very courtly language, his thoughts rarely burst into illuminations; but he goes along the even tenor of his way, making his own melody like a hidden brook, —

“In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

He is, nevertheless, a popular minister, and has attracted a large church and congregation to his preaching. He belongs to the most orthodox of the sectaries, and is sound in all the doctrines of his Church. Not an impressive, powerful preacher; not a Boanerges, nor one who is in any way related to the thunder: but a man of elegance and refinement, dealing for the most part in soft and smooth phrases, — yet rising ever and anon into eloquence, and soaring aloft to the topmost height of the great argument of salvation.

Of Mr. Gulliver it may be said that he possesses the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Bile troubles him not, nor a diseased stomach. He looks upon nature without jaundice, and beholds the works of God that they are very good. Man is fallen and a sinner, it is true ; but he finds no pleasure in lashing him with a whip of fire, and consigning him to the regions of everlasting woe. The love of Christ constrains him, and he carries the repentant sinner to the cross, and offers him, in Christ's name, both pardon and forgiveness.

Mr. Gulliver is a highly educated man, and seems thoroughly adapted to his congregation,—which is the flower of the independent sect in Chicago. It is fitting that a beautiful and cultivated people should worship in so beautiful a temple. Strangers on a visit to the city should not fail to see this pure example of Gothic architecture. It is situated in a pleasant and growing locality ; but, being considerably removed from the centre of business and travel, has not attracted that attention which it deserves. It is truly a great ornament to the city, and a credit to the growing denomination which it represents. The building is of massive rough Athens marble, with cut trimmings, in the cruciform Gothic shape. The front entrance is on Dearborn Street, with an ample side entrance on White Street, and smaller doors on the south and east sides. Over the arch of the doors are the words, cut in the solid stone, “ Salvation, and Glory, and Honor, and Power, unto the Lord our God,” and above this, the words, “ Praise ye the Lord.” On each side of the doorway is a beautiful pillar of Scotch marble, highly polished ; and above are three niches, with the following named singularly

appropriate and striking contents. The first to the left is inscribed "Scrooby Manor, A. D. 1606," and contains a piece of stone from the original church in that place in Scotland where the Congregational polity was first adopted. The next contains a fragment of rock from the pavement of the spot where the Puritans last worshipped just as they sailed for the New World, and is inscribed "Delft Haven, July, 1620." The other is marked "Plymouth Rock, December 22, 1620," and holds a fragment of the stone upon which the Pilgrim feet first stepped when they landed from the Mayflower. Over the northern entrance are the words, "Enter into His Gates with Thanksgiving and into His Courts with Praise." The roof is handsomely covered with slate, and in various portions supports crosses cut out of stone.

The interior of the building is exceedingly attractive and beautiful. The woodwork is of black walnut, handsomely carved and ornamented. The pews are all cushioned, and the backs are bevelled so as to fit easily to the back. There are three short galleries extending across the north, south, and east ends of the cross-like building, and seated with easy arm-chairs. The organ and choir occupy the east end in another high gallery, in front of and below which is the pulpit, which is simply a high platform with a unique little desk in front, without railing or enclosure, so that the speaker has free use of his limbs, and, as some one has said, can be "eloquent with his legs." On the front panel of the desk, which is of black walnut, is a carved cross, around which are the raised words, "We preach Christ crucified." The organ, which is a fine-toned one, made by Hook, of

Boston, is eventually to be enlarged. The stained windows present as harmonious and beautiful blending of rich colors as can be seen in the United States. There are three large circular windows on the sides, and above, in the roof, are twelve dormer lights of triangular shape, and three of circular shape. At night the house is lighted by graceful chandeliers with ground-glass globes, and by jets projecting from the arch over the pulpit. It is warmed by three large furnaces and one small one.

In the rear of the desk, under the organ, is the pastor's study. The lecture and sabbath-school room will for the present be in the old church, immediately in the rear, though it is contemplated eventually to build an addition, for those purposes, joining the main building. The plan also includes a massive and lofty bell-tower with steeple, on the north-west corner, and, when finished, the whole effect of the church will be truly imposing.

The pews will seat comfortably 705 persons and the gallery chairs 306 more, making 1,011. There is also an ingenious arrangement for seats upon the sides, by raising hanging panels, so that the church can seat without trouble between 1,200 and 1,300 persons. The nave is 128 feet long, the transept about 100, and the height from floor to roof-ridge about sixty-five feet.

This fine church has been erected at a total cost, including ground and furnishing, of nearly \$100,000, the building and belongings costing over \$80,000. The design and specifications are the work of Mr. Edward T. Potter, architect, of New York, son of Bishop Potter. The work was gratuitously superintended by

Mr. Max Hjortsberg, Chief Engineer of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, one of the building committee. Augustus Wallbraum was the mason builder.

We give the following history of the Church as we find it in the Hand-book of the New England Congregational Society:—

CHURCH HISTORY.

The origin of the New-England Congregational Society in Chicago was on this wise. It happened during the year of our Lord, 1852, that a religious newspaper, the "*Prairie Herald*," published in this city, was offered for sale. Two clergymen of the Congregational Body, the Rev. L. S. Hobart, of Michigan, and the Rev. J. C. Holbrook, of Dubuque, Iowa, being then in the place to assist at the dedication of the Plymouth Congregational Church, were minded to open negotiations for buying the paper, hoping to make it a Congregational organ for the North-west. A meeting was called to consider the matter, when it presently appeared that an editor must be secured at once, in case the purchase was made. The Rev. Mr. Holbrook manifesting his willingness to accept the post, upon the condition of finding a place to prosecute his ministry also, it was suggested that a preliminary enterprise be set on foot on the north side of the river, with the view of organizing a church there, should the undertaking prosper. The plan was adopted. Mr. Holbrook was invited to preside over the movement. He consented, and services to God were appointed for each sabbath afternoon at the North-Market Hall; prayer-meetings were instituted at private houses; the

whole enterprise being at first supported chiefly by the brotherhood of the Plymouth Congregational Church. As the movement grew in promise, it was thought wise, during the following winter (1853), to take measures for building a suitable house of worship. A piece of ground at the corner of Indiana and Wolcott Streets was purchased in the name of Benjamin Carpenter, one of the leaders of the undertaking, and the necessary means were subscribed both for making the first payment upon the lot and for building the house. As it did not yet clearly appear whether a church would be able to establish itself permanently out of beginnings so feeble, it seemed best that each subscriber should retain his own proportion of the property so acquired, with liberty of reclaiming it, in case no legal and ecclesiastical society should be formed before the first of April, 1856. It was afterward agreed that, if an ecclesiastical society should be organized, each person should be entitled to receive the amount of his subscription without interest, unless he should choose rather to give it freely to the Church. About the first of May, 1855, affairs seeming favorable to a still further advance, a committee, whose members were Rev. J. C. Holbrook, C. G. Hammond, G. C. Whitney, and Lewis Broad, were appointed to draft proper Articles of Faith, Covenant, and Rules of Order for the body, while a second committee, consisting of Mr. Holbrook, Mr. Whitney, and L. D. Olmsted, were instructed to call a Council of the Churches for the purpose of duly organizing a Congregational Church. The Articles of Faith, the Covenant, and Rules of Order were adopted on the succeeding sabbath. The council assembled in usual form on the

fifteenth day of June following, and, being satisfied of the Christian purposes and meaning of the enterprise, organized a Christian Church of the Congregational order; its membership composed of the following persons:—

Rev. John C. Holbrook,	James N. Davidson,
Mrs. Anna S. Holbrook,	Mrs. Lucy Davidson,
Mrs. Abigail Carpenter,	Miss Elizabeth Davidson,
Benjamin Carpenter,	Orlando Davidson,
Lucius D. Olmsted,	Mrs. Caroline Davidson,
Mrs. Jessie Olmsted,	George C. Whitney,
Mrs. C. B. Hammond,	Mrs. Persis R. Whitney,
Charles G. Hammond,	Charles H. Whitney,
Miss Jane Clark,	Miss Sarah Whitney,
Abraham Clark,	Miss Rachel Cole.
Mrs. Melicent Clark,	

Soon after, on the 6th of July, Chas. G. Hammond and George C. Whitney were elected to the office of the Diaconate, and Orlando Davidson was elected Clerk.

The name and style of "The New England Church" was adopted a little later, October 9th. Such were the beginnings of this organization, and under such auspices it started on its way. Its further history, so far as belongs to outward concerns, runs a common course.

The Rev. Mr. Holbrook remained in charge of the Church as stated supply until the close of the year 1855. Invited to settle as pastor, he declined the call, and removed from the city, when his connection with it was ended. For a considerable time after his departure, the pulpit of the Church was occupied by transient clergymen, of whom the Rev. Charles P.

Bush, a Presbyterian, remained longest, filling a period of nearly nine months.

The interregnum was finally ended by the accession of the Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, of Manchester, N.H., to the pastorate. At first declining a call from this Church, he afterwards acceded to its renewed invitation, and was installed April 15th, 1857. For two years he continued to fulfil the duties of the office, when he resigned in order to give himself exclusively to the duties of the professorate of Biblical Literature in the Chicago Theological Seminary, to which he had previously been appointed. After an interval of a few months, the Church extended an invitation to the Rev. Samuel Wolcott, of Providence, R.I., to fill the vacant pastorate. Yielding to this unanimous request, he was installed on the 27th of September, 1859, and continued to hold the position during the two following years, when he also resigned and was dismissed by council on the 18th of December, 1861. The pulpit then remained without a regular incumbent for nearly a year, the Rev. William B. Clarke supplying it for three consecutive months of that time. Succeeding him, the Rev. Starr H. Nichols, of Danbury, Conn., being invited to continue with the Church as stated supply, entered upon his duties on the first of October, 1862, and abides therein at the date of this writing.

During all this time of change in the clergy, the Church continued to grow in numbers and in strength. Its house was enlarged during the ministry of Mr. Bartlett, to accommodate the increasing congregation, and so considerable had become its ability that, during the ministry of Mr. Nichols, it purchased an organ,

bought a new church lot, removed the old building to the new location, and laid the foundations of a new church, to be built of stone, in a manner befitting the house of the great God. The Sunday school connected with the Church kept pace with the rest. A mission house was built on Elm Street (1857), whose scholars, with those of the home school, came to number three hundred and more. Members of the Church were gathered from all parts of the country by letter, and from the city by profession, increasing the body of actual communicants from twenty-one at the beginning to about two hundred at the close of 1864. So did God prosper this enterprise in the space of eleven years. So, and more also, may He continue to bless it in the years which lie before.

PRINCIPLE OF ORGANIZATION.

The New-England Church was organized after the form called "Congregational," and still continues in that polity. It believes that each association of Christians—united for the worship of Almighty God, in the faith of his Son Jesus Christ, and observing the sacraments and ordinances of the gospel—is a complete Church. It acknowledges the right of no human authority to dictate its doctrines, its order, or its mode of worship; but holds itself strictly responsible to its sole head, the Lord Jesus, for all its acts and arrangements. It assumes the Holy Scripture to be the true guide of church order and discipline, and derives from its pages the plainest instructions to elect its own officers, to receive, dismiss, or discipline its members, and to administer its own government, in all essen-

tials, as a democracy of faith. With this assertion of the duty of self-government, however, it combines the hearty approval of such relations to other churches as tend to promote Christian union, and to insure confidence in each other's purity. It recognizes the advantages of councils with neighboring churches in affairs of importance or of difficulty, gladly seeking and giving advice in all serious matters.

It most earnestly urges upon the attention of believers that this is the true scriptural form of church organization, the earliest, simplest, and best polity. And it further declares that it seems to be the only form in which all churches and all Christian people can meet in the full enjoyment of that equal fellowship which is the right and the duty of all believers, according to the Scripture. In this form it sees no separating customs, and no unscriptural tests.

The essential officers of the Church are twofold: pastors corresponding to the bishops and elders of Holy Writ, and Deacons; neither of these having any individual authority to decide questions of government or of discipline; nor have any committees power to commit the Church to any movement, without the concurrent vote of the general brotherhood: but all things are to be done decently and in order, as shall seem good to the majority of the brethren.

And here, also, as worthy of consideration, we would call to mind that this church polity is of one and the same character with that republican form of government so wisely adopted by our forefathers for the whole country, and is therefore peculiarly fitted to infuse the spirit and to sustain the principles by which alone our institutions have been and can be supported.

And with this opinion, we think the past history of the Congregational Church in our land concurs.

But, while holding its own form to be the true one, this church would never forget the dictates of Christian charity, and accordingly recognizes the fellowship of faith by which it is bound to all bodies and communions who hold the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ, in purity and in love; it recognizes the duty of joining with them, from time to time, in worship or in counsel, remembering that all are one body in Christ, who is Lord over all, to the glory of God the Father.





HISTORY OF THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE have been favored with the following communication from the pen of the Rev. J. J. Esher, of Cleveland, Ohio, and give it entire—pre-mising that the Association Churches are what they profess to be,—strictly evangelical,—and that they were the pioneers of evangelical religion in the West.

The form of church government adopted by the Evangelical Association, at its first annual conference in 1807, was Episcopal. The bishops are elected quadrennially, by the general conference, which is composed of delegates from the annual conferences, and holds its sessions once every four years. The annual conferences, thirteen in number, are composed of all the itinerant ministers. The term of service of an itinerant minister on a charge (circuit, station, or mission) is two years, but often limited to one. The work of the Association at present extends over all the Middle and Western States, California and Oregon included; besides the States of Maryland, Virginia, the District of Columbia, Canada West, and, in Europe, the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, and part of Baden, and Switzerland.

It has a general missionary society, the contributions for missions averaging about seventy-five cents per member annually; two educational institutions; one general charitable society; and an orphan asylum. The publication house is located at Cleveland, Ohio, and issues two weekly papers. "Der Christliche Botschafter" (German), and "The Evangelical Messenger" (English). The former has a circulation of about 15,000, the latter about 7,500. Besides these, a German and an English Sunday-school paper, both having a circulation of about 30,000 copies, are published by the society, as well as Sunday-school books, and tracts by the Church Sunday-school and Tract Union.

The present number of communicants is about 63,000; of itinerant preachers, 500; of local preachers, 375; of churches, 700; of Sunday schools, 730; of scholars, 45,000.

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETIES OF THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

In the year 1836, several members of the Evangelical Association emigrated from Warren, Penn., to the then remote and insignificant town of Chicago; and, as had been their custom, occasionally held prayer-meetings at their private dwellings. In the spring of 1837, a number of families from the same place followed; but these settled, some in what is now the town of Northfield, Cook county, others in Naperville, and two or three of them in Henry county. These, as soon as they had procured homes, and erected their primitive cabins, which was the work of but a few

days, organized in "classes," elected their "leaders," and held their regular services on the sabbath and on Wednesday evenings; and these were, as far as is known, the first German religious societies or organized churches in the State of Illinois, and perhaps in the whole great North-west.

In the month of July, 1837, the Rev. Jacob Boas, who at that time had charge of the Miami circuit, in the south-west part of the State of Ohio, came, of course on "horseback," through the wilds of Indiana, on a missionary visit to Chicago and the above-named pioneer churches, as the first German Protestant minister that penetrated these parts; and, in the month of August, preached the first sermon in the German language in Chicago, in the "old Methodist frame church," near the corner of Washington and Clarke Streets. An organization was not deemed practicable at this time, and Mr. Boas, after having confirmed the organization of the several societies in the country, and visited and preached in other settlements, as for instance at Dunkley's Grove, returned to his charge in Ohio.

In 1838, the Rev. M. Hauert, at that time laboring in Crawford county, Ohio, made a similar missionary tour to Chicago and northern Illinois generally, extending it west to the Mississippi, and as far south as Springfield, the present capital of the State. But, though he preached and labored with good success at Chicago, yet circumstances were of such a nature that he considered the organization of a society at that time as premature. Quite early in the spring he returned to Ohio; but services were held for the Germans in New Buffalo, now the north side of the city, by one

of the "leaders" of the so-called Des Plaines Church, some twenty miles north-west of Chicago.

At the session of the annual Ohio conference of the Evangelical Association in 1839, the State of Illinois was taken up as a circuit, and supplied with the Rev. Lewis Einsel, a young man of fine talents: Chicago was one of his regular appointments. The young itinerant entered with zeal upon his arduous work, preached alternately in the Methodist Episcopal "frame church," and at private dwellings, dedicated the first German church in the State, a log building, twenty-one by thirty feet, located about one mile and a half due east of where the village of Wheeling in the county of Cook now stands, and where, some four or five months prior, the first German sabbath school in the State had been established, and visited the far-distant parts of his rather extensive field of labor, travelling, of course, in good old pioneer style, namely, on horseback. But, alas! he, too, had to undergo the then prevailing westernizing process, namely, fever-and-ague, which unfitted him for the greater part of the year to attend to the affairs of his charge. Nevertheless, regular services were held, alternately by himself and by the "Leaders" of the societies in the country, and quite a considerable interest was awakened and maintained among the not very considerable number of the German citizens. About this time the services were held at the wagon-shop of Mr. Lang, on Kinzie Street, and were well attended by the most respectable citizens, as well as by the poorer class.

Finally, in the summer of 1840, the first society of the Evangelical Association in this city was regularly organized by the Rev. Isaac Huffert, who succeeded

Mr. Einsel on the "Illinois circuit," and consisted of about twenty members, nearly all of whom, according to their profession, had experienced a change of heart, and were very zealous in the service of God. But, inasmuch as Chicago was merely an appointment of a field of labor, that, extending over almost the whole of northern Illinois, could not be attended to as circumstances required; furthermore, as only such as had been brought to newness of life in Christ, or at least gave evidence of sincere repentance, could be admitted into the Church, — the increase of members was not as great as might otherwise have been. Yet the society was firmly established and exerted a very considerable influence for good upon the whole German population of the city at that time; it even won the respect and favor of many of the most influential American citizens in a high degree; as some of them, who are still surviving, will be ready to testify.

In 1841 Revs. Adam Ströh and Christian H. Lindner were sent out as successors to Häffert and Kern. These devoted men of God, long since gone from their labors to their reward, entered upon their duties with all the zeal of youthful heroes. Their field of labor extended over the counties of Cook, DuPage, and Lake in this State, and that part of Wisconsin which is at present embraced in the counties of Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, the city of Milwaukee included, and Waukesha. Their headquarters were near Wheeling, in the town of Northfield, where their labors were crowned with a powerful revival, resulting in the conversion of about sixty persons. Chicago was one of their principal appointments. Their services in the city were held for a time in the City Hall, then in

the old City-Hotel building, corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, where the Sherman House now stands. Here, too, their labors resulted in the conversion of many souls, a goodly number of whom still are pillars and ornaments of the Church in the city, whilst others have since settled in different parts in the country and become the nuclei of flourishing societies. At this time, 1841, the society may have numbered about sixty members; the attendance at their services was much greater. Preaching was had on every alternate sabbath, but prayer-meetings were regularly held, conducted by lay brethren every sabbath, and at least once in the week. In the month of June, of this year, the society participated in holding the first German camp-meeting in the West, near Wheeling, Cook Co.

In 1842 the "circuit" was supplied by Revs. Frederick Wahl and George A. Blank, two young men of excellent talents, the latter of whom labored for nineteen years in various parts of the North-west, and closed his very successful itinerant career in January, 1861, in Waukesha, Wis., where his mortal body rests near that of the devoted Lindner, awaiting the coming of the Lord for the resurrection of the dead.

The society had another year of general prosperity, and its membership increased somewhat, although it had, up to this time, no stated place of worship.

At the session of the annual Ohio conference in 1843, Chicago was taken up as a mission, and the Rev. F. Wahl appointed as missionary. The need of a house of worship was now deeply felt; the missionary, Mr. Wahl, made efforts to procure means for the erection of one, and succeeded first in securing the beautiful lot, north-east corner of Wabash Avenue and

Monroe Street, as a donation by the old Canal Company to the society, and then in raising a sufficient amount of funds, by voluntary contributions, for erecting a small church, thirty-two by thirty-eight feet. This, then, was the first Protestant German Church in the city of Chicago, and, as far as we are informed, the second in the State. Shortly after the dedication of the church, a sabbath school was organized, which proved a blessed means for the promotion of the interests of the society and of the cause of religion among the German citizens generally. This, also, was the first German sabbath school in the city.

From this time onward, the society prospered ; many were the conversions, and almost equally numerous the accessions to the Church ; yet much greater still was the regular attendance at the services which were now held under the ministry of Revs. C. Augenstein, C. Kopp, George A. Blank, William Kolb, G. G. Platz, C. Holl, and John P. Kreamer, who were successively appointed to the station.

And yet the numerical strength of the society was at no time very great. This was caused by the constant emigration of its members to other parts of the State, and to other States and territories of the West, where, as already stated, they either formed new societies, or joined such as already existed.

In the year 1852 the church property on the corner of Monroe Street and Wabash Avenue was sold. The principal reason was the increase of the society. A lot was secured on Clark Street between Van Buren and Polk. The old church building was moved thereon, and considerably enlarged. Another lot was secured on the corner of Wells Street and Chicago Avenue,

and a new church erected thereon. All this was done without any pecuniary assistance from outside of the society, and without incurring one dollar of debt. Thus the society was divided, the South side society retaining the name First Church of the Evangelical Association at Chicago; the North side society assumed the name of Second Church of the Evangelical Association at Chicago.

The Second Church enjoyed continual prosperity under the pastoral charge of the Revs. C. Copp, J. J. Esher, J. Riegel, E. Musselman, and others, who were successively stationed there by the annual Illinois conference. Of late the increase of the society, and the large, general attendance, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. G. Esher, made it necessary to enlarge the church. This has just been accomplished. The prospect for the future prosperity of this society is indeed promising; and, were it not for the almost uninterrupted emigration of its members to other parts of the West, it could probably at the present be numbered among the strongest churches of the city. Its sabbath school is in a prosperous condition.

The First Church occupied its property on Clark Street but a short time, the rapidly increasing business on this thoroughfare forcing it to other quarters. In consequence, in 1854, the lot with the buildings was disposed of, the corner of Polk Street and Third Avenue purchased, and a very neat church edifice erected thereon. From this time on, this society enjoyed but a very moderate degree of prosperity, and at the present time its membership is quite small, quite a large portion having removed to different parts of the country. It is at the present under the pastoral charge of Rev.

J. Himmel. Its sabbath school, though small, is doing a good work.

In 1864 the First Church was again divided, and the Third Church of the Evangelical Association organized, under the charge of Rev. J. G. Esher, present pastor of the Second Church on the West side. This society purchased the property on corner of Twelfth and Union Streets, and erected a neat little church, besides a parsonage on the same spot. Its success thus far has been quite satisfactory, and its prospects for further increase and prosperity are encouraging indeed. The pastor is the Rev. C. Ott, a man of great energy and faithfulness as a minister, — whose whole heart is in his work. He is a great practical preacher ; eloquent, earnest, and much beloved by his people. A large and efficient sabbath school is attached to his church.





THE NORTH-STAR MISSION.

THIS beautiful Christian institution has done and is now doing a great work for civilization and the Church. We have already alluded to it in the general sketch of Chicago; but the Rev. Mr. Wrenn, who has the charge of its operations, has subsequently sent us the following history of its rise, progress, and present condition, which we print entire; and it does honor to the great religious denomination to which it belongs:—

“On the first sabbath of October, 1858, several of the young men of the First Baptist Church carried out and organized what they called ‘Bremer-Avenue Mission.’ They collected, in an old chapel, about thirty children. The neighborhood was the most unpromising of any in the city. The inhabitants were mostly Catholics and ‘Turners.’ The people stood aloof from the little band, but the little band went kindly among the people. In a few weeks the school was more than doubled; but the obduracy of the people, the opposition of the ‘mother church,’ and, worst of all perhaps, the remoteness of the young missionaries from their base of supplies and source of recruits, told with damaging effect upon their spirits. Thoughts of evacu-

ation and retreat were even entertained; but, before they could be carried into practice, reinforcements came. The little army was reorganized, a sort of Christian 'Joe Hooker'—*i.e.*, 'Joe Hooker with the evil spirits exorcised'—was put in command, visitation was prosecuted with zeal and system, and that strongest arm of the Sunday-school service—Sunday-school singing—was put in competent hands, and was immediately effective in its own inimitable way.

"With the reinforcements came reinvigoration and, what is better, regeneration. Souls were born in the old chapel. Some teachers and some scholars were soon converted.

"So things went until, in July, 1861, a consolidation was effected with the Chicago-Avenue Mission, which was working on the same general territory. The allied army was called the North-Star Mission. And God blessed the union. The light of the rising star penetrated rapidly and remotely. Prosperity came in on the mission like a flood; and, from that time on, its success has made a most rare and charming chapter in the book of our Baptist cause in our noble North-west. With a new location came a new building, which was dedicated on the 29th of December, 1861. It was—until a sister chapel, the other day, took the shine off it somewhat—the handsomest mission chapel in the city. It is a Gothic-windowed frame house, with belfry. It is seventy feet long by thirty-six wide, will accommodate 850 scholars, and cost about \$2,200. The interior is inviting to the eye, and conveniently arranged for the busy bees who hum and make honey there, for the blessed Lord, every Sunday. A hive it is, which no person of sensibility can look upon with-

out offering a prayer and pronouncing a blessing. There are no drones in this hive. Some of the choicest spirits in the social circle work heartily and effectively in this hive.

“The enterprise soon became of such a magnitude as to warrant the employment of a man who should give himself wholly to the work of overseeing and generalizing its onerous and varied interests. The choice fell upon Rev. George L. Wrenn, a young man, a graduate of Rochester, who went at his work on the first sabbath in October, 1862.

“Since he took the pastoral charge of the mission, eighty-three have been added, by means of it, to the membership of the First Church (under whose auspices the mission is conducted): fifty-eight by baptism, nineteen by letter, and six by experience. These figures leave out a number who were converted at the mission, but who united with other churches.

“The greater part of the scholars are of Pedobaptist parentage. On one occasion, six nationalities were represented in the twelve who were baptized.

“An organ started, — not a musical instrument, but an instrumentality full of music, — pleasing and persuasive in the ears of the little ones. It is called ‘The North Star,’ — a little quarterly, published first in January, 1864, and the first Sunday-school paper published in Chicago. It is furnished free of cost to the families in the neighborhood of the chapel, some of whom never see any other paper. It serves as an organ and a battery of tracts for the school. Aside from this, however, there is a systematic distribution of tracts and alms by the mission; which gives it, and especially its pastor, a strong hold upon the poor in the neighborhood.

“A parsonage is under way, and drawing near completion, which will add several thousand dollars to the already well-to-do condition of the treasury.

“Another chapel has recently been erected, at a cost of five thousand dollars, called the Rolling-Mill Mission. This is the sister whose tasteful appearance, inside and out, I have said, rather excels that of the North Star. It is set down in the midst of a fine harvest-field, that has long been perishing for want of reapers; although the North-Star band have been putting in their sickle there occasionally, for several years, in the shape of prayer-meetings at private houses.

“The number of services maintained at these two chapels every week is as follows: preaching services, three; teachers' prayer-meeting, one; women's prayer-meeting, one; general prayer-meetings, two; young people's prayer-meeting, one; besides the Sunday school and Bible-classes, at both chapels, on Sunday. The prayer-meetings are largely attended by the impenitent, while the attendance upon the sabbath services is constantly on the increase. The average attendance at the North-Star Mission is now about six hundred.

“The reader of this will most probably put the question, which has been agitated here, why not constitute the mission into a church? We will not discuss the reasons *pro* and *con* in the premises. It is sufficient for my readers and myself to know that those whom the matter concerns are willing to vote the mission into a church so soon as Providence makes plain the path.

“But there is another feature of the case much more interesting than this one. It is that of the delegated

authority exercised by these brethren. In response to a petition signed by forty of them, the First Baptist Church 'granted,' to use the language of the 'North-Star' paper, 'the privilege of having, not only the ordinance of baptism, but that of communion also, administered at the mission.'

"There is Western sense as well as scriptural liberty in this; and I narrate it for the perusal, and emphasize it for the benefit, of those sticklers for 'usage' who will have their little 'usage,' though it stops the world from turning on its axis. But if the Church may delegate such authority in the case of forty, may it not in the case of two, one of whom shall be a clergyman and the other a dying saint? It may. There is nothing in Scripture against it, while there may be something in circumstances in favor of it.

"The liberality and alacrity with which the cost and expenses of these missions have been met by the Chicago Baptists furnish another evidence of their denominational zeal. May it never flag!"





ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. DR. J. H. RYLANCE.

THE St. James's Episcopal Church, situate upon the corner of Cass and Huron Streets, is one of the oldest religious institutions in the city. In the sketch previously given of "old" Chicago, the reader will find some curious memorials of its early history, which it is not necessary for us to repeat here, although they are not without a special interest to the student of this kind of realities. The building is one of the city ornaments, and the congregation is composed of that good old stock which is peculiarly Episcopal and respectable, — a decorous, well-to-do people, like the English Episcopalians, self-possessed, comfortable, and devoutly attached to the forms and ceremonies of their Church.

Indeed, there are very decided and marked characteristics belonging to all the infinite army of the sectaries. We can pick them out as they pass along the crowded streets, and classify them each under his own church, according to the signs of their religious peculiarity. The heads and faces speak to us as with the voices of history, and proclaim the theology of their owners. Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregationalist,

Baptist, Unitarian, — are all cast in the molds of their several churches and not a man can hide.

These peculiarities are perhaps more marked in the old country than in America, because there all the leading sects at least have a long background of antiquity, — a long ancestry of similitudes, so to speak, out of which they have been born and fashioned. But here, as we said, the old soul will put on the mask, — the reflex, that is to say, of its thought and spirituality, — and show the world what's o'clock within. We confess to like these comfortable, complacent Episcopalians of the old school, who take life so easily and die "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." This generous, confident outlook upon time and eternity is a sign also of a wondrous healthy stomach, and high, physical perfection. Your burly English churchman especially, sits in his cushioned seat, — prayer-book in hand, his jolly, red face all aglow with the satisfactions of his hopeful and joyous creed.

For him there are no terrors in the great hereafter. He says his prayers like a good Christian every sabbath day, and repeats the creed of his Church with a zest and earnestness which one cannot sufficiently commend. He is troubled with no doubts nor fears, but relies with a perfect satisfaction upon the diction and authority of his church to save him from all the sins of his lifetime. He looks, indeed, with an unconcealed contempt upon all "new fangled notions," and especially upon Puritanism, of which he considers Methodism to be the embodiment, to his great annoyance. Dissent and dissenters from the establishment, he regards as enemies of his Church, — the Church of England "as established by law," — and he is merciless in his hate

of them. This he holds to be his duty as a good churchman, and this feeling, which, if it were not so comical, would be sad enough, is kept alive and nurtured within him by all the High Church clergymen, at least. They look upon this as a part also of their duty. Dissent they call heresy; and we were once asked, when a little boy, by one of these over-devout gentlemen, if we knew what would become of a certain noted Puritan preacher, who lived in that little market town, provided he — the preacher aforesaid — were to presume to ascend his church pulpit for any preaching purpose. In the simplicity of our heart we replied, that no doubt he would become very eloquent, and that our congregation would applaud him as his own did, for he was a man of leonine powers, and had the unction of a bear in him. “No, sir,” replied the clergyman, “he would become a felon, and the magistrate would put him in the stocks.”

This was in the rare modern times which were the prelude to Puseyism and the Oxford tracts, and the history and the mystery of the white or black surplice discussion. Nor need any one imagine that this was a rare example of clerical intolerance. We can well remember when there were feelings even worse than this against dissenters in the Church. But it is no use to unurn the dead evils of men, except to show them up as curiosities of human ignorance and depravity. We have named them here, partly to excuse the dogged hatred of the old English Churchman to dissenters, and the new gospel lights which have been born like Will o’ th’ Wispas out of the Protestant bog; and partly because they belong to history, and are memorable instances of priestly bigotry.

Nor do we blame the Priests themselves altogether ; excepting, indeed, so far as this, — that, belonging to the present and not to the past, they ought to have been more enlightened by the intellect of the times, and more ameliorated by the spiritual influences of the gospel. But the truth is that the English Church is so respectable, and is so countenanced by law, usage, and the presence of the highest peers and commoners in that country, that it was at one time as firmly rooted as any of the other great constitutional powers and authorities of the realm ; what it taught was law and gospel. It had immense vested rights in its own constitution, and any attempt to supplant it, any speech against it, was spiritual treason of the highest and punishable in the Ecclesiastical Courts, or those of common law.

Hence, therefore, the High Church clergy, who were always arrogant in their power, and proud of their spiritual and legal supremacy, could not choose but inculcate that hatred of dissenters, and of all freedom of thought, all speculative inquiry, which the jolly old English Squires, and English yeomanry, so lustily imitated.

There is no such class as this, however, in America ; there are individual examples, perhaps ; indeed, we have seen such in the English town of Boston ; but as a rule the type has died out of the American blood, although the physical Episcopalian, as a portraiture, is as marked as the Nazarite with his bilious, nervous temperament, or the Unitarian with his square forehead, his calm, immobile face, and his thoughtful unfretted eye, which looks across the centuries and can see no God in Christ.

It is so curious to observe the difference and agreement between English and American sectaries, — as the results of historic development, and it may be, and doubtless is, of geographical position also, — that we have been caught up by the stream of suggestion, which the subject originated, and have drifted “many points” out of our course. The American congregations often differ from the English in style, manner, appearance, and demeanor. The latter are staid and very sober looking in their devotions, and their Sunday dress accords with the true mean between elegance and fashion. The former are nearly always superbly dressed, especially the women, and in this respect they make no difference between the opera and the church. But the silence and solemnity of the church set off the beauty of an American congregation, as they do the beauty of pictures and statuary, and the glory of the carven oak and the architecture. To see an American audience in the flower of its humanity, therefore, one must see it in the church, and can see it nowhere else, — although, of course, it is always beautiful. But the church gathers the children also to its bosom, and their presence so enhances the scene, that it is like some sudden vision, some revelation of heaven. In England, the great ugly pews are so many boxes where the aristocrats, who love the Lord, don’t want the vulgar, poor people to look at them. Besides which, there are still uglier seats, behind these ugly pews, — oak forms, with or without backs, where the poor villagers or townsfolk are compelled to sit, and where the children are kept from brawling by the sexton, who stands over them, grim and black in his serge surplice, with a long white wand in his

hand, wherewith he often cracks their crowns to keep them quiet. It is the "National Church," so-called,— nay it has been boastingly called the "Poor Man's Church;" but, as we have seen, the poor only come in for the fag-end of it; it is usurped by the aristocrats who buy their family pews, as sportsmen buy hunting boxes on the moors, and keep them against all intruders. In American churches there is no sign of poverty anywhere, and the equality, to all external appearance, is absolute. This is a truly beautiful characteristic; for there is something so painful in the perpetual presence of poverty, especially in the house of God, that it mars all reverence and religious feeling in the sensitive worshipper, although it must be confessed that ragged beggars, in their looped and windowed wretchedness, and ugly lazars squatting on the gray slabs say of an European cathedral, add vastly to the picture when they are brought into contrast with motley groups of handsome peasants, and native ladies, gayly dressed, and foreigners from every country and clime, all of them kneeling, save the squatters aforesaid, before the altar; whilst the gorgeous sunlight, bursting through the magnificent east window, flings all the blue and crimson and golden coloring where-with the stained glass is painted, over that devout and prostrate congregation. The vaulted roof, also, of the church itself, and the mighty pillars and arches by which it is upheld, have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. But, after all, a decorous and universally well-dressed audience, such as obtains in American churches, is a moral spectacle infinitely more touching and beautiful than that which we have just outlined, — although it may not be half so artistic

in its lights, shadows, and contrasts of dress and character.

Think what lies under these two extremes. What chronic ignorance, misery, wretchedness! What superstition and caste in the one; what happiness, intelligence, wealth, beauty, religion and equality in the other! There is great truth in the doctrine of clothes, as Professor Teufelsdröckh has so well demonstrated in the "*Sartor Resartus*." Great truth, and spiritual meaning, and social and moral significance. A dirty shirt betokens always an ungodly loafer, unless the weather has fouled it that day, during his hours of manly labor; and then the very soils, stains, and blots upon it are, to our eyes, the noblest and brightest of jewels. And so of the coat;—but now it is time to stop, and say a few words about the clergyman of St. James's Church, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance.

For he is truly a man of great conscientiousness, and strong practical common sense, which last is the wisdom of the intellect, and by no means a common attribute. It is cheering to see this strong and hearty preacher, with his good round face all aglow with the fire of inspiration, as he declaims to his Sunday audiences. We feel that we are in the presence of a solid and earnest man, who means his Master's business, and will not allow him to be defrauded of a single soul, if he can rescue it from the snares and pitfalls of sin,—that foulest of the fowlers! He has so much silent power, and is so unconscious of it, that his plain and simple speech is often a marvel of rhetoric, and stirs his hearers to their deepest depths, before they are aware that he has said any thing uncommon. For he is one of those self-reliant speakers, who, coming

before a congregation with a long background of learning, thought, and spiritual experience, have acquired a knack of saying good things without knowing it, which is what we meant above by saying that he was "unconscious of his power." Men of this stamp — and their name is not "Legion" — when once aroused to the heights of eloquence, run on talking golden words with a golden mouth, like a brook, whose waters have acquired an impetus of movement and music, by running over some gentle declivity, and which continues singing, and flashing in the sunlight, until it is suddenly arrested on coming to a level bottom, and returns to the old song which it learned in the nurseries of the hills, when it was first started on its career of life and gladness. For it is genuine song that it sings at all times, the reader will mark; only, on certain occasions, it is more bright and musical in the laughter of its waters. So also does this man sing a genuine English song, using no Latin trills or ornamentations, but a simple, Saxon speech, which will bear but one interpretation; thus saving the critics and the humble hearer of his words a world of trouble and annoyance.

Cool and calm, as he ordinarily is, he occasionally indulges in oratory, and, when fairly roused, is passionate and declamatory in his style and manner. Neither is he afraid of his audience, fashionable and wealthy though they be. He understands the courtesies of address and the dues of manhood far too well to descend to vulgarity and claptrap, as so many famous lights do in these dark days; but he knows how to speak plain truths in plain language, without forgetting that he is a gentleman addressing his peers. Nor does

he ever forget that he is a Christian minister, and that the souls constituting his Church have been committed to his charge. He deals with their sins, errors, vices, follies, and shortcomings with no sparing hand, and is faithful to his duties and his Saviour.

He is, however, rather a moral and intellectual than what is called an evangelical preacher. He sticks to practical duties, exhorts to purity of life and beauty of conduct and behavior, to honor honesty and love of God, rather than to those excitements of the feelings which are so often mistaken for conversion and religion. The law is his Supreme Master, for it is the voice of God; and the commands of the Saviour are absolute and must be obeyed.

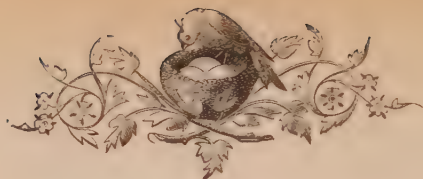
There is very little of doctrine in his sermons; no wailing, agonizing, or rant. If there were, he would not long remain pastor of St. James's, or of any Episcopal Church, unless indeed it belonged to the Low-Church party, who are — what they are. He is singularly interesting as a preacher, and there is a certain playfulness about him, even in his most earnest passages, which is an indubitable sign of power. And he is very direct of speech and purpose, hitting the mark like a bullet out of a rifle, and never beating about the bush. His mind is analytical and logical, and he is a close and vigorous reasoner. He is more of a mathematician, therefore, than a poet or a man of imagination; not at all an excitable man, but a comfortable, intellectual Episcopalian, the type of the old school; and it is to the credit and honor of his congregation that they appreciate him so well, and do him such willing homage.

The church is a fine piece of architecture, and pos-

sesses a magnificent organ, which greatly adds to the attraction of the services. The large room where the week-day services are held, and we believe also the sabbath school, is adorned by the Burdett organ, a small instrument of great power and compass, which contains what is technically called the *vox humana*, an invention which so resembles the human voice that one at a short distance from it would find it hard to decide whether it was so or not. We never heard any thing sweeter or more pathetic than the tones of this little organ when they are put under the influence of that simple but wonderful invention.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance succeeded the Rev. Edward C. Porter, who officiated at this church as assistant to Doctor now Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska, who was then the rector. When the Bishop entered upon his duties in that new field of labor, Mr. Porter was duly installed as pastor of St. James's, and commanded the esteem and love of all his people, both for his intellectual attainments and his high religious character.





CENTENARY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. CHARLES HENRY FOWLER.

THE Rev. Charles Henry Fowler is the son of Horatio Fowler, Esq., a Canadian rebel and refugee. He occupies one of the most important and influential positions in the city, as pastor of the new Centenary Church, on Monroe Street. He is still a young man, and his future career seems destined to be one of unusual brilliancy. He is a man of fine parts and high scholarly attainments, and is fortunate in having found an appreciative people in the West, who, regardless of his youthful looks, were not afraid, in 1866, to elect him unanimously as President of the North-Western University, at Evanstone, Ill., — although, after much prayerful thought, he decided that his path of duty lay more clearly with the Itineracy than with the University.

Very few qualified men, whether young or old, could have made up their minds so unselfishly to decline the high honor which his seniors had thus conferred upon him. But we have no doubt that he decided well and wisely, inasmuch as his usefulness is likely to be more enhanced and extended as a

preacher and pastor than as the president of an institution of learning. And this likelihood springs from the temper of his mind, and the character of his preaching, which is in a high degree oratorical and popular. He is at home in the pulpit, loves hard work and plenty of it, and delights in the magnetism of large audiences, and in the sabbath inspirations.

To have lost him from the Itineracy would have been, in some sort, a calamity to that association and the Church. He loves people, and hates sin, and strives, by the plastic influences of the gospel, to make all men and women and little children beautiful and holy.

His style and manner of preaching are very attractive, and the young men and woman sit enchanted under his ministrations, and shout aloud his praises in the market-place. A man of fine presence, handsome features, and musical voice, he seems to carry all before him by his personal power and eloquence, and is the Alcibiades of the Western pulpit.

His audience-room is the largest of all the Protestant auditoriums, and he is, so to speak, the idol of his people's secular homage. There is not much cause for wonder in the excess of their personal devotion. He is a man all alive, of a genuine wit, and strong vital force, both of body and mind. To see such a man in the pulpit, one, too, who has become skilled in the learning of his time, and is up to its high-water mark, is not a common thing in our modern Israel. He does not find it necessary to be dull or stupid in his sermons, and, somehow or other, people like that sort of negation, and find it, for the most part, entertaining enough.

And yet his feet are on the solid rock, amidst the everlasting truths of the gospel and the universe. He never forgets the dues of the human soul and the claims of Christianity, no matter what his theme may be. But we rejoice to say of him also, that he is not perfect. If he were, what a standing rebuke he would be to us poor mortals, whose sins are the weeds and henbanes of the spirit, choking and poisoning it too often with a baleful influence! He deals in metaphor and the garlands of rhetoric a little too much sometimes for a man of knowledge, practical American sense, and general directness of purpose. But, for the most part, his style is good, expressive, vigorous, and representative of the thought. His education seems to have been liberal and classic; although, in his early youth, there was not much promise for so priceless a blessing as this to befall him. He was born Aug. 11, 1837, and was brought to Illinois in 1841, and trained upon a farm. In 1854, he attended school at the Rock River Seminary, Mount Morris, in Ogle County. In the spring of 1855, he went to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at L' Suma, N.Y., and kept one term only. In 1855, he began his college career at Genesee, and graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1859; and subsequently took the degree of Master of Arts at that university. In the fall of the same year, he came to Chicago, and entered upon the study of law; but in this course he did not follow the bent of his genius, and it soon became evident to him that he must listen to the higher voices and besecchings of the gospel, if his life was to become successful and happy.

On what to him will be the ever memorable Christmas-eve of 1859, he was "converted to God," as he

says, and found peace and joy for his soul. Then came floating before his mind dim visions of the future, and, in the midst of them, he seemed to get glimpses of his own career, not upon any secular track however, and least of all as a lawyer, but upon the high planes of spiritual life and thought, as a preacher of the everlasting gospel; and, as "Hope, enchanted, smiled within him, and waved around him his golden hair," the young man's soul was kindled up with the bright illuminations of faith and trust in God, and he resolved by God's help to devote himself henceforth to the work which has ever since been his life mission and endeavor.

In March, 1860, he entered the Garrett Biblical Institution, at Evanstone, as a student of theology, and distinguished himself by his proficiency in that department of learning. He graduated in November, 1861, and took up his degree of Bachelor of Divinity. During the fall of that year, he united himself with the Rock River Annual Conference, and was soon after stationed at the Jefferson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where he remained two years, which was the full extent of the time ordained by the old Conference regulation.

In the fall of 1863, he was appointed pastor of the Clark Street Methodist Episcopal Church, "the oldest church in the city," where he served three years with great acceptance, and won the esteem and love both of Church and congregation. In the fall of 1866, he returned to the old and dear friends of the Jefferson Street Church, who had "sold out," and changed their name to the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church. A great change had come over their fortunes since his

first connection with them. The foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests ; but they had no local habitation, and nothing was left to them but their name and their integrity.

There were only one hundred and eighty members in communion, and these were obliged to worship in the Second Universalist Church, on Sabbath afternoons only. This, however, was but a temporary inconvenience. The young pastor set zealously to work to raise funds for a new church, and, aided by the willing labors and means of such men as A. E. Bishop, E. H. Gammon, G. F. Foster, all members of the Board of Trustees, he was enabled to get into the new Centenary Church, on West Monroe Street, where he now preaches, although the audience-room is not yet completed. The sabbath-school room is also said to be the most elegantly appointed room of its class in America, with social accommodations which are equal to the best anywhere. The church, although not yet completed, is out of debt, and possesses a large organ.

The membership has increased from one hundred and eighty to six hundred. There are about five hundred young people regularly in the congregation. The classes for instruction range from two to sixteen, and the sabbath school numbers from one hundred and fifty to one thousand. The pastor has wisely organized a literary society in connection with his people.

Such are the dry bones of Mr. Fowler's religious history ; but underneath this framework of facts there must have been a great spiritual life and energy, as the causes of their existence, such as might have created indeed "a soul under the ribs of death" himself. All

life shows itself in existences, and a man's doings are the testimonies of his energies. Mr. Fowler speaks to us, we think, with an unusual eloquence, as the work of so young a man.

Of course, a mind so full of activities as his could hardly be expected not to hanker after the laurels of authorship. Indeed, it is an ambitious man who appears before us in these pages, — laudably ambitious to contribute his share to the wisdom of mankind. He feels strongly and deeply upon religion, we can see and hear ; and cannot, as a member of the sacred chivalry of the cross, allow even so big a man as Bishop Colenso to assault the truth of the Order, without coming valorously to the rescue. Accordingly, when the great Colenso's first book appeared, David came also with his sling, and paved the way for the passage of light into his brain, by breaking through his forehead with a smooth stone. Pebbles from the brook, one might not ungenerously call these arguments and assaults of the young minister, as they show themselves in his book. But they are well and vigorously handled, often well polished, and very striking, as all stones were meant to be in warlike hands. Indeed, dropping the metaphor, we may say that the reply to Colenso, by Mr. Fowler, is a bright piece of writing, logical enough, the premises being granted, and exhibiting an amount of learning and general argumentative ability not common with pastors in these days. Colenso is a scholar of no mean rank, and his book contains lights and expositions of various kinds, which all will do well to ponder. He is by no means an ordinary writer, thinker, translator, or expositor, and cannot be crushed out by squib work or ridicule. It is a singular book in

all senses, and, for a bishop, not the most religious, we should say, or helping to religion. That grand old Bible, with its wondrous masterpieces of picture, its profound thoughts, its deep spiritual experiences, its fine pastorals, its mighty prophecies, and that sublimest of epics, *The Book of Job*, which no modern has equalled, even as a literary performance, — that grand Bible, we say, which God has guarded and fenced about by the protection of mankind, for so many long, dark, voiceless centuries, is its own security for all it claims to be. It is inspiration, faith, love, consolation, hope, life, and immortality for all the coming as for all the past ages, and God has put his seal upon it, and endeared it to the affections and homage of the world by its revelations, promises, and the matchless strength which it puts into the soul of man for trial, darkness, and despair, as well as the love with which it inspires him for all that is beautiful in goodness, all that is tender in pity, all that is holy in religion. Nor can any logical dry-bones, or argumentative reasoner, or learned Bibliast make it other than it is. The Bible fears God and takes its own part, by the silence with which it rebukes its defamers; and neither *pros* nor *cons* will do it good or harm.

Mr. Fowler's book, so well written, so direct and absolute in its argument, was sure to be popular with a certain part of the religious world, and no doubt has had its good results. It was called for by the Methodist Church Publishing House, and has had, we hear, a wide sale. But shall we be pardoned, after such genuine praise of it, if we say that it is often loose in style, and, worse still, flippant in manner? We mean no harm by this saying, but these faults ought not to

pass unnoticed in a book dealing with such a high theme. Nor could good possibly come of them.

As a miscellaneous writer, Mr. Fowler is very genial and pleasant, often brilliant and witty; and, as a secular speaker, he was always, from his college days downwards, as bright as flashing swords. His eulogy on our great, good Lincoln was a triumph of elocution and rhetoric, and made him many friends. During the war, he kept his pulpit red-hot, and his people also, and sent many men to battle, recruiting for our armies night and day. He was married, May 25, 1863, to Miss Esther Ann Warner, of Laurenceville, Tioga County, Pa. She was a classmate of Mr. Fowler in Genesee College, and was a woman of extraordinary talent and learned acquirement, being a proficient in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and German.

A very touching memorial of her appeared in the "North-Western Christian Advocate," Sept. 5, 1866, in which are set forth her remarkable scholastic attainments, as well as her virtues and adornments as a Christian woman. She was well acquainted with metaphysics and mathematics, and possessed a strong and vigorous analytical intellect. She was always at work for the Church, and was deeply beloved by her friends. The writer of the memoir in question says, "I do not read the mystery of this Providence [her death]. I do not know why these old people are left childless by the loss of this dear child. I do not know why this, my friend, my brother, this young minister, is called to walk under the shadow of this fearful bereavement. I am not called to interpret all this mystery of His way who giveth account to none of his matters. But I come with these smitten friends, the

sorrowing churches to whom she was so dear, and bow before God, trusting where we cannot see."

Mr. Fowler will feel her loss more and more as the days of his life lengthen and his labors increase. For she was ever his truest friend and companion, and in the highest social and moral sense the solace and sustenance of his heart and mind. But out of suffering and trial and sorrow are born the mightiest strengths of the soul, and this great bereavement may yet prove to be his highest spiritual benefaction.





ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. H. N. BISHOP, D.D.

ST. JOHN'S Episcopal Church is located at the corner of St. John's Place and West Lake Street, fronting Union Park. The location is both prominent and delightful; and the parish occupies one of the finest neighborhoods in the city. The great body of the inhabitants are of good culture and comfortable means; and the absence of nearly all the nuisances to which cities are subject renders this one of the most agreeable fields of religious labor in the city.

The Church was fully organized in September, 1856, with four members,—plain people, and of very limited means. Of the four members one died and two removed the first year.

The first effort of the organization was to secure some kind of a church. A plain, wooden building, thirty by sixty feet was built, and paid for chiefly by the liberality of citizens of Chicago not connected with the parish, the same year of the organization. The congregation so rapidly increased in numbers that enlarged accommodations were required in 1857. The church was enlarged that year, and a comfort-

able rectory built. The church has been enlarged twice since, and now is a capacious wooden structure, not very churchly looking, capable of accommodating about a thousand people.

The congregation have recently purchased a very valuable lot fronting on Union Park, and intend, at an early day, to erect a permanent stone church, which shall be an ornament to that part of the city.

The present number of communicants is about two hundred and fifty. The regular congregation quite fills the church. The Sunday school of the parish, which was as feeble in its beginnings as the Church itself, has increased to a regular attendance of between four and five hundred scholars, teachers, and officers. This department of parish work is under the superintendence of Stephen Johnston, Esq., whose zeal and earnestness and efficient services are highly valued.

The parish sustains a mission Sunday school at 78, West Lake Street, which is an instrumentality of great good in that neglected portion of our city. David B. Lyman, Esq., is the efficient superintendent, aided by able and faithful co-workers.

An adult Bible class meets every Sunday afternoon in the church proper, with which the entire congregation and others who may be disposed are cordially invited to connect themselves. The Bible class is led in its exercises by Charles C. Bonney, Esq.

Some sixty persons, as nearly as known, went from this parish to help put down the late rebellion. Brigadier Gen. McArthur, Maj. G. S. Hubbard, and Captain Carpenter were among those who distinguished themselves.

Mr. Job Carpenter and Mr. F. A. Bryan were among the earliest members of this parish. Mr. Carpenter has always been the efficient parish treasurer, and is highly esteemed in all the parish for his efficiency in all good works.

The present and only rector this parish has ever had, is the Rev. H. N. Bishop, D.D. He was born in Manchester, Vt., May 28, 1824. He graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1845. Studied theology, and graduated at Bexley Hall in 1848, — was ordained Deacon and Presbyter, by Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio. He was professor of mathematics in the Episcopal High School of Virginia, during 1849 and 1850. From there he entered upon parish duty in Circleville, Ohio, where he remained three years. From thence he removed to Kenosha, and was rector of St. Matthew's Church till 1856, from which point he came to the new Parish of St. John's, Chicago.

Dr. Bishop is a regular contributor to some religious periodicals, and has published occasionally a sermon or lecture. He is an earnest, bold, and vigorous preacher, and is greatly beloved by his congregation. As a pastor, he is large-hearted, and is distinguished by the kindness and fidelity with which he regards the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of all his flock. His sermons are characterized by a marked and eloquent simplicity, and a practical application to every-day life. His discourses are good, rather than brilliant, and religious rather than literary. His whole heart is in his work, and he devotes himself to the details of the parish business with extraordinary zeal.

With great enthusiasm, he declares the spiritual

unity of "all who profess and call themselves Christians;" and opposes all the proposed innovations of ritualism. He is what is termed a Low Churchman, and boldly defends his views as Orthodox and Catholic, by the prayer-book and the word of God.





GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. CLINTON LOCKE.

THE Rev. Clinton Locke is pastor of Grace Church, on the South side, at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Peck Court. It is a small building, of the Gothic style, with two small wings attached, and will probably seat about a thousand persons. The parsonage house adjoins the church, and is very commodious and convenient; but quite plain, unpretending, and without ornament of any sort.

The congregation is composed of the cream of the South side. Every sabbath-day morning, the wondering passenger beholds a long line of chariots and horses drawn up before the church-doors, waiting for the close of the services. Or, if he be led by curiosity, or any other motive, to go within the sanctuary, he will see the best-dressed men and women, perhaps, in the city. He will find also that the very atmosphere is purple with the pride and pomp of the old religion, which is arrayed with the forms and ceremonies, the ritual and doctrines, of the Church before the Reformation.

Mr. Locke, indeed, is what is called a High Churchman. He has great faith in the externals of worship,

and in the power and authority of the Church. Ceremonies are as vital to him as the Christian truth itself; and are often the objective expression of that truth. What the fathers of the Episcopal Church ordained as good for doctrine, discipline, guidance, and ceremony, Mr. Locke and his people cling to as the gospel of that Church. He is in direct antagonism, therefore, with the Low Church party, who are what is called evangelical in their belief, and who set less value upon forms and ceremonies than upon the Christian faith and life.

Since the Pusey heresy burst with its false glares of splendor and illumination upon the Episcopal Church, and converted its venerable temples into Roman Catholic Cathedrals, introducing at the same time nearly all the ceremonials, pageants, and cardinal doctrines of the Romish Church into the ancient Episcopalian worship, the fight for supremacy has until quite lately been between the High Church and the Low Church parties. But within the last few years, the Colenso school has dragged a new element into the strife, — the element of pure rationalism; and threatens to eat up, in the end, the old combatants and their quarrels. The Low Church was verging toward extreme Methodism, — the High Church toward extreme Catholicism; and Colenso comes in as a sort of Bone Ogre to mediate between the two, by destroying them. It was the necessary result of the position of the two great Church parties. Both ignored, to a large extent, the supremacy of the human intellect: the High Church making it subject to ecclesiastical authority, and the Low Church running amuck against it, as the natural enemy of revealed religion. One could readily

have predicted the appearance, therefore, of such men as Colenso, and the clergymen who wrote those infidel "Essays and Reviews."

The intellect will not be ignored, and woe to those who attempt to crush it, or drive it from the fields of speculative inquiry or religious debate. It would have been wiser to harmonize the claims of the intellect and religion, — to define their relative provinces, and make them friends instead of enemies. The intellect alone is barren and unproductive, and from it can come no spiritual life; but once awakened this life within the soul, and give the intellect a full recognition and fair play, and it will become the sword of God to the destruction of all his enemies.

Mr. Locke preaches the highest Church doctrines. He is an Episcopalian priest, and desires all men whom it may concern to know that fact. He has no sympathy with Puritanism, nor with a profound spirituality; is shut out from all such sympathy, indeed, by the limitations of his nature. His sermons deal very rarely with religious experience, such as John Bunyan knew, for example, or John Wesley, or Whitefield. He has been in no such deeps as that; but, like brave old Franklin, he clings to the moral law, and is satisfied. All his teachings have a practical application to life and affairs. He exhorts men to good conduct, and that they should obey the Ten Commandments. All that Low Church experience, — that agony of spirit resulting from a conviction of sin; all that dread lest God should not pardon the sinner, — so common in the religious life of the evangelical party, — is to Mr. Locke mere disease, which might easily enough be traced to a diseased liver. There is the Church to ab-

solve the sinner, and that ought to be enough for him. What need is there that he shall wail and cry to God for help, when all power to regenerate and to pardon is given to the Church, — or rather by the Church to the officiating priest? “By the power and authority conferred upon me by the Holy Ghost, I pardon and absolve thee from all thy sins.” This, as near as we can call the awful words to mind, is the form of the release wherewith the poor broken-hearted sinner is set free from death and hell, and made fit for heaven.

Mr. Locke, acting in obedience to the commands and instructions of his Church, uses this formula whenever he is called upon to do so, — and believes, we have no doubt, in its efficacy. Indeed, so high-minded and conscientious a man could not use it if he were not convinced of its saving power and divine authority.

It is clear, however, that Mr. Locke believes in religion as a beautiful influence to adorn the spirit of a man, and make his life pure and holy. He finds all sorts of practicalities in it; and, in elucidating these, he uses a profusion of metaphor and a redundancy of flowery language, which his congregation seems to find very acceptable and edifying.

He is not a man of thoughts, but rather of sentiments, and the shows of poetry. His diction is musical, and some of his sentences are round and sonorous. As an orator, he excels most in the pulpit; his delivery is clear and distinct; and he suits the action to the word and the word to the action. He is a man of presence, and fills the pulpit as if somebody were there. He is what is called a handsome man, — of middle stature, dark complexion, a profusion of curly locks, and large, dark eyes, — a sort of pulpit Apollo;

except, perhaps, that his head retreats from the forehead in a manner not altogether beautiful; and that his face is full and plump, whilst the lower part of it is somewhat coarse and animal. We remember, however, that this was the exact physique of Luther, of Cæsar, of Cromwell, and of all men who have moved the world by their power and eloquence.

As might be expected from his graceful person, and the general style of his dress and bearing, he always makes attractive sermons, weaving into them whatever of story or poem, wit or anecdote, will best illustrate the argument. His church is nearly always full of well-dressed, fashionable people, who appear, by their devout attention to his words, to appreciate and esteem him very highly. Perhaps he is a little too dogmatic, a little too self-confident; but he who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone; for, as a set-off against this pride of opinion, he has a good deal of tenderness in his composition, which not unfrequently melts into a wonderful sweetness. If he cannot wrestle with the sinner, and refuse to let him go until he accepts the blessings of salvation, he can show him the way of life, and instruct him in his duties and responsibilities.

He is much beloved and respected by his people, and is fortunate in possessing troops of friends outside the pale of his own denomination. The secret of this attachment lies in the personal magnetism of the man, his fine manners, his geniality, and his exuberant love for his race. Religion does not make him morose and sour, nor does it impel him to denounce innocent, social amusements. He believes that one may sincerely and truthfully worship God in the temple,

without profaning him when he indulges in social recreations in the drawing-room, or in the fields and woods. He is, indeed, after all, more of a man than a priest. He cannot separate himself from the enjoyments of his fellows; and, least of all can he denounce enjoyments, so long as they are kept within the bounds of decorum. But whilst he throws himself upon the sympathies and affections of his people, and enters with a man's heart and soul into all their pleasures and recreations, he does not forget that he is a minister of the gospel, and that all temporal things are to be subservient to spiritual and eternal truths, and the uses and benefactions of religion. But neither does he intrude religion into amusement and the pleasures of the holiday. There is a time and a place for all things; and his wise recognition of this fact has not only gained for him many friends, but given him an influence for the highest good, which no sour Puritanism could ever have won from an intelligent congregation.

He is truly the pastor of his people, and is always ready with counsel and advice when he is called upon either by individuals or families. He prides himself upon the externalities of his church; and the services are conducted as nearly as possible upon the old cathedral models.

The singing is very superior, and attracts large numbers to the church. Presently his people will have a noble building to worship in. They have recently sold the old church and lot to the Jewish Church, and have purchased a lot south of Thirteenth Street, upon which they design to erect forthwith a building, which will compare well with the noblest and most beautiful of the city churches.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. DR. Z. M. HUMPHREY.

THE Rev. Dr. Z. M. Humphrey, the pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, was born at Amherst, in 1824. His boyhood was not marked by any extraordinary characteristic, although, from his extreme youth, he gave evidence of an earnest, sincere, and pious mind. As he grew up to manhood, it became necessary for him to choose a profession; and, after much converse with his own soul, and many anxious conversations with his dearest friends, it was decided that he should go to Amherst College, and prepare himself for the ministry of the holy gospel. Accordingly, he matriculated at that noted institution; and, after storing his mind with all the learning which he could find there, he graduated, in 1845.

Having thus prepared the ground for higher studies, he subsequently, in the year 1849, entered the Theological Seminary, at Andover. Here he distinguished himself by his scholarship and critical ability. The study of sacred learning was to him a perpetual benediction, and filled his mind with great and solemn thoughts. In due course, he graduated at this college also, and, his whole soul being full of the Christian

inspirations and affections, he resolved to devote himself to the service of God, through the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

He had heard of the Great West, and of the wide field which this immense territory, with its organized States and rapidly increasing population, opened up to missionary enterprise, and he promptly made up his mind that this should be the theatre of his operations. He came West, accordingly, designing to enter upon the Home Missionary Service. He was detained, however, at Milwaukee; and, during the winter of 1849, he supplied the pulpit of Plymouth Church congregation, in the absence of the regularly ordained pastor, who did not return until the spring of the year 1850.

After discharging the duties of this high office with honor and satisfaction to the congregation and the hosts of casual hearers who were attracted by his eloquence and fervor, he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church of Racine. His missionary projects, therefore, were never fulfilled, although it was a long time before his heart was sufficiently weaned from them to enable him to conduct the highest offices of the Church with pleasure to himself and acceptance to others.

In October, 1853, he was ordained pastor of the church at Racine, where he remained until the spring of 1856. He had, long ago, won considerable reputation as a preacher, and the Milwaukee Church always clung to his memory and his ministry with pride and affection. They never ceased, therefore, to desire his services, although they were unwilling to disturb him in his position at Racine. In 1856, however, circum-

stances favored them, and they invited him to return to his old charge, in that beautiful city of the waters. He accepted the invitation, not without certain trepidations, lest peradventure he might not be in the path of duty by so doing, for there was a mutual and generous attachment between him and his Racine Church ; but, after earnestly invoking the wisdom and approval of the Highest, he became satisfied that he had made a step in advance which would extend his sphere of usefulness, and enable him, by God's help, to bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth. He was duly installed, therefore, as pastor of Plymouth Church, which happened to be vacant in the spring of that year ; and he remained there until the spring of 1859, blessing and blessed as a minister, and much beloved as a private citizen and friend, when he received and accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago, where, for a period of eight years, he has faithfully performed his Master's work, and been the means of largely increasing both the Church and congregation, of extending the borders of his sabbath schools, and of adding greatly to the efficiency of the services and the general organization of the society.

We have already stated, in the chapter devoted to the early history of Chicago, that the First Presbyterian Church was organized on the 26th of June, 1833 ; but we were not possessed of all the particulars of its record when that chapter was written. We will briefly sum them up, therefore, in this place, accepting the manual of the Church for our authority.

In the spring of 1833, two companies of United States troops were transferred from the Falls of St. Mary to Fort Dearborn. During the year 1832, they

had enjoyed the ministerial labors of the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, who subsequently removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, as already mentioned in the chapter alluded to above ; and many of the officers and soldiers had been hopefully converted to God. These troops, under the command of Major John Fowle, and accompanied by their minister, landed at this port, May 13, 1833.

About six weeks afterwards, this First Church was organized, by adopting the Covenant and Articles of Faith of the Presbytery of Detroit. Mr. Porter continued to minister to the Church about two years, during which time its members increased from twenty-five to about one hundred. For two years after his removal, the pulpit was supplied, partially, by Rev. J. T. Hinton, then pastor of the Baptist Church here, Rev. William McLain, since of Washington City, and Rev. J. J. Miter, now of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. In July, 1837, Rev. John Blatchford, now deceased, was installed the first pastor of this Church ; and, in August, 1839, he was dismissed, at his own request. Rev. Flavel Bascom commenced his labors in this city in December, 1839 ; was installed pastor of this Church in November, 1840, and, at his own request, was dismissed, in December, 1849. Read Harvey Curtis began his ministry here, August 25, 1850, and was installed pastor of the Church on the 13th of October following.

Mr. Curtis was a successful pastor, and left his charge, June 8, 1858, to assume the high office of President of Knox College, which he held with honor, to his death, September, 1862.

So far the record is complete, although it is but the bare outline of its external history. Summed up in a

few words, it will be dismissed, for the most part, and certainly by casual readers, as a matter of no further moment, and entitled to no further consideration. To our mind, it is, nevertheless, very suggestive, and fraught with struggles and victories of no common order; although they were, to some extent, the experience of most Chicago Churches, during those rude and early times. To get a place of worship established at all, on the margin of the wilderness, amongst a half-civilized people, many of whom were reclaimed savages and half-breeds, and but few of them white men, without a cross, — this was a great beginning, pregnant with temporal and eternal consequences which no man could then estimate at their true value and influence. It was no light work to form and sustain those first religious societies, which, nevertheless, existed here, and have subsequently flourished so abundantly. We can readily imagine all the trials, difficulties, rebuffs, opposition, and contemptuous treatment which those pioneers of Christ met with in this unpromising region, when they determined, God helping them, that there should be churches here to his honor, glory, and worship. We see but the dates and the names, of the years and the men. It is all that is left of those times; but we shall never see — can only picture them in imagination — those obdurances of heart, those defiances and scornful tongues and insulting faces, which beset and accompanied these early lovers of men's souls, in their earnest endeavors to build up a house of prayer.

That men might meet the angels there,
And praise the Father and the Son,
Who, with the Spirit, are but one.

We shall never know what agonizings of soul, what wild, passionate prayers, what self-devotion and self-denial, what love and sublime faith, entered into the inner life and outer action of these devout and God-fearing men, before they beheld any spiritual growth, any love for God, or his services, in the great rebellious hearts of these careless hunters, trappers, Indians, and traders who constituted the "civil" elements at Wolf's Point, in those all but hopeless days. And yet these sowers of the good seed, these tillers of the weedy human ground, these scatterers of the light that can never die or cease its radiance, do not seem to have doubted one moment of a final success. O matchless faith! O holy religion! what wondrous power, and godlike fruition lie in your vast and fathomless sanctuaries! making the granite rocks to melt, as with a fervent heat, riding forth conquering and to conquer, laughing at impossibilities, casting mountains into the sea, and breathing upon the arid sands of the parched and broken hearts of men, and suddenly conjuring them into life and the glory of a green and productive earth, full of ripe fruits and golden corn. Faith makes all crops sure, and religion so fructifies the life that it spreads before the gazer's eye as if it were bathed with the light and radiance of perpetual summer, blossoming with immortal love, holiness, and prayer.

It is certain that these grand entities do fortify and make strong the soul and pure the heart, more than any other human virtue, attribute, or gift of Heaven. With religion and faith all things are possible; without them nothing is possible but death.

The early religious teachers of this city have left us no line of their trials and troubles to get a hearing for

God. Less conscious by far than these all-conscious Puritans of the East, they kept no journals nor diaries; but put their trust in God, and did their work day by day, confident of the ultimate issues. And at this present hour, now that those good old preachers have nearly all gone home to the house of many mansions, and are receiving the rewards of their uncomplaining faithfulness; now that the old fort, where preaching began, and the old log-cabins, where it was carried on so long, and nearly all the wild folk of that time, with their dwellings and their trades, their hopes and fears, their loves, hates, and joys, folks generate and regenerate, are all, for the most part, in their mortal environment, gone to dust and doom, — we are surely, if insensibly, touched by the influence of that primitive, religious teaching; and the voices of Brother Porter, and his Methodist and Congregational confreres, taking each his turn to talk to the little company that constitutes his communion of saints, reach not our times only, through the spiritual magnetism that belongs to the utterance of all truth, but sound for ever through the starry aisles of eternity, very pleasing to the Almighty.

The Rev. Dr. Humphrey, the present incumbent of this Church, succeeds to no “log-cabin” nor “long room up one flight of stairs,” but to a noble building, which is well worthy to be called a house of God. And yet it is the legitimate if also the inscrutable offspring of those rude early preaching houses. Had these men given up their work in despair, because of the dreadful defeat in results on the balance-sheets of the labor done, the stony ground might still exist, might still have to be disintegrated and broken up into soil,

instead of being well prepared for a higher culture. We may not see the connection between the Presbyterian Church of 1833 and that of 1867, nor be able to demonstrate, that this grand Church came loyally and in pure descent from those primitive preaching houses. But the conclusion is inevitable. There are no bastards among the births of time. All the great facts of history have had an obscure if not a mean origin and ancestry. And, as certainly as the religion of Rome and the vast stone epics of its cathedrals sprang from the infant Lord in that Bethlehem manger, so have all our representative churches sprung from those dingy, Wolf Point cabins.

The Rev. Mr. Humphrey began his ministry here, as pastor elect, May 15, 1859, and was installed, June 7 of the same year. The first church edifice, erected for the use of this Church and congregation, was a frame building, twenty-six feet by forty, and stood on the south-west corner of Clark and Lake Streets, and was opened for worship, Jan. 1, 1834. In 1837, this building was removed to the south-west corner of Clark and Washington Streets, and enlarged by increasing its length twofold. In 1840, it was again enlarged by doubling its width. In the fall of 1847, the foundation of a brick edifice was laid, sixty-five feet by one hundred. The basement-rooms were opened for worship, Jan. 1, 1849, and the whole house was finished and dedicated in September following, at a cost of about twenty-four thousand dollars.

In the erection of this building, a debt was incurred, which greatly embarrassed the society. In the progress of the city, it was found, also, that the location was not good, the surrounding population being driven

away by the encroachments of business, and the place becoming constantly more and more dusty and noisy. At the same time, an increase of church sittings was needed to supply the wants of the rapidly increasing population. In view of these facts, after full consideration, it was resolved, in the autumn of 1855, to sell the lot and building then occupied by the society, and, after paying the debt, so to divide the proceeds as to secure the speedy erection of three new church edifices, in the three divisions of the city; it being expected that, in this adjustment, most of the members of the First Church, who reside in the North and West divisions would, for their own convenience and for the common good, identify themselves with the Third Church, already organized on the West side, and with the new enterprise to be commenced on the North side. In pursuance of this plan, the property was sold, in November, 1855, and a lot immediately purchased on Wabash Avenue, between Van Buren and Congress Streets, and the necessary steps taken for the erection of a new church edifice, for the use of the First Presbyterian Church and society.

This house of worship was dedicated to the service of God, October 15, 1857. A similar edifice was erected, at about the same time, in the West division of the city, by the Third Church. The Westminster Church, in the North division, have not yet erected their permanent house of worship, but are at present occupying a neat and commodious chapel, which will give way, it is hoped, ere long, to a more enduring structure.

The ecclesiastical antiquities of the city are thus seen to extend backwards only thirty-four years. Within

that period, there have been received to membership in this Church, 1,967 persons, of whom 794 were received by certificate from other churches, and 1,173 were received on profession of their faith in Christ. During the same period, a large number have been dismissed, to aid in organizing, or to give strength to, at least twelve new churches in this city, of which eight are Presbyterian and four Congregationalist. So that this may be called the mother Church of Chicago.

During the years 1841, 1843, 1845, there were great revivals of religion in this city, and large numbers were added to this Church. In 1846, there were reported to the Presbytery 456 members. But, during the next five years, there was as great a decline, and this continued until the spring of 1852, when there was a new, steady, and continuous revival. A still greater work was reserved for the years 1857 and 1858, when about seventy-five were added to the Church on profession. The Young People's Mission Association was founded, January 21, 1858, as a result of the new impulse which had been given to religion during that year.

This Association took charge of the sabbath schools, then in operation, both at the Church and on mission ground, and their efforts have been signally blessed.

The first Sunday school ever organized in Chicago was commenced in March, 1833. Its first session was held in a dilapidated building upon the shore of the lake. The site of this building has long since been washed away by the waves. The number of pupils was about fifteen. The teachers were Captain Johnson, Philo Carpenter, John S. Wright, and, perhaps, Mrs. Johnson. There was, at this time, neither school-house nor

church in the settlement. There was no minister of the gospel of any denomination in the place, though a sermon was occasionally preached, by a Methodist clergyman, who visited the settlement for that purpose ; and regular meetings for prayer were held in the house of "Father Noble," a log-cabin on the lake shore.

In April, 1833, "Father Walker," an aged Methodist minister, came to Chicago to reside. He was the presiding elder in this circuit. He occupied a log-cabin on the west side of the river near the north branch. His house became the religious centre of the place. Here he preached every sabbath. Hither also was transferred the Sunday school. The pupils were mostly children of the French and half-breed residents, but little accustomed to restraint, and collected each sabbath by personal visitation. The school itself was of the most primitive character.

In a few weeks after the last date, the First Presbyterian Church was formed, as mentioned above, June 26, 1833.

The Sunday school was immediately removed from the house of Father Walker to the Fort ; then, again, a short time afterwards, to the second story of a building, erected by P. F. W. Peck, Esq., on what is now the corner of La Salle and South Water Streets. At this time, Philo Carpenter, Esq., acted as Superintendent, and John S. Wright, Esq., as Secretary and Librarian, the *library* being comfortably carried in a handkerchief. Subsequently, Mr. Joseph Meeker arrived in July, with a number of books which had been used in a Sunday school in New York. The first formal organization of the school was made, March 16, 1835.

Aaron Russell, Superintendent; Thos. Wright, Secretary; Joseph Meeker, Librarian.

From that time to this the school has prospered abundantly, and contributed many members to the church. In 1866 it became necessary to provide a larger and more convenient house than that which the church edifice supplied, and the church itself required more rooms for its social meetings and operations.

One of the most interesting of all the schools connected with this Church is the Railroad Mission School, which was organized by Rev. B. Kent, May 10, 1857, in a railway car, on the track of the Michigan Southern Railroad. Seventeen scholars, gathered in from the streets, were in attendance the first sabbath. The school at once grew in numbers and in interest, till, in the course of the year, four cars were filled with scholars and an ample number of teachers.

In the spring of 1858 it was apparent that other accommodations were needed for the school. Measures were immediately taken for the erection of a chapel, and on the 13th of March this association resolved to raise the requisite amount for that purpose. A neat little structure was built, and paid for at the cost of \$1,200, and on the 4th of July, 1858, the first Railroad Chapel was dedicated. It stood upon the grounds of the Michigan Southern Railroad.

For three years, there was but little actual progress as to numbers in the school, yet much good was accomplished. Forty-nine scholars and two teachers were hopefully converted during that period.

In June, 1862, George W. Perkins began to labor in this field, bringing with him a rich experience in

the Mission School cause ; a systematic course of visitation upon the district was adopted, resulting in a great increase, both in attendance and interest.

In less than one year, the building, which at first seemed of ample dimensions, becoming too strait for this rapidly growing school, a new and larger building was proposed ; and no better evidence could be given of the earnestness of the Church and the teachers than is found in the promptness with which they responded to the call for means to accomplish the new project.

The first plan was to build the new chapel of wood ; but, when the school came with an estimate of the requisite amount before the Young People's Mission Association, requesting to have their purpose carried out, it was wisely determined by the association to have the building substantially constructed of brick and stone.

The entire cost of erecting and furnishing the new building, including frescoing and an organ, was about \$18,000. The lot on which it stands cost \$3,000. Actually crowded out of the old building, the school occupied the new one for several weeks before it was finished. On the 27th of March, 1864, it was appropriately dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

The dimensions of the new chapel are 60 by 101 feet ; the main room is seated with the circular or "Booth seats." To raise the standard of mission school buildings in this country is an end greatly to be desired, and much pains has been taken in finishing and decorating the interior of the chapel, to make it attractive and pleasant for both children and teachers.

One of the immediate effects is found in the good order and attention shown by the scholars who attend the school.

The building stands upon Griswold Street, near the corner of Van Buren, within a few steps of the site of the first chapel. The average attendance of this school is nearly one thousand. A large number of conversions have been reported from among its teachers, scholars, and Bible classes.

The Foster Mission is another of this Church's enterprises, and was organized, August 8, 1858, with about twenty children in attendance. It has since prospered very considerably. George W. Perkins was the first superintendent.

The Young People's Mission Association have also had under their care the *Sands School*, relinquished to the North Presbyterian Church, August 1, 1858, after about a year of vigorous life; the *Indiana Street School*, relinquished to the sole care of the Second Presbyterian Church, after a partnership of about a year; and the *Archer Road School*, organized Feb. 28, 1858, and transferred to the care of the First Baptist Church in 1860. Few churches can boast of a more delightful history than this. From first to last, it has been a bountiful mother to all the neighborhood over which its influence extends, and its schools are the pride of the denomination to which they belong.

During the past year, a commodious chapel has been added to the main building. It is built of brick, ninety by fifty feet, and provides much needed conveniences for promoting the Christian work, and the social life of the congregation. It contains a large and pleasant chapel-room, which is so arranged as to accom-

modate the Sunday school, prayer and conference meetings, and social gatherings. It is crossed by galleries at each end. Under these are rooms for Bible and infant classes, and the galleries themselves will accommodate a large number of scholars. A spacious and well-lighted room for the Sunday-school library is also located on the principal floor. In the basement is a "social hall" or refreshment-room, fifty by thirty feet, connected with which are a kitchen, two pantries, and suite of rooms, for the family of the sexton, and other apartments, thus affording conveniences for conducting festivals and other social gatherings. It was erected at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars.

During the last year, which seems to have closed, June 9, Dr. Humphrey's Church contributed \$35,000 for the erection of the church towers, for the reduction of the debt, and the erection of the new chapel. For various other purposes, during the same year, they increased this sum to \$53,100; and, during the eight years of the Doctor's pastorate, they have contributed, for religious objects, \$210,100.

The present number of the members of the Church is 513, and the number, at the date of the Doctor's installation, in 1859, was about 300, giving an increase in eight years of about twenty-seven per year. The actual number received is much greater than this, considerably more than double.

In the constant fluctuations of Western society, the Church is continually dismissing members to other communions, and each year, death takes a few to the joys of the Church triumphant.

The whole number received into the Church, since its organization, in 1833, is, on profession, 794; by

letter, 1,173 : total, 1,967. Only one of the original members of the Church is in communion with it at the present time, — Mrs. Lemuel Brown.

Few pastors can show so bright a record as this of Dr. Humphrey's, during those eight years of unceasing labor. His people may well be proud of him. They have good reason to be so. He has raised his Church into the first rank of the true society of Jesus, not in this city alone, but in all the West. A plain, unpretending man, he does his work, without haste or rest, and, by his urbanity and high Christian demeanor, he wins all hearts to himself and his cause. Dr. Humphrey is about the middle height, with a great, square head, and a face of remarkable benignity and good will, such a face, as Coleridge said of Clarkson's, that it was always saying, "God bless you," to everybody.

He is a man of calm, and, at first sight, he looks like one who keeps his own island inviolate. But a few minutes' conversation with him dissipates that illusion, and he appears, as he is, a genial, kind-hearted, and friendly man. He is not, nor does he pretend to be, a man of great power and literary ability ; but he is possessed of great common sense, refinement, and a faculty for ready writing and speaking, which are sufficiently enviable. His sermons are often models of quiet eloquence and finished diction. He makes but little attempt at oratory, and none at declamation, neither does he beat the air with his hands, or agonize with his body, swaying to and fro, like a reed shaken by the wind. His whole method of delivery is marked by a decorum, and often by a solemnity, which are of more effect than much rant and noise ; which stamp

him also as a gentleman, as well as a thinker and responsible speaker. In all that he says, we mark the educated man, who respects himself and his profession, and cannot be caught away by any vain glory or egotism, even though, by a little dexterous manœuvring, he might gain the admiration and the applause of the groundlings. He stands there to save souls, and not to tickle ignorant and profane ears. He is not a popular preacher, and could never, we are glad to say, become that by any possible amount of training. He is too earnest, too sincere, to be moved by the popular breath, either one way or the other. He thinks over his thought, and takes his stand upon his convictions, and cannot trip or be tripped. His sermons read well and deliver well. They are always carefully studied, and formed after the best models. There is no fever in his speech, no exaggeration. He calls things by their right names, and deals in no superlatives. A plain, cultivated style sets off his thoughts and feelings to a great advantage. He has educated his congregation up to his own literary standard, has compelled them to think by his own thoughtfulness, and to discern between true eloquence and a mere raw rhodomontade. The pump-handle orator finds no acceptance with his people, who immediately set him down as a wind-bag, and number him with the quacks. This is a great good gained for them, and for all of us, more or less. For there is nothing so easy as the gulling of an undisciplined, uneducated audience, and the quack is ever ready to take advantage of this fact, to the great injury of his hearers, and his own disgrace and degradation. To hear Dr. Humphrey in his best moods is like reading an Addisonian discourse, only the Preacher is more

impassioned than the Man of Letters. We are now speaking rather of the style than the subject-matter; and we are glad to say, that the Doctor's style is very pure and good; and that his literary treatment of his theme is always excellent, and lacks little that can be desired.

He depends, indeed, more upon what he has to say, to win the suffrages of his hearers, than upon his manner of saying it. Elocution is a branch of learning which he does not affect, beyond the ordinary uses of it. His emphasis lies in the thought or sentiment, and not in his delivery of it. Very gentle, genial, and sunny is his discourse, and altogether without set points and sounding perorations. Even in the utterance of tragic passion, no loud declamation accompanies it, but the voice simply deepens with the strong, inward emotion and trembles, perhaps, with the burden of its great sorrow.

In these respects, he is unlike nearly all his contemporaries in Chicago. Elocution with many preachers is more than half the sermon, and they rely chiefly upon this arm of the literary service to get them through the battle, and make sure the victory. But it is a vicious system, and ruinous alike to the intellect and the hearts of the auditors. When a man has something to say, he is content to say it, without noise or an inflated rhetoric. And this is the case with Dr. Humphrey. We have read many of his printed sermons, and find them able, sensible, thoughtful, and suggestive. He goes direct to his subject, and does not talk in whirligigs, or reason in circles. His propositions are always clear and well stated, and the argument proceeds, therefore, with a mathe-

matical severity and completeness which are admirable to see.

Nor is he tied to a particular style, in the enunciation of his thoughts, but has the art of varying the rhetoric to suit the subject. His oration on the death of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, delivered in Bryan Hall, — when Bryan Hall was, — on that sunny sabbath of June 2, 1861, is full of tenderness and beauty, patriotism and human love. He warms and glows with the theme, until, here and there, he reaches to a sublime eloquence, and kindles every heart with his own fervor. We get also, in this sermon, new glimpses into the Doctor's mind, and behold new phases of his capability. He speaks generously and affectionately of the brave, young soldier, who died too early for his country, and won an enduring fame, before he had seen a battle; and there is a beautiful womanliness, if we may so express it, throughout the whole of this touching and tearful discourse. But, besides this, there is also a genuine poetic feeling in it, and it abounds with striking, descriptive passages, which, indeed, are as vivid as pictures on a painter's canvas. He gives us the whole scene of the Ellsworth tragedy, and represents it with a lifelike power.

There is the camp at midnight, and yonder is Ellsworth's tent, where he sits by the light of a dim lamp, writing kind and loving farewells to his dear relatives and friends. Then the scene changes: a fleet of transports drop down the Potomac, as the heavy gray of dawn begins to dim the stars; then the debarkation, conducted under the level light of the rising sun; then a group of soldiers, with Ellsworth at its head, looking up, from a street in Alexandria, toward that flag of

treason, floating like a baleful meteor above the house where, in Revolutionary days, Washington was accustomed to repose. Again, behold that little group upon the roof of the house, and clustered about the flagstaff. Ellsworth's hand is on the halyards, — down comes the defiant bunting; it is gathered into the arms of the leader. Again the scene is changed to the interior of the house. The soldiers are descending the stairs towards the street. First goes a private, then the commander, bearing his captured trophy. The private has reached the floor. Two or three steps behind him is the officer. Quick as thought, a half-dressed savage form rushes from a darkened passage, presents a gun to the breast of the officer, and fires! Then follows, like lightning, another explosion, then another, and a thrust of the bayonet, and both Ellsworth and his murderer are dead. Behold them! — both on their faces: one stained with blood, — the symbol of treachery he still holds in his arms; the other still clasping the weapon by which that blood was shed.

Here is a series of historic pictures, which an artist could readily enough transfer upon the canvas, and infuse with the spirit of life. He delights in pictures; and, every now and then, he treats us to fine fancies, set in a quaint dress, bright from the wardrobes of the old English classics.

His funeral discourse on Deacon Jonas Whitney is quite of another style and character. There are no trumpet voices here, no large cartoons of historic life, but a solemn and stately diction marches, so to speak, through the page; and a good Christian man is there apotheosized over his grave, with a love that surpasses understanding. Speaking of Mr. Whitney's progress

in the divine life, he says, "His spiritual growth was steady and constant in this life. It was never tropical in its rapidity nor in its internal weakness. It was not a growth, first of summer expansion, and then of winter rest. It was even, it was constant, for he loved the truth, and studied it every day. The roots of his nature entwined themselves around the great doctrines of Christianity, as about blocks of granite, like those upon which trees sometimes steady themselves; and they went down into the promises, as into soil made damp by the river of the waters of life."

The reader will see his general manner even from this brief extract; will see, also, that this analysis of the religious character of his friend Whitney is very applicable to his own spiritual development.

There is another sermon by Dr. Humphrey, preached, Nov. 20, 1856, at the Plymouth Church, Milwaukee, which gives a still higher idea of his literary likelihood and ability. It is a Thanksgiving sermon, and is big with gratitude and a most devout thankfulness. Pastoral pictures are here also; and beautiful reflexes of country life and association. As a composition, it is far superior to the others which we have named, and makes us long to get an *opus* from his pen, which would unfold all his power and capability, and enable us to pronounce a true and complete judgment upon him as a preacher, thinker, and writer.

Dr. Humphrey is a good pastor, devoted to his people, and sincerely beloved by them. He is at the bottom of all their social gatherings and friendly meetings, and meetings for secular and religious culture. He is no bigot, does not frown upon amusements, recreations, and the like, but upholds and defends them,

as necessities of life. Whilst he adheres strictly to the doctrines of his Church, he is a many-sided, far-seeing, and liberal-minded man, and worthy of all the honor which has been conferred upon him, both by the Church and the world.





THE TABERNACLE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

REV. JOSEPH W. HEALY.

THE Rev. Mr. Healy is one of those men who are predestined to success in the ministry. It is only fifteen months since he first set his foot in this city, to preach the gospel of the blessed Lord ; and he has been instrumental in bringing such an abundant harvest of souls into the garner of the redeemed as few men have ever before accomplished. He is one of the most earnest men alive. His words are fire ; and, whilst they burn up the tares of unbelief, they kindle in the hearts of all, who are concerned for their salvation, such a love of Christ and God as compels them to bow before the altars of the revealed religion, and to devote themselves to God's honor, and the Christian life. He is a man, indeed, after Whitefield's stamp ; not that he possesses his dramatic talent or his wondrous power of oratory, but that, like him, he is concerned for human souls, and longs with an unspeakable love for the salvation of all mankind. Mr. Healy, indeed, is no orator at all,

in the scholastic meaning of the word: he does not posture nor point nor rant nor rave; nor does he, at any time, descend to the claptrap of the art of delivery. But there is a great sincerity in his words and manner, to which the hearer's heart responds, and which produce the living fruits of the spirit of God. He convinces rather than persuades. One looks at him and feels that his words must be the words of truth and righteousness. So absolutely has this been the case during his ministry, that he has revolutionized his locality, and made great numbers of the people nominal Christians at least, and many of them members of his Church and congregation. During the last year, the members of the Congregational Churches have increased fifty per cent; and, startling as the announcement may be, it is nevertheless true, that the Tabernacle Church has helped to swell this amount at the rate of about twenty per cent. Five young men, belonging to the same Church, have also begun to study for the ministry, and, besides the stately Church of the Tabernacle, there are now two mission schools, in progress of building, connected with it, wherein regular preaching is to be carried on.

These great achievements have not been consummated without a devotedness to religion and a zeal for God's service, which are by no means common, either in the East or West, and only at the last day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will it be known how much of this revival of religion, and how many of these conversions to God are to be attributed to the earnest and laborious pastor.

Rev. Joseph W. Healy was born in South Hero, Vt., April 11, 1827, and graduated at the University

of Vermont in 1852. He studied law with Judge Batchelder of his native State, and was, for many years, teacher within its boundaries. He was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, Jan. 1, 1857. He first taught in the Burlington Female Seminary, Vt., and afterwards was elected principal of "Bath Academy," N.H., and "Topsfield Academy," Mass. His early ministry was confined chiefly to Gardner and Walpole, Mass., and his later services were given to Milwaukee, Wis., and Chicago, Ill. While pastor in Milwaukee, he was also one of the editors of "The Wisconsin Puritan," the organ of the Presbyterian and Congregational convention of Wisconsin.

The Tabernacle Congregational Church of Chicago, like most other Protestant churches of the city, was the outgrowth of sabbath-school enterprise.

On the second sabbath of June, 1857, a few earnest workers, from the First Congregational Church, established a sabbath school, on the south side of Kinzie Street, between North May and Ann Streets. The name, "North Mission," was given to the enterprise, and James A. Kinney was the first superintendent. In November, of the same year, a new building was erected, on the south-west corner of North Bucher and Second Streets. This edifice was destroyed by fire, January, 1858, and a second building was erected, on the south-west corner of North Curtis and Third Streets, which was occupied until January, 1866. Mr. Kinney was succeeded, in the superintendence of the school, by T. T. Gurney, December, 1857; who was succeeded by Dr. J. H. Hollister, in January, 1861. Dr. Hollister was succeeded by W. W. Mills, in October, 1863, who continued superintendent until January, 1866.

In March, 1855, a second sabbath school was started, called the "Industrial Mission," and was held in a building, located on the east side of Union Street, between West Indiana and Fourth Streets. This school was commenced as a union school, but soon passed into the hands of the First Church. E. S. Warner was the first superintendent. In April, 1862, T. T. Gurney succeeded Mr. Warner, and remained in office until the union of the "Industrial" and "North Mission" Schools, which was effected, January, 1866.

This union school was called the Free Church Sabbath School, which was changed, January, 1867, to its present name, the "Tabernacle Sabbath School." It was a mission school until the organization of the Tabernacle Church. Dr. J. H. Hollister was the first superintendent, and was succeeded by Major D. W. Whittle, April, 1866. The rapid growth of this sabbath school and its large Christian influence are without a parallel. In numbers, it is the largest Church school in the North-west, and is a model in its organization and work.

The "Tabernacle" was primarily erected to accommodate the sabbath school; and it was also designed to answer the purpose of a church edifice. It is a brick edifice, Gothic in architecture, and was built at a cost of about \$25,000. The expense was largely defrayed by the First Church. T. M. Avery, Esq., was the leading spirit and the most liberal donor. It was dedicated, Jan. 9, 1866. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. W. Patton, D.D., pastor of the First Church.

On the sabbath of church dedication, it was resolved to inaugurate religious services; preaching in the

morning, on the sabbath, and prayer-meetings on sabbath and Wednesday evenings. Rev. Professor F. W. Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, supplied the pulpit until May, 1866. The congregation grew with such rapidity that it was deemed advisable to secure a permanent pastorate. Rev. J. W. Healy, of the Hanover Street Congregational Church of Milwaukee, Wis., was invited to assume the pastoral charge, and commenced his labors, May 6, 1866. He was installed by a council, September 22, 1866. The principal exercises of installation were: Sermon, Rev. F. W. Fisk, D.D.; Installing Prayer, Rev. G. S. F. Savage; Charge to the Pastor, Rev. J. R. Shipherd; Charge to the People, Rev. J. E. Roy; and Fellowship of the Churches, Rev. James McLean.

After the prayer-meeting, May 16, 1866, a business meeting was organized, and it was unanimously resolved that the time had come to organize a church. The result of the meeting was the calling of a council, to meet, May 27. The council met at the time appointed, and was composed of the Congregational churches of Chicago. Rev. H. L. Hammond was chosen Moderator, and E. S. Warner, Scribe. To this body was submitted a paper, signed by one hundred names, specifying the reasons for the organization of the contemplated church. The reasons presented were voted satisfactory, and a resolution was adopted, organizing the "Tabernacle Church." The public exercises were conducted by the following: Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. W. A. Nichols; Sermon, Rev. J. P. Gulliver; Recognition of the Church, Rev. H. L. Hammond; Fellowship of the Churches, Rev. Dr. F. W. Fisk; and concluding Prayer, Rev. L.

Jones. Of the one hundred signers of the petition for a church organization, seventy-one were received by letter, and twenty-nine by profession.

At the first meeting after its organization, June 6, the following persons were chosen deacons: Edwin Hubbard and S. L. B. Spear, for three years; T. T. Gurney and F. M. Rockwell, for two years; and F. B. Abbott and Francis Nourse, for one year. Deacon Spear resigned, March, 1867, and George McKinney was chosen in his place. At the annual meeting, June 5, 1867, Deacons Abbott and Nourse were elected for three years.

The foundations of this church were laid in wisdom and prayer, and the Holy Spirit has been manifestly present from the beginning, scores having passed from death unto life, and at each communion there have been large accessions of members to the church. During its brief existence, a church has been gathered, which ranks in size third among the Congregational churches of the State, and the congregation has gradually increased, until it has become one of the largest in the city. This rapid growth is largely attributable to the fact that the sittings are free. In its effort to furnish a free gospel to the multitude, the great Head of the Church has signally blessed this young organization. With humble gratitude would the Church recognize the source of its prosperity, and say, "The Lord hath done great things for us."



OLIVET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. NELSON MILLARD.

THE Rev. Nelson Millard was appointed to the pastorate of the Olivet Church, during the autumn of 1867. He is a young man, of about thirty-two years of age, and was educated for the ministry at Union College, under the venerable Dr. Nott, who was for sixty years president of that college, and had the honor of educating some of our most distinguished public men, amongst whom are Mr. Seward, Dr. Hickok, and Dr. Wayland, the President of Brown University, Providence, R.I. Mr. Millard graduated in 1853 or 1854, and was appointed tutor of Union College, which position he occupied for three or four years. During the whole of this period, he managed to devote several hours a day to the study of theology with Dr. Hickok. He then went to the Union Theological Seminary, New York, where he also graduated. And having thus laid the foundations of his future education, he thought he had the right to rusticate for a few months, and, by the interchanges and communions of foreign travel, to enlarge his mind,

and extend the boundaries of his knowledge of real life and its affairs. Accordingly he went to Europe, and passed eighteen months among the chief capitals of that continent, but found in Geneva the main attractions to his mind and heart.

On his return, he was called to the Presbyterian Church, at Mount Clair, in New Jersey, and not far from New York City. He remained in this comparatively unknown and secluded place for nearly six years, and his ministry was marked by great usefulness and success. The fame indeed of his eloquence, his devotion to the interests of his charge, and his unceasing activity as a pastor, extended over all the circles of the denomination to which he belongs, and, at last, it reached the Garden City of the West, where there was a vacancy in the Church of which he is now the accredited and much beloved pastor. Overtures were made to him by this Chicago Church; but he was unwilling to leave his old friends, and the dear society of Christians which he had been mainly instrumental in founding, and which he had so long kept together in the bonds of love, faith, and charity. The West, on the other hand, offered a boundless field for religious enterprise and devotion; nor could he forget that such talents as he possessed were given him for use, lent to him, so to speak, on interest, and that he was bound to make the most of them for the benefit of the Master's cause. He was finally persuaded, therefore, to accept the generous and loving offer of the big-hearted Chicago friends, who, knowing that ministers are, at the best, but poorly paid, and that large families require long purses to keep them, offered considerably to increase the amount paid to him by his

Mount Clair friends, and to bear all his expenses to the new post of honor and of work. It would be mere cant, to say that this noble offer had no kind of influence upon a man who had a position to maintain in society, and a family to keep, but we can assuredly say that it was not the controlling influence. Like all true preachers of the gospel, he loved the truth more than the mere wages that were paid him to enable him to proclaim that truth; but many of our Chicago Christians are also munificent merchant princes, and they resolved that no minister of theirs should have his mind worried by money matters, by struggles to make two ends meet, and no balance at the banker's. So a few of the richest and noblest of them met together, and, without reference to the Church, contributed at once out of their own private purses four thousand dollars, which they offered to him, and proposed that that amount should be his future salary as the Church's pastor.

It was a contribution worthy of Chicago merchants, and we hope that it will not be without its effect upon other churches, in their dealings with ministers. A minister is worthy of his hire, or he is not. If the latter, let him black boots, for he is out of his sphere; if the former, let him be treated as one who belongs to the Heavenly Hierarchy, and let no mercenary bargain be made with him. He, of all others, is most unfitted to haggle, like a Jew, for the odd dollars, and yet they are of as much importance to him as to the most voluptuous of the worldlings.

Mr. Millard has been duly installed into his new office, and, judging by the increasing congregation and the affectionate regards of the Church, we have no

doubt that, God's blessing and help aiding, he will be as successful here as he was in New Jersey.

Indeed, his choice of the West, as the future theatre of his labor, sprang from principle, and from a desire to be of all the use that belongs to his faculty. He preached in New York acceptably. — so much so, indeed, that he was called there, but refused. His external prospects might have been brighter, perhaps, in the metropolis, and there also would have been the fact that he was a metropolitan clergyman, if he had gone there ; but none of these things moved him. He was God's servant, and not man's.

As a preacher, he is attractive, both from his manner and matter. We should not call him a man of letters, in the sense of a profound knower and analyzer of books, for it is not difficult to see that he has excepted literature, in the sense we have spoken of, from the curriculum of his education. A certain general knowledge of books he doubtless possesses, but the range of his reading has evidently been narrow and limited ; confined, as we should respectfully suggest, to a too exclusive theological course. A monkish severity marks his expositions and elucidations, — a severity, we mean, which shuts out too much what the learned, nay even the ordinary cultivated, world loves and honors, as if the Fathers were all in all, and doctors of divinity were also doctors of all human learning worthy to be known by men.

This is hardly the place for an elaborate discussion of such matters as we have just now alluded to, and yet they are of vast importance to the pulpit, which, in the near future age, must be chief or nothing. Those who have eyes to discern the signs and portents

of the times — and there are many such to-day in our pulpits — know all too well that the power is sliding from the sacred *clerus*, and investing the secular *clerus* with its inspiration and divine attributes. Such a change has come over the holy horoscope of the Church during the last twenty-five years, that the House of its Fate seems almost tottering to its fall. Almost God seems to have abandoned it. Assuredly so in the dread example of the Episcopal Church of England, whose foundations are split up with intellectual thunderbolts; and whose mighty and majestical fabric, which has withstood, for centuries, the shock of Roman fulminations, and of innumerable heresies from without, now flames to the sorrowful heavens, with the fires which have been lighted within its venerable sanctuaries, by the profane hands of internal incendiaries, who were sworn before God and man to defend it against all its enemies. And be it remembered, that these internal attacks have sprung from the sacrilegious intellect alone, armed with all the forces of learning, of science, and of criticism; the intellect divorced from religion, and therefore sacrilegious.

What, therefore, seems now to be most needed is a learned clergy, who are, at the same time, lovers of God and the unspeakable glad tidings of the gospel of Jesus Christ, — a clergy able to meet its own apostate members, and slay them upon the altars of the sanctuary, which they have profaned. It is useless to shut the eyes of the Church to what is going on within the walls of the Church; and least of all is it wise for the clergy to rest upon the triumphs of Christianity, its conquests aforetime of infidels and scoffers, and the long pageant of such, whose haughty leaders lie

stiff and cold upon the battle-fields of its history, for now the whole aspect of the fight and the character of the combatants are changed. It is not Thomas Paine and Richard Carlisle, and the Rev. Robert Taylor with his "Devil's Pulpits" and his "Exegesis;" nor is it the pyrotechnic Voltaire, nor the cold-blooded materialist Mirabaud, nor the philosophic David Hume, nor the benevolent Robert Owen; nor the calm, impassible Holyoake, leader of the Atheistic Secularists of England, — it is none of these, we say, with whom the religion of the times has to contend. But it is the clergy of the Church itself, — men educated, by the old mothers of Oxford and Cambridge, in all the learning of the times; and this very learning they have brought to bear in awful batteries upon the religion of the Cross, of which they were sworn ministers.

Now, to us it seems of the first importance, that the churches should be made acquainted with the internecine war within her boundaries, and that the true ministers of the gospel should be learned and willing, eloquent, argumentative, and critical enough, to show the fallacies of the recusants.

Nor this alone: for, if the pulpit is really and truly to be the mirror of the age as well as of the gospel, it must be educated up to the learned culture of the age; and into each and every discourse should be woven, by way of illustration and adornment, as much of the secular learning, discoveries in science and art, digests of good books, warnings of bad ones, and the like, as will keep the congregation up to the mark of the age's progress.

It is too long a theme to discuss here, however, in all its bearings and influences; but we may be certain,

— and a genial mingling with the young of both sexes will confirm the fact to the most sceptical, — that the pastor who is best read, who, loving religion, reverences also the intellect, and is not afraid to introduce even purely intellectual subjects into his sermons, nor afraid to quote Shakspeare and Milton, Emerson and Longfellow, to elucidate his thought, will be precisely that man who will, in the end, attract most auditors and followers. Grannyism is out of Church, now and for ever ; and youth and hope, and all things bright, beautiful, and loving, have come in ; for all which, let us thank God, humbly, devoutly, and sincerely.

We trust we shall be pardoned for this digression, which was made for Mr. Millard's sake, and for others, and all whom it may concern. Mr. Millard himself is yet a young man, and has much to learn. Nor does he appear to be stereotyped into any fossil forms, so that it is impossible for him to be moulded afresh. For such a man, indeed, there could be no hope. Every human soul should be open at all times to the infloodings of the infinite. Let him once seal up his eyes and ears, and make a rhinoceros' cuticle of his sensibility, and all is up with him, here and hereafter. He is a pillar of salt, standing there in the arid wilderness, with no before and no after. Whereas receptivity, openness to all beautiful influences, to all ideas which have the seal of genuineness upon them, and an intense, undying desire to progress, and not to stand still, eschewing that destiny of frozen brine aforesaid, will make a very common man otherwise as beautiful and youthful as Apollo, with all the muses for his servitors.

Mr. Millard aims high in his preaching, and is full of energy and talent. He might, we think, achieve a

far greater success if he would write his sermons, instead of trusting to the extempore inspirations. No doubt the latter extempore method has its advantages, but it has also its disadvantages. If it kindles into sudden flame many a dead heart and conscience, if it keep both minister and congregation alive, and increase the magnetic power of the former over the latter, it is apt to beget a looseness of thought and expression, which is not good. Man, speaking, is bound also to give his audience his best thoughts and words, to put forth his best capabilities of intellect and rhetoric, and not trust to the spur of the moment to make a good gallop of it. There are men, however, having the reputation of being good speakers who cannot write a consecutive discourse; and all such may pass muster, with their usefulness. But every scholar, who is also a speaker, and is set up as a public thoughtsman, will, for his own sake, as well as for that of others, cultivate assiduously the arts of composition and the graces of language. Mr. Millard has talent, as we said, and is, without question, a powerful speaker, at times; straightforward in his reasoning, aiming at and mostly hitting his mark, very plain and practical in his exhortations, very earnest and emphatic,—a man who seems made to do good and loves to do it. He is, moreover, a liberal-minded man; is not afraid of the new ideas, nor of the old ones; and allows a wide latitude to free inquiry. He is about five feet, eight or nine inches, in stature, is of a light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes.



CHRIST CHURCH, EPISCOPAL.

REV. CHARLES ED. CHENEY.

HERE, at least, if nowhere else, is a sufficiently pronounced man! One who makes himself and his convictions known to all the world, who does not hide, or desire to hide, who stands firmly upon his own legs, and spurns all adventitious aids, who speaks with the voice of a trumpet, and proclaims the fact aloud that he is there for God, as God's champion, expositor, and defender. It is truly a great thing to find such a man in these dainty days of masks, and simulacra. Even to look upon his honest, manly face is to be assured that we are confronting a reality, and not a sham; that he is an oracle, and not a mere echo, who repeats what he has heard, and can utter no more.

It is refreshing to behold him in his pulpit, on the blessed sabbath day; and his presence acts as a magnetic battery to his congregation, quickening them into sudden life, and a great activity of intellect and of conscience. Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, he throws the refreshing influences of his personality around him, and prepares the hearts of his auditors to participate in his joyful messages.

He fills his pulpit, and is not filled by it; and he scatters around him broadcast the words of life. Often he begins his discourse in a tone of voice which is nearly lost to the upper floors and the extreme verges of the auditorium; but no sooner does he feel his voice, and, as Edwin Booth says, "gets the grip to his fist," than he crushes down all nervousness, all inadequate utterance, and comes forth in long rolls of thunder, and with a power of enunciation which did not seem, at first, to belong to his organism. Very beautiful it is to hear this eloquent and accomplished minister proclaim the gospel truths, in the way and manner which are all his own. He is possessed of a fine sensibility and a mind of rare faculty; and he weaves the one into the other, so to speak, and makes them both tell, often with extraordinary effect, upon the young, cultivated people belonging to his Church. He has a fine, sonorous, commanding voice, which lifts its diapasons to the extremest heights of such eloquence as he is capable of; and then, descending through the middle scale, it touches the lowest depths of the tenderest human feeling, and melts the hearts of his hearers with a love which is almost infinite.

In the conduct of his argument, he lays under contribution every apt illustration at his command, drawn from life, science, or art; and it is very delightful to see how he welts these into the living fabric of his discourse, making it at once attractive and beautiful. For, not only are these illustrations well chosen, but they are clothed in a language such as no one but a man almost of genius, and a scholar well versed in the best English classics, could possibly command. He is skilful in all the arts of elocution, as well as in

those of rhetoric ; and herein, that is to say, in the elocutionary part of his work, he is, perhaps, the most faulty. He cannot help it, we dare say, for it belongs to such a man as he is to emphasize his thought, not only by expressive adjectives, but by the whole force of the body, and the power and fascination of gesture. What this man feels, he expresses in the most adequate way he can, and is sure to make his auditors feel. He forgets, sometimes, when he is carried away on the wings of some aspiring thought, that too much show in delivery spoils the effect, and lops the sentences of their power. He cannot help it, however, as we said. Gesticulation is a part of his pulpit armory, and it is the natural expression of his feeling in the act of utterance. He does not put it on, does not assume it, that is to say, as if it were a theatrical art ; but allows the feeling to demonstrate itself in its own gesture, as well as in its own birth-words. Still there is something too much of this, and it would vastly improve the artillery practice if there were more shot used and less powder.

There is another fault of his reasoning also, which should be named here, if this analysis is to be of any value. He sees his mark at the beginning of his discourse, and sees it with a clear and distinct vision ; he means also to get at it, as soon as he can muster the forces of his intellect to accomplish that fact ; but there are always sylphs and sirens on the way, who will not let him pass onward until he has toyed with them awhile, and written sonnets not a few to their dark eyes and brows. In other words, his mind is so prolific, that, as he proceeds in his argument, he finds himself attracted from the main path thereof into in-

numerable by-paths; and herein he disports himself so genially, and evidently with such satisfaction to himself, that he often forgets the purpose with which he set out. But this is a mere temporary aberration; and he soon recalls his flying legions and re-musters his forces, and proceeds thenceforth in solid column to the final goal of attack, in which he is always successful. For, like Thomas De Quincey, although widely differing from him in scholarship, masterly analysis, imagination, and a superb diction, he nevertheless loves these divergences from the great broad road of his argument; and somehow or other he manages, like De Quincey, to make his hearers love them too. But one thing he lacks, which, if he possessed it, would add greatly to his pulpit eloquence, power, and influence. We allude to that repose of manner, that calm reliance upon the subject-matter presented, which always distinguishes the highest orators. We do not mean it to be inferred by this that Mr. Cheney deals exclusively with the inflammations of literature; but that he lacks balance, and that command of his emotions and gestures which belongs to the true orator as an artist.

Mr. Cheney possesses, however, the happy faculty of presenting truths to his hearers in the most pleasing, and, at the same time, the most convincing manner. He is evidently a man of deep religious convictions; and one feels that he has come fresh from God's presence in prayer, with the glory of God upon his countenance and the inspiration of Heaven in his words. He loves the human soul; cannot rest without ceaseless endeavors to save the lost; and we all know how sincere and earnest he is, for we all feel it.

God has been very good to this man, and has endowed him with a great, sincere nature, which puts its impress upon all that he undertakes. How different is he compared with the dilettante preachers, of whom, thank God, there are not many in this noble, earnest West! But we have seen such, and heard them too, until the heart was sick at the dreadful shams, and the more so, because of the transcendent nature of the work which they professed to do, and did not. A man talking in God's name, with no God in his heart, — surely, this is the saddest sight ever made manifest in the veracious universe. Mr. Cheney is a perpetual rebuke to all such ghastly skeletons and proclaimers of death instead of life.

There is one thing which is pleasant and hopeful in Mr. Cheney's sermons, and it is that he walks in an almost perpetual sunshine, like Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, who dwelt in a summer land, where it seemed "always afternoon," so sunny it was, so calm and beautiful. He really does not like to damn people. That seems to be no part of his vocation as a minister. But his mission is to bless, to make his hearers feel that God is their Father; not an inexorable, hard-hearted Judge, who means to take the punishment out of each sinner to the uttermost farthing, and prides himself upon his prerogative as the Sovereign Potter of the Universe. We owe Mr. Cheney thanks, in God's name, for this honest and hearty recognition of the gospel truth, that *God is Love*.

Christ Church is situate on Michigan Avenue, at the south-east corner of Twenty-fourth Street. It was built in 1864, and organized as a society in 1858. The building is a superb one, and ranks amongst the

first class. The cost of its erection was about \$40,000. It has the capacity to seat 725 persons, and is richly decorated internally. There is also a prosperous sabbath school connected with it, numbering some 250 scholars and teachers. P. L. Moorhouse, Esq., is the superintendent, and has helped largely to bring it into its present vital condition.





TRINITY CHURCH, EPISCOPALIAN.

THE REV. MR. KEELING.

WE have already written an account of this church, both as an example of architecture and as a communion of Christians. The building is one of the noblest in the city, and the people who worship within its walls are noted for their love of art and beauty in connection with their religious services. We have so elaborately set forth all the external and internal belongings of this church in the article alluded to, that we have nothing further to add in these respects, and should not have returned to the subject if the old pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cummins, had not resigned his charge into the hands of a new minister, concerning whom we feel bound to say a few words at least, both for his own sake and on account of the position which he occupies as pastor of the most important Episcopalian Church, perhaps, in the city. Foote, the comedian, used to say that every thing suffered by translation, except a bishop; and, as Mr. Cummins has been translated to the Bishopric of Kentucky, as Assistant and Bishop, we hope he will prove no exception to the *Foote-rule*. Whilst we heartily wish him every

success, therefore, that can attend the holy ministrations of Christianity, we hope his successor in Trinity Church will be proportionally prosperous and useful in his more limited sphere of labor.

The Rev. Mr. Keeling comes to us with high credentials both of ability and scholarship, and has, during the last year, so completely won the affections of his people by his preaching, visitations, and general kindness, that he may be said to have firmly established himself both in their hearts and in his pastoral position. Mr. Keeling came to this city from Washington, D.C., where he had officiated as minister for several years. We shall never forget the first sermon which he preached before the Trinity Church congregation. It was in every respect an unique and most characteristic discourse. As he stood there in the pulpit, one could very readily have imagined, so far as his appearance was concerned, that it was the old pastor, and not the new, who was addressing the people. In the pulpit he is very like Dr. Cummins, and the dim, religious light of the church aided the illusion. But no sooner did he begin to speak than all that vanished, and we felt that we were listening to a man of decided convictions, of great experience, and of an unusual earnestness and power. He spoke of his previous labors in Washington; of the awful sins of that great Capital, which he characterized as the most appalling that ever cursed a city or a nation,—sins without a name; crimes at the bare mention of which the heart shrank as if struck by a dread paralysis, and for which there seemed to be no remedy either on earth or in heaven. He said that he spoke from an all too intimate knowledge of his subject, and declared that there

was no infamous deed known to the criminal calendars, no fraud or violation of the laws of God and man, which were not perpetrated secretly or openly in that doomed city. He denounced it as the common sewer of the moral and political filth of the nation,—a sink and a pest; and insisted that morality and religion had no such dreadful and implacable opponent in all the length and breadth of these great States. He spoke of these things with deep pain and sorrow, and his spirit was almost crushed beneath their enormous wickedness, or would have been crushed, and he himself incapacitated for further struggle with God's enemies here and elsewhere, he said, if it had not been for the sustaining arms of the blessed Saviour and the consolations of the blessed Spirit. He had done his best in that profoundest abyss of hell; but it was like a perpetual struggle against adamant bars, and utterly hopeless. He thanked God that he had now opened the way for a more hopeful service. The very atmosphere here was not only different, but full of blessed influences; and so long as he remained with the church and congregation at Trinity, he would, by God's blessing, devote himself to the best interests of the people. His idea of the vocation of a minister of the gospel was that he should proclaim the gospel, to the end of saving souls from the final perdition. He did not believe in converting the pulpit into a stump for the proclamation of politics or any other subject but that of religion, and the promises, hopes, and consolations of the gospel. A minister, according to his estimate of the functions and duties thereof, should be his people's guide and director in all spiritual concerns. He should not waste his time in

extraneous studies, which have a mere temporary interest, and, least of all, in the politics of the day; but make himself acquainted with whatsoever will give weight, dignity, and authority to his discourses, and aid the mighty work of salvation. He pledged himself to the uses of his pastorate, — to visiting his church and congregation as far as he might find it consistent with his other duties and labors; and, God helping him, he promised to visit the sick and the afflicted, the forsaken and the dying.

Mr. Keeling has now been pastor of Trinity for a sufficiently long time to test his ability and integrity, and we are happy to say that he has redeemed all his pledges, and stands firm in the love and esteem of his people. His style of preaching is more demonstrative than that of Mr. Cummins, and he uses more gestures, and speaks with a greater emphasis. But his voice is defective, and threatens to give way altogether. If he would put himself — as so many of our noted public men and women have done — under the training of Professor McCoy, we have no doubt that he would entirely recover the vigor of his organs of speech. We speak from a personal knowledge of the success of Mr. McCoy's scientific training of these organs, and commend to his charge Mr. Keeling, and all others who may need his services.





CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, EPISCOPAL.

REV. H. W. BEERS.

UNLESS this Church has been again moved, its situation is at the corner of La Salle and Maple Streets. The rector is a man of more than ordinary talent, and as a preacher is very popular. He has won, indeed, golden praises from all quarters; and his Church is nearly always well attended. The secret of his success is to be found in his devotion to his work, and in the singleness of purpose with which he discharges its functions. He is a very earnest and sincere man, of strong convictions, great boldness, and winning eloquence. There is a Sunday school attached to his Church, superintended by S. Gehr, Esq.





PLYMOUTH CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL.

REV. L. E. MATSON.

THIS Church belongs to the Congregationalists, and is one of the most flourishing associations connected with that body. It is situate on Wabash Avenue, at the corner of Eldridge Court, and has been but recently built. It is a neat, unpretending building, very convenient, and will accommodate, perhaps, 500 persons in all. The Rev. L. E. Matson, the pastor, is a son of the well-known jeweller of that name, and is a young man of real ability, and often of remarkable eloquence. He is well educated, modest, and well read, and is evidently careful in the construction of his discourses, like one who sets a high value upon literary treatment, and aspires to the rank of an artist. There is that in him, if we do not greatly err, which will one day before long break through the crusts and environments of youthful crudity, and place him upon a much higher platform than some of his best friends appear to have any idea of. He is emphatically a rising man, and there are unmistakable evidences of upward progressive marches in his sermons. His congregation numbers about 300, most of them of the

higher class, and of very superior intelligence. There is a flourishing sabbath school, in connection with the Church, which consists of about 100 scholars. The superintendent is Dr. J. H. Hollister, a thoroughly conscientious, efficient, and devoted man.





EIGHTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. JAMES T. MATTHEWS.

THIS Church is situated at the corner of West Washington and Robey Streets, and thus occupies a central point in the pleasant and rapidly growing section of the city which lies west of Union Park. It is a wooden building, and is regarded as a model of architectural beauty and comeliness. It has a front of 54 feet, and a depth of 107 feet. The main tower is on the corner, and is surmounted by a graceful spire, which rises to the height of 170 feet. There are two entrances, one opening from Washington Street, and the other from Robey, which lead to the vestibule, from which two spacious stairways ascend to the main audience-room. This room is also reached by an entrance in the rear; which opens from Robey Street. The room measures 62 feet by 80, and affords seats for 750 persons. The ceiling is divided by beautifully carved wood-work into panels, which, together with the walls, are chastely frescoed. The windows are composed of stained glass, with richly ornamented heads and borders. At night, the room is softly lighted from above by reflectors, inserted in the ceiling. The pulpit is of solid black walnut, and stands on a spacious platform, in the rear of which is the choir recess, measuring 21 feet by 12. The pews are grained in

imitation of oak, with walnut arms and rails, and upholstered in an elegant and luxurious manner. Beauty and utility have been so combined in the finishing and furnishing of this room as to make it one of the most inviting auditoriums in the city. In easy communication with the pulpit is the pastor's study.

The first story of the building, which is 11 feet high in the clear, is divided up into several apartments (including an attractive church parlor), which are admirably arranged and appropriately furnished for the convenience of the sabbath school, and for the various religious and social purposes of the society.

The Church was organized on the 2d of December, 1864, and comprised twenty-five members, of whom Messrs. S. R. Bingham and B. L. Chamberlain were chosen elders. At the same time, a unanimous call was made out for the Rev. James T. Matthews to assume the pastoral care of the new society. Its first place of worship was a chapel, 30 feet by 45; but this house was soon found inadequate to the requirements of the rapidly increasing population. Accordingly, in the month of July, 1866, the foundation of the present structure was laid; and the building was completed, and opened for divine service on the third sabbath of June, 1867.

There is a large sabbath school connected with the Church. The architect was G. P. Randall, Esq., and the builders, Messrs. Harris & Child, of Chicago.

We have no space to speak of Mr. Matthews as a preacher. He has proved his efficiency, however, by the success which has attended his ministrations. He is a man of learning and ability, and an energetic and powerful speaker.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

VERY REV. DR. A. DAMEN, S. J.

NOT long ago, one fine morning in the fall of the year 1867, we chanced to pass along West Twelfth Street, and presently stood before the Church of the Holy Family, where already a large number of people, mostly Irish, were congregated, and gazing upwards with earnest eyes upon the front summit of that vast pile of brick architecture. It was a picture not soon to be forgotten. Men and women, neatly and even elegantly dressed, were mingled with rude navvies and workmen in their ordinary attire, and coarse loafers, whose faces were blotched with whiskey ; whilst ragged and noisy children ran about, playing at catch-me-who-can, and threading the congregated spectators, much to the annoyance of some, and the evident gratification of others. Here, on the sidewalk, leaning carelessly against the rails, and talking familiarly with a citizen and his wife, who stood inside the enclosure before their house, was a Jesuit Father in his canonicals ; and every now and then they grew silent, and raised their eyes to the top of the front, where various workmen were engaged with ropes, pulleys, and all the necessary modern engines

of hoisting. They were doing something up there, — something extraordinary; and this was a sort of gala morning for the members of the Church. It was quite early, not yet nine o'clock; and the sun shone brightly, and made deep shadows of the houses and trees around, as it always does on sunny mornings; suggesting art to the right mind, and images of repose and beauty. Further on were other Fathers of the church, mingled with the motley crowd; and one tall, bent figure, with a face of singular refinement, intellectuality, and gentleness, was standing nearly in the middle of the road, talking gayly with two ladies, who were evidently superior in rank and education to the generality of their companions for the time being. This man also, maugre his stern vows of perpetual chastity, did not fail to experience the fascination of female beauty and to acknowledge the same by his high and courtly behavior to them. He more than once or twice pointed upwards toward the workmen, and was evidently explaining the matters going on there to the satisfaction of his delighted and flattered friends.

The object of this early gathering of the members of the Church was to witness the elevation of certain colossal sculptures upon the top of the church front. What sacred personages they represented, whether apostles, saints, or martyrs, we could not very well make out, with the exception of the central figure, which represented the blessed Saviour, either bearing his cross ignominiously, as on the road to that dreadful Calvary, or bearing it triumphantly as the symbol of the Christian history. One thing spoiled the charm of this figure as a work of art, and made us

think of the theatre and its mimic kings and heroes. The head was covered with gold, which gave it a meretricious look, although it was doubtless in keeping with the Catholic tradition. And there they all stand, these stone effigies of a God, and godlike men, to be gazed upon hereafter by thousands and tens of thousands of spectators, who are now asleep in the unborn centuries. This little episode in the history of the Church suggested to us many things which may not here and now be uttered. The church itself is a mighty brick architecture, and was built to last for ages. We would gladly give an elaborate account of this glorious cathedral, but we have already far exceeded the limits originally prescribed for this book. But it is the interior of the church which is so remarkable for its architectural beauty, not the exterior. Without, it presents to the eye an unwieldy mass of brick, scarcely relieved by an ornament save the sculptures — which we have since found to be wooden and not stone effigies — already alluded to. From the entrance, the church is very imposing, and spreads before the eye with all its pillars and arches, to the altar, with the finest religious effect. The altar, however, is the main attraction for visitors; and the east end of the church, where it is situated, is emblazoned by lofty windows of painted glass, which represent some scripture stories, or the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church. Above the altar, which is gorgeously illuminated, is a large painting of a sacred subject, after one of the old masters. On each side of the high altar are others, one to Joseph and one to Mary, with their images in sculpture, painted, and placed in a niche over their altars. Then there are tiny chapels for prayer, and

confessionals. The organ gallery faces the altar, and here are the choristers, where the whole musical service is conducted. Of course, we cannot pretend to do more in this place than give the barest hint of the splendor of this mighty temple. But so long as Rome holds this immense external power of architecture, painting, music and pageantry, so long will she captivate her willing votaries.

The name of the temple is the Church of the Holy Family. It was erected in 1860, at a cost of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars; and the congregation consists of about one thousand persons. The pastor is the very Rev. A. Damen, S.J.; and he is assisted by the Rev. D. Niederkhorn, Andrew O'Neil, Thomas Boudran, and Maurice Oakly, Jesuit Fathers. The pastoral residence adjoins the church, and is a lofty and spacious mansion, capable of entertaining a goodly company, and no doubt with a large hospitality. There is a "Gentlemen's Sodality," whose object is the promotion of practical religion and morality, with a "Ladies' Sodality" to balance it, and with the same objects in view. Then there is a "Sodality of the Holy Angels," composed of three hundred boys; and a St. Anne's Society, to instruct mothers how to bring up their children in a Christian way. In connection with the Church, there is a large library for the use of the school-children.

Father Damen, though evidently laboring to adapt his discourse to his audience, and speaking nearly always extemporaneously, is unquestionably a man of lofty mind; and, were he speaking to his peers, would no doubt show himself to a fine advantage. But there is at present nothing that he so little pro-

fesses as eloquence and learned discourse. Such, indeed, would be altogether out of place here, and a scattering of jewels among the wolves. Neither can one doubt, who listens to him in his impassioned moods, that he is thoroughly in earnest, and burns with the convictions which he utters. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Catholic clergy are mere infidels in disguise, as an Episcopal clergyman, who had just come from Europe, once told us that they were. Infidelity never built up the Society of Jesus, nor assisted its missionaries to take their long voyages to unknown countries for the purpose of proclaiming the gospel to the heathen world. Neither did it build cathedrals, or keep alive the spirit of religion and the love of God. "A false man cannot so much as build a brick house," says Carlyle; and, if there were no faith and truth in the hearts of the priesthood, their religion would soon tumble into pieces, like a house of cards.

Of course, one would not go, except on rare occasions, to a Catholic church for a treat in rhetoric. The priest has to keep within very narrow boundaries of intellectual flight, if he is to be of service to his people. But this Society of Jesus has men for every possible place, condition, and circumstance of human need. When intelligent communities, like that of England, are to be reached, for example, she sends forth her Cardinal Wiseman to electrify them by his marvellous speech. And here, in Chicago, she places a man not only equal to the need of this people, but, it may be, equal to the highest demands which time and events might make upon his ability.



CHICAGO LIBERAL CHRISTIAN UNION.

THESE are the days of liberal Christianity; to wit, of free thinking and free speaking, as opposed to narrow, illiberal, and a pure priestly thinking and speaking. We are supposed to have made advances in these times,—mighty strides in the direction of human progress, and the general enfranchisement of the intellect upon all the great questions of moral philosophy, and those speculative inquiries which are involved in the problems and elucidations of physical science.

And to a considerable extent this is no doubt true. But there is always great danger in liberalism, as it is called. There is something not holy in it,—something that is alien to religion and the divine revelations. It is in its very nature—as shown at least by the great world movements, the great revolutions of history—an antagonism which begets wrath, opposition, strife, and a subtle enmity. It comes to us with a sword, and throws down the glove of defiance to the old and venerable thinkings, and the old institutions of men. Its announcers are, for the most part fierce, dogmatic men with the heads and manes of lions upon their tawny shoulders; red-visaged men, with large black eyes for the soul's windows, out of

which it looks resolutely and defiantly, if also with a great sorrow, upon the wild masquerade of the human life in their time. Such a man was Luther, — Cromwell also; and, to go still further back into the centuries, such was Paul for his mission, and such was Mahomet for his.

But, at the bottom, and in spite of its assumptions, pride, and often extreme arrogance, there is always a great deep of love in it; and it is always here for a divine purpose. The cant of its professions, however, frequently mars its usefulness in the first blush of its coming, and throws suspicion upon its credentials.

The old we know, and have tried long, and have lived more or less wisely under its dispensations. But who are you? Publish yourself and your objects as you will, you also will have to be tried before you can take your place amongst organic things. Nor will boasting, or any amount of tongue-fence aid you in the end, for time showeth all things, and God judgeth.

The liberalism which obtains in the cultivated societies of to-day possesses a good deal of the old nature as manifested in all the eras of reformation. It is in all things too intellectual, relies too exclusively upon logical demonstrations, and boasts of its exclusive belief in "cause and effect." It denies too much, asserts too much, and painfully stands upon its own defence. "Why stand upon the defensive? Live your enemies down, or die them down!" suggests itself here and now as a most brave sentence. But these liberals cannot exist without showing cause for it—and must know and prove all the inmost secrets of the gestation of their liberalism. They mean to say

that the old orthodoxy is dead, — and that science has buried it, — and that they are here to write its epitaph, and begin quite another phase of the religious life, as the result of a wiser, and therefore more liberal, religious system of thought and belief.

There may be truth in this statement also ; for the orthodoxy of one age is the heterodoxy of the next, and *vice versa*, which reminds us of the wicked Frenchman, who, on being asked to define the difference in the nature and functions of religion and superstition, said sardonically, and with a profound “liberalism,” to the unction of it, “Religion is superstition in fashion. Superstition is religion out of fashion.”

Perhaps there is a good deal of truth in this also, as the great and holy word “religion,” is generally understood by worldlings, “philosophers,” so called, and profane men ; but there is not a shadow of truth in it, if it be designed to convey the idea, that the religion of Jesus Christ was, is, or ever can be superstition. There may be superstitious forms and ceremonies connected with it, and superstitious men, priests and laymen, not a few ; but that religion itself, the truth and love of Jesus Christ, as illustrated in his pure and spotless life, was ever any thing else than divine, is a bit of illiberal blasphemy, which, for our own sake, and for man’s universally, we for one would rather not indorse.

And yet we are sorry to say, that modern liberalism inclines towards that view of the religion of Jesus. Worse still that some of the most famous ministers of it, as we have shown in previous articles, are the asserters and maintainers of the postulate, which, indeed, they have proved with an excess

of liberality that has been very edifying to modern secularists, infidels, and atheists, and has made, no doubt, a mighty uproar in the regions infernal. This, however, is liberalism in excess, drunken with the wine of its fornications, with the cold and impassible intellect.

As we said, modern liberalism is too intellectual. This is its fatal flaw, killing its influence on the noble issues of free thought. There are many evil things to be got rid of in connection with religion and its services, things which are hurtful to truth and man's spiritual progression. But, as Goethe said, in words which meant this: "Take care, O Samson Agonistes! bent on purging the Augean stables of Christianity, that, in clearing away the rubbish, you do not clear away the truths and vitalities also." For Samson works that way, not in intention always, but in deed and in fact. Let us acknowledge now, that Christianity could afford to put away all excrescences which have grown out of the historic effigy, and be the better for it. Let the intellect have the fullest recognition; but let us remember that there is the divine also. Christianity is assuredly the highest expression of the divine which the ages have evolved. It is the best educator of man's spiritual nature, the all in all of his life. If we could imagine what the world would have been without Christianity, we might make some estimate of the transcendent value of this wondrous master-aid to its progress. How plastic and beautiful its influences upon art and literature, society and manners! And with all the ancient culture (all the grandeur of the Roman character, and all the grace and beauty of the Greek, for exam-

ple), how immensely superior is the modern Christian man, as he shows himself in America, England, France, and Germany ! It is the Christian idea which has fashioned them, not only in their morality, religion, and intellectual development, but in form and feature, and given them such a distinctive and godlike character,—a character which has permeated their laws and poetry, science, art, and literature, and built up their societies into the noblest monuments which the human race has yet to show for itself.

We do not charge the liberalism of the churches with an intent to destroy Christianity ; this is neither its object, nor its mission. But in trying to divest Christianity of its divine mysteries,—mysteries which belong to the human soul and have their profoundest interpretations there, establishing thereby the relationship of God to man and the infinite to the finite,—it does in effect strike the most deadly blow at its divine supremacy. It is as if one sought to rob the universe of its poetry and beauty, because his plebeian mind could see no uses in these attributes, and could not convert them into salable commodities. The doctrine of the divinity of Christ is one of these arcana, which, although it cannot be reconciled to the mathematics of reason, is such poetry and beauty and blessed truth to more than half the Christian world, that, were it destroyed, life would lose its quality and zest of enjoyment, and the bereaved soul would muffle itself up in a great and terrible despair and never cease to proclaim, in wild throes of agony, that it was an orphan in the universe. But the true Christian needs no logical demonstration of this doctrine, nor could any process of reasoning destroy it to his mind. It is given in his

consciousness ; he feels it as one feels beauty and goodness ; and so with all the cardinal doctrines, revelations, and promises of his religion.

The Liberalists will have it, however, that it is for the human benefit, — the relief of the human estate, — to explain all things, and reduce them to a common equation ; and that a religion, which depends on mystery for its success, is a fraud and quackery. By all means, let us have as much light as possible upon all subjects ; but do not attempt to explain the unexplainable, for that also is quackery. Who can explain God, or the soul of man, or tell how the mystery of regeneration, birth into the new life of Christ, changes the whole character, and makes the thief, in his sins and dire wounds upon the cross, a fit inmate of Paradise within the round of the clock. If by liberal Christianity be meant enlightened Christianity, as to its outer history or its inner intent and purpose, an elucidation of its doctrines as they authoritatively stand in the book, and not an explaining of them away to suit the ends of a sect, or sects ; if it mean an exposition of the character of Jesus, in its human and divine aspects, for the better guidance and the wiser life of Christians, — we shall count it a good thing, and bid it God-speed. But, to teach religion, the first thing that is necessary is to find a man, as Carlyle says, who *has* religion. To illustrate the Christian idea, one must be possessed of the idea, which is, of all others, the most spiritual, and has to do with man's spiritual nature. Spiritual truth is the greatest mystery of all mysteries, even to vast numbers who are very liberal philosophers and very learned. But a wayfaring man, though a fool, may

know all about it; and this fool, in such case, would be the best teacher.

We repeat, that we do not intend these remarks to apply to the Liberal Christian Union of Chicago, nor to any Broad Church or preachers of the same, but to those only whom it may concern, a number sufficiently large. We have great hope, indeed, of the Chicago Union, because it is sustained by ministers of various religious denominations, and is open, as we learn, to all qualified laymen also. The originators of it were all the leading clergymen of the city, who have a tendency toward the free expression of thought, and who desire to reconcile the intellect to Christianity, and benefit, in a religious and moral sense, some of the hundreds of young men, and others, who do not regularly attend any religious services. We print a part of the circular issued by the Union, which sets forth its objects and designs. The following is the Constitution:—

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—This Society shall be called the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN UNION, of Chicago.

ARTICLE II.—Its object shall be to labor to promote the material, moral, and spiritual welfare of mankind.

ARTICLE III.—This Union shall be composed of persons who are in harmony with its general spirit and purpose, and such persons may become active members, on being elected by a majority of votes, at any regular meeting, signing the Constitution, and contributing \$5.00 a year to the funds. Any person may become a Life Member by the payment of \$20.00.

ARTICLE IV.—The Officers of the Union shall be a President, Vice Presidents, who shall consist of the Pastors of the Churches, represented in the Society, a Secretary, Treasurer,

and five Directors. The first-named officers shall, together with the duties usually done by such officers, form, with the Directors, a board for the management of the general affairs of the Union.

ARTICLE V. — All these officers, except the Vice Presidents, shall be elected by ballot, at the regular annual meeting of the Union, and a majority of all the votes cast shall determine the election.

ARTICLE VI. — A majority of these officers shall be a quorum of the Board, and one-quarter of all the members, provided said quarter be not less than fifteen, shall be a quorum of the Union.

ARTICLE VII. — The funds of the Union shall only be disbursed by the Treasurer, through a written order from the Secretary, after such disbursement has been ordered by the Executive Board.

ARTICLE VIII. — Special meetings of the Union may be called at any time by the President and Secretary, at the written request of ten members of the Union, (due notice of such meeting being also given), through one or more daily papers.

ARTICLE IX. — The regular annual meeting of the Union shall be held on the first Monday in October, of every year.

ARTICLE X. — There shall be regular quarterly meetings of the Union, held on the second Monday in January, April, July, and October, of each year.

ARTICLE XI. — This Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the Union, the same being present at any regular or special meeting, after due notice in writing of such amendment has been given at a previous regular meeting.

Voted to adjourn.

DANIEL L. SHOREY, *Secretary*.
BENJ. F. ADAMS, *Chairman*.

The idea of this Union is not new, and there are several such, we believe, already in existence in some of our large cities. It cannot fail to do good, if we may judge from the religious and intellectual rank of

the chief ministers who are to conduct its proceedings. It is a movement, indeed, which was more needed here than in most cities. We have a large floating population who rarely go to a church at all,—and, from motives which concern themselves. Many of these are people from the East, who have been educated in the liberalism of Massachusetts, and would feel themselves insulted if they were asked what church they attended. We speak from actual knowledge, and design no sensation by what we have stated. It is a truth sad enough, that the church has lost its hold upon vast sections of the thinking men of these States. And it is surely a project of the highest concern to society that aims to bring these wandering children back to her loving bosom. No common men, nor common sermons, or services could influence them at all. They must be moved through the intellect and the heart, and chiefly, perhaps, through the former at present.

The meetings up to the present time have been characterized by a success that was not altogether looked for. The two Colliers have contributed their share towards this result, and they could scarcely have been better yoked. The objectivity of the one is balanced by the subjectivity, and greater spirituality of the other. Robert Laird Collier indeed, is almost evangelical still in his creed, and his most intellectual efforts are stained with the blood and passion of Calvary. These two men represent the extremes of the Unitarian idea. We are not aware whether Dr. Ryder has yet spoken to this new congregation, but if so, he has introduced another element into the discoursing there,—an element of transcendent hope and

love which is sure to inspire his auditors to a larger and nobler life.

Whilst this work is passing through the press, we learn that the name of the society has been changed, and we think wisely, to the *Chicago Christian Union*, and that the constitution has been adopted for the guidance and government of the members. We are glad to find also that secular instruction and amusement are to constitute part of the programme of the society.





THE AMERICAN REFORMED CHURCH.

THE Second Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Chicago was organized May 14, 1857, with fifteen members, at the house of Rev. J. M. Ferris, in West Randolph Street, who was appointed pastor of the same.

The ministry of Mr. Ferris continued until the spring of 1862. Meanwhile, a building for the use of the church had been erected on West Monroe Street, corner of Sangamon Street. Untoward circumstances, however, injured the cause and prevented the growth of the congregation. The funds of the church were also, in two separate instances and at different times, embezzled; causing the most serious and disheartening embarrassments, against which it was impossible to make any headway, all the energies of the society being required to maintain the very existence of the church. Mr. Ferris succeeded at last in securing to the church a full possession of its property, which had at one time almost passed beyond its control.

On the 1st of July, 1862, Rev. N. D. Williamson became its minister, and continued such until April 1, 1865. During this period, the financial difficulties

were less pressing, but their effects had not passed away; and the progress made was consequently not equal to the zeal which characterized the pastor's labors in his endeavors to extend the boundaries of the church.

After the resignation of Mr. Williamson, the church was for a considerable period destitute of regular ministerial service. At length, on the first sabbath of April, 1866, Rev. James Demarest, Jr., was installed as its pastor.

Since then an effort has been made to secure a new location. The old property has been sold, and lots purchased on Washington Street, on which a new building is shortly to be erected; such as will better suit the requirements of the church.

It may be proper to add to the above brief statement that the word "Dutch" is shortly to be omitted from the designation of the society. This word, indeed, never had a rightful place in the title of the church, but was interpolated many years ago by friends in the city of New York. It is a misnomer, however, conveying, as it does to those not otherwise acquainted with the church, an erroneous idea with regard to it. It is not "Dutch" (except in remote lineage), but, in the fullest sense of the word, American; and is hereafter to be known by its proper designation,—The Reformed Church in America; or, more simply, The American Reformed Church.



APPENDIX.





APPENDIX.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE NORTH-STAR MISSION.

The North-Star Mission organized as Bremer-Avenue Mission, first sabbath, October, 1859.

Consolidation of Bremer-Avenue and Chicago-Avenue Missions, under the new name of North-Star Mission, July, 1861.

Dedication of new chapel, corner Division and Sedgwick Streets, December 29, 1861.

Settlement of Rev. G. L. Wrenn as pastor, first sabbath, October, 1862.

First baptism, — Nellie McLean, — December 8, 1862.

First number of the "North-Star Quarterly" published June, 1864.

New baptistry opened sabbath evening, June 5, 1864.

First observance of the Lord's Supper at the mission, sabbath morning, July 10, 1864.

Lot corner Division and Sedgwick Streets, 130 x 156 feet, purchased August, 1865.

Re-establishment of Rolling-Mill Mission, sabbath, June 10, 1866.

Dedication of Rolling-Mill Chapel, sabbath, 3 P.M., November 28, 1866.

Pastor settled at Rolling-Mill Mission, January, 1867.

North-Star Mission parsonage completed, March, 1867.

Bremer-Street Station, 110 Bremer Street. Started May 14, 1867.

Lincoln-Park Station, corner Asylum Place and Sedgwick Street. Started June 3, 1867.



BAPTIST CHURCHES.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, Morgan Street, corner of Monroe. Organized 1843. Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, pastor; residence, 31, Rucker Street. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school and Bible classes at 9. C. N. Holden, superintendent. General Bible class at 3, P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening. Young people's meeting, Monday evening.

WABASH-AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, Wabash Avenue, corner of Eighteenth Street. Organized 1856. Rev. S. Baker, D.D., pastor; residence on Eighteenth Street, rear of church. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school at 2.30; G. M. Butrick, superintendent. Prayer-meeting, Friday evening.

UNION-PARK BAPTIST CHURCH, Washington Street, corner of Paulina. Organized 1856. Rev. E. G. Taylor, pastor; residence, 606, West Lake Street. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school at 9; A. McLeish, superintendent. Meetings on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

FIFTH BAPTIST CHURCH, DeKoven Street, corner of Desplaines. Organized 1856. Rev. N. F. Ravlin, pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school at 3, P.M.; S. M. Hunt, superintendent.

NORTH BAPTIST CHURCH, North Dearborn Street, corner of Superior. Organized 1854. Rev. ————, pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school at 3, P.M.; W. H. Palmer, superintendent. Young people's meeting, Monday evening; general prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening.

OLIVET COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH, Harrison Street, corner of Griswold. Rev. R. DeBaptiste, pastor; residence, 212, Fourth Avenue. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Sabbath school at 2, P.M. Meetings on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

PROVIDENCE COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH, organized 1866, worships in lecture-room of Union-Park Baptist Church, every sabbath at 3, P.M.

FIRST GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, West Indiana Street, corner of Wood. Organized 1858. Rev. E. Austermuhl, pastor; residence, 686, West Fulton Street. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening.

SECOND GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, Curtis Street, corner of Third. Organized 1863. Rev. H. Snyders, pastor; residence, Reuben Street, near Chicago Avenue. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

FIRST DANISH BAPTIST CHURCH, Union Street, corner West Indiana. Organized 1864. Rev. L. Yorgensen, pastor; residence, 24, Cleaver Street. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7.30. Bible class at 3, P.M. Meeting on Wednesday evening.

FIRST SWEDISH BAPTIST CHURCH, 110, Bremer Street. Organized 1866. Rev. J. Ring, pastor; residence, 20, Otis Street, near Division. Hours of service, 10.30 and 7. Sabbath school at 4. Meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

SHIELDS MISSION SABBATH SCHOOL, sustained by the First Baptist Church, located corner of Wentworth Avenue and Twentieth Street, assembles at 2.30; T. S. Dickerson, superintendent. Prayer-meetings, sabbath afternoon at 4, and Tuesday evening.

NORTH-STAR MISSION, sustained by First Baptist Church, Division Street, corner of Sedgwick. Rev. G. L. Wrenn, pastor; residence, at the parsonage, 245, Sedgwick Street; D. W. Baker, superintendent. Sabbath services: preaching at 10.30, A.M., and 7.30, P.M.; sabbath school at 3, P.M. General prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30, and young people's prayer-meeting, Saturday evening.

ROLLING-MILL MISSION, sustained by First Baptist Church, near Ward's rolling-mill. Rev. Thomas Allen, pastor. Sab-

bath school after morning service; B. H. Streeter, superintendent. Preaching at 10.30, A.M., and 7.30, P.M.; prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening at 7.30.

UNION-BAND MISSION, sustained by the Second Baptist Church, corner Second and Bickerdike Streets, meets at 3, P.M. C. C. Kohlsaas, superintendent; residence, 114, South Green Street.

UNION STOCK-YARDS MISSION, sustained by Second Baptist Church, Halsted Street, near Hough House. E. C. Eggleston, superintendent; residence, University of Chicago. Sabbath school at 2.30, P.M.; preaching at 3.30, P.M. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening.

PROVIDENCE MISSION, sustained by Union-Park Baptist Church, Warren Street, corner Western Avenue, assembles at 2.30; H. R. Clissold, superintendent. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening.

NORTH-AVENUE MISSION, sustained by Second German Baptist Church, North Avenue, near Clybourne Avenue. Sabbath school at 3, P.M.; Louis Schnonchow, superintendent.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSION UNION. Rev. S. M. Osgood, district secretary. Office at Church & Goodman's bookstore, 110, Dearborn Street.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY. Dr. C. R. Blackall, secretary for the North-western District; office, 110, Dearborn Street; residence, Chicago, Ill. The depository of the American Baptist Society is at 110, Dearborn Street. Chicago. All orders for books and the "Young Reaper" may be sent to Church & Goodman.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Cottage-Grove Avenue, terminus of State-Street horse-railway. Rev. J. C. Burroughs, D.D., president.

CHICAGO BAPTIST UNION, to promote denominational fellowship and progress, meets quarterly on the second Tuesdays of January, April, July, and October. A. D. Titsworth, Esq., president; Rev. E. G. Taylor, secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST UNION OF CHICAGO. B. F. Jacobs, president; H. R. Clissold, secretary; S. M. Hunt, Jr., treasurer.

MARINERS' BETHEL,

Michigan Street, west of Wells. Organized 1854. Capacity to seat 200. Rev. Joseph H. Leonard, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FIRST CHURCH, Monroe Street, between Aberdeen and Rucker. Congregation about 150. Rev. J. S. Sweeney, pastor.

SECOND CHURCH, corner Centralia and Front Streets. J. Bremner, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

NEW-ENGLAND CHURCH, White Street, south-east corner of North Dearborn. Organized and church erected 1853. Rebuilt in 1866. Rev. J. P. Gulliver, pastor; residence, La Salle Street. Divine service, 10.30, A.M., and 7.30, P.M. Prayer-meeting, 7.30, P.M. Sunday school, 9, A.M.; 100 scholars. Sunday mission school 250 children. L. Baird, superintendent.

SALEM CHURCH, at Cleaverville, south of city limits, on lake shore. Erected 1853. Organized 1855. Cost \$1,500. Capacity to seat 150. Congregation about 100. Rev. C. B. Thomas, pastor.

SOUTH CHURCH, Calumet Avenue, north-east corner of Twenty-sixth Street. Erected 1853. Organized Nov. 20, 1853. Cost \$3,000. Capacity to seat 350. Congregation about 350. Rev. William B. Wright, pastor.

TABERNACLE CHURCH, corner of West Indiana and North Morgan Streets. House erected in 1865, and valued at \$40,000. Capacity to seat 1,500.

UNION PARK CHURCH, Reuben Street, north-west corner of West Washington. Erected 1859. Cost \$6,000. Capacity to seat 600. Congregation 450. Rev. C. D. Helmer, pastor.

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, Wabash Avenue, near Randolph Street. Organized 1856. Erected 1857. Cost \$5,500. Capacity to seat 450. This is a free church, to which all are cordially invited.

ST. ANSGARIUS (Swedish congregation), Indiana, corner North Franklin. Organized 1849. Erected 1850. Capacity to seat 160. Congregation about 100. Rev. Jacob Bredburg, pastor.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Erie Street, between Wells and Franklin. Rev. E. B. Tuttle, rector.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, Forquer, corner Blue Island Avenue. Rev. Albert W. Snyder, rector.

THE CHURCH GUILD, rooms, 21 and 22 Rice's block, 77, Dearborn Street, an association designed to unite together Christians of all denominations. Bishop H. J. Whitehouse, warden. The hall is fitted up and furnished as a church reading-room for the use of the clergy and laity. Strangers coming to the city are cordially invited to visit the hall and enjoy its privileges.



EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

FIRST EVANGELICAL GEMEINSCHAFT, Polk Street, corner Third Avenue. Organized 1843. Erected 1855. Capacity to seat 400. Rev. Enoch Freiden, pastor.

SECOND EVANGELICAL GEMEINSCHAFT CHURCH, Chicago, west corner Wells Street. Society organized 1850. Church erected 1853. Cost \$9,000. Capacity to seat 200. Rev. William F. Walker, pastor.

THIRD EVANGELICAL GEMEINSCHAFT, West Twelfth, southwest corner Union Street. Christian Ott, pastor.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

FIRST GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Superior, corner Franklin Street. Society organized 1848. Church erected 1864. Cost \$29,000. Capacity to seat 1,200; average congregation 190. Rev. Henry Wunder, pastor.

SECOND GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, IMMANUEL'S CHURCH, West Taylor, corner of Brown Street. Society organized 1854. Church erected 1864. Cost \$10,000. Capacity to seat 1,100. Congregation about 1,600 souls. Rev. John P. Beyer, pastor.

THIRD EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, now held in the school-house. Noble Street, near Chicago Avenue. Rev. T. John Grosse (assistant to Rev. Henry Wunder), pastor.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN TRINITY CHURCH, Hanover, corner Kossuth Street. Erected 1866. Cost \$2,000. Rev. F. Dœderlein, pastor.

UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

FIRST GERMAN UNITED EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Ohio Street, south-west corner of La Salle. Society organized 1843. Church erected 1854. Cost \$25,000. Capacity to seat 1,800 persons. Congregation about 1,200. Rev. F. Hartmann, pastor.

SECOND GERMAN UNITED EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, ZION CHURCH, Union, north-west corner of Mitchell Street. Organized 1861. Erected 1863. Cost \$10,000. Capacity to seat 500. Rev. J. H. Boesch, pastor.

THIRD GERMAN UNITED EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, SALEM CHURCH, Twenty-first Street, corner of Archer Road. Organized 1861. Erected 1862. Cost \$4,000. Capacity to seat 500. Congregation about 250. Rev. Ernst Guntrum, pastor.

FOURTH GERMAN UNITED EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN, ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Chicago Avenue, corner of Noble Street.

Organized May, 1864. Erected August, 1864. Cost \$4,000. Capacity to seat 400. Congregation, 130 families. Rev. A. Bund, pastor.

FIRST MISSION BUILDING CHURCH OF GOD,

Warren, south-east corner of Robey Street. Erected 1864. Cost \$8,000. Capacity to seat 300. Congregation about 50. Rev. A. X. Shoemaker, pastor.

INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

ILLINOIS-STREET MISSION CHURCH, Illinois Street, between Wells and La Salle Streets. Erected 1864. Organized 1865. Cost \$24,000. Capacity to seat 1,200. Congregation about 300. Rev. C. H. Wheeler, pastor.

JEWISH CONGREGATIONS.

SINAI CONGREGATION, Van Buren Street, corner of Third Avenue. Organized 1861. Cost \$12,000. Congregation about 100 members. Dr. Chronick, pastor.

KEHILATH ANSHE MAARIB (Congregation of Men of the West), Wells Street, north-east corner of Adams. Organized 1847. Erected 1852. Cost \$12,000. Capacity to seat 450. Congregation 130 families. Rev. L. Adler, pastor. The congregation works under a charter granted by the Legislature of Illinois in 1855; is governed by a constitution and by-laws; elects its officers annually, defines their powers, and reserves all the rights not otherwise granted to its officers or inconsistent with parliamentary usage, for its members.

KEHILATH BENAY SHOLOM (Congregation of the Sons of Peace), Harrison Street, north-west corner Fourth Avenue. Organized September, 1849. Erected May, 1864. Cost \$27,000. Capacity to seat 650.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

BRIDGEPORT METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Bonfield Street, near St. Louis Railroad. Organized 1860. Erected 1862. Cost \$4,000. Capacity to seat 350. Congregation about 150. Rev. E. S. Todd, pastor.

DESPLAINES-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Desplaines Street, between Van Buren and Harrison. Erected and organized 1857. Cost \$5,200. Capacity to seat 300. Congregation 200. F. Kunzler, pastor.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Clark, corner Washington Street. Organized 1834. Block erected 1859. Valued at \$250,000. Capacity to seat 1,300 or 1,400. Congregation about 900. The class-rooms, audience-room, and lecture-room on third floor. Entrance to the halls on both streets. Rev. W. C. Dandy, pastor.

FIRST SCANDINAVIAN METHODIST CHURCH, Illinois, between Kingston and Market Streets. Erected 1853. Organized 1854. Capacity to seat 400. Congregation about 350. Rev. N. O. Westergreen, pastor.

FREE METHODIST CHURCH, Jefferson, near Polk Street.

PARK AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Park Avenue, south-east corner Robey Street. Erected 1865. Cost \$11,000. Capacity to seat 380. Rev. Messrs. Eddy and Hitchcock, D.D., pastors.

WEST INDIANA-STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, West Indiana, corner Sangamon Street. The old house was erected in 1855. New house finished August 1, 1865. Organized March 25, 1865. Cost \$9,500. Capacity to seat 500. Congregation 450. Rev. William D. Skelton, pastor. Free library, 900 volumes.

WESLEY CHAPEL, Blackhawk, north-west corner Sedgwick Street. Organized 1854. Erected 1857. Cost \$12,000. Capacity to seat 350 persons. Average number of congregation 125. Rev. Henry Whipple, pastor.

GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

BETHEL AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Fourth Avenue, near Taylor Street. Organized 1851. Capacity to seat 350. Congregation 300. Rev. F. Myers, pastor.

FIRST GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 45, 47, and 49, Clybourn Avenue. Organized 1849. Erected 1851. Cost \$7,000. Capacity to seat 400. Congregation about 150. Rev. J. Bletsch, pastor.

MAXWELL - STREET GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Maxwell Street, near Newberry. Organized 1854. Erected 1855. Rev. F. Fischer, pastor.

NORTH-WESTERN GERMAN CONFERENCE, Chicago District. George L. Mulfinger, presiding Elder of the German societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Chicago German District North-western German Conference.

QUINN'S CHAPEL, AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Jackson Street, corner Fourth Avenue. Organized 1847. Erected 1854. Cost \$5,000. Capacity to seat 500. Congregation about 450. Rev. W. C. Trevan, pastor.

VAN BUREN GERMAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Van Buren, between Clark Street and Fourth Avenue. Organized 1852. Erected 1853. Capacity to seat 300. Congregation 125. C. A. Loeber, pastor.



NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

FIRST NORWEGIAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, North Franklin Street, north-west corner Erie. Organized 1848. Erected 1855. Cost \$16,000. Capacity to seat 550. Congregation about 500.

OUR SAVIOUR CHURCH, North May, corner Third Street. Society organized June 18, 1858. Church erected 1858. Cost \$5,000. Capacity to seat 700. Congregation about 500. Rev. J. Krohn, pastor. A free library connected with the church.

SWEDISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, 190 and 192, Superior Street. Organized January, 1853. Cost \$10,000. Capacity to seat 500. Congregation about 600. Rev. Erland Carlsson, pastor.

THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE UNCHANGED AUGSBURG CONFESSION, North Peoria, corner West Indiana Street. Organized 1858. Cost \$5,000. Capacity to seat 300. Congregation about 100. J. Hoedding, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, NEW SCHOOL.

CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Indiana Avenue, north-east corner of Twenty-second Street. Erected 1863. Organized July, 1859. Cost \$7,000. Capacity to seat 500. Congregation 200.

FIRST HYDE-PARK CHURCH, at Hyde Park. Cost \$2,000. Capacity to seat 125. Congregation 100. Rev. M. Averell, pastor.

NINTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Ellis Avenue. Rev. A. Eddy, pastor.

OLIVET CHURCH, Wabash Avenue, south-east corner of Fourteenth Street.

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner of Carpenter and West Washington Streets. Organized 1847. Erected 1857. Cost \$80,000. Capacity to seat 1,200. Congregation 600. Rev. Arthur Swazy, pastor.

WELSH CHURCH, Monroe Street, corner Sangamon. Rev. David Williams, pastor, residence 249, West Lake Street.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Ontario, corner North Dearborn Street. Organized July, 1855. Erected 1860. Cost \$3,500. Capacity to seat 300. Congregation 250. Prof. D. Earing, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, OLD SCHOOL.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Cass, between Michigan and Illinois Streets. Rev. F. F. Brown, pastor.

FIRST SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Organized 1867. Rev. R. F. Birns, D.D., pastor. Worships at Library Hall, Metropolitan Block, corner La Salle and Randolph Streets.

FULLERTON-AVENUE CHURCH, Fullerton Avenue, near North Clark Street. Organized and erected 1864. Cost \$4,000. Capacity to seat 300. Rev. Willis Lord, D.D., pastor.

JEFFERSON-PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D., pastor. Worship at the Free Will Baptist Church, corner Peoria and Jackson Streets.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fulton, near Clinton Street. Society organized 1845. Erected 1850. Destroyed by fire 1859, and rebuilt in 1860. Average congregation 300.

SEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Halsted Street, corner of Harrison. Rev. J. W. Larimore, pastor, residence 210, South Peoria Street.

SOUTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress Street. Erected 1859. Organized 1853. Cost \$8,000. Capacity to seat 400. Congregation 250. Rev. W. W. Harsha, pastor. W. G. Holmes, C. M. Howard, N. D. Hunter, J. H. Knapp, and John Forsythe, elders. William Wisdom, Summerville Thompson, and J. Buchanan, deacons. M. F. Tuley, W. G. Holmes, G. C. Cochrane, W. Wisdom, S. Thompson, Henry Waller, and James Buchanan, trustees.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES, UNITED.

FIRST UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Green, between West Madison and West Monroe Streets. Erected 1860. Organized 1860. Capacity to seat 300.

SECOND UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Twenty-fourth Street, near south-east corner Michigan Avenue. Organized April 21, 1864. Purchased the former Christ Church building

at the above-named place, in 1864. Organized August, 1864. Cost \$1,300. Capacity to seat 300. Rev. Mr. Marrow, pastor.

THIRD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Superior, corner North Franklin Street. Rev. J. S. McConnell, rector.

REFORMED DUTCH CHURCHES.

FIRST DUTCH REFORMED PROTESTANT CHURCH, Foster, near Polk Street. Organized 1849. Erected 1856. Cost \$1,500. Capacity to seat 260. Congregation 250. Rev. Henry Klyn, pastor, residence rear of church. A. A. Geritsen, sexton, residence 146, South Rucker Street.

SECOND DUTCH REFORMED PROTESTANT CHURCH, Monroe, south-east corner of Sangamon Street. Erected 1856. Organized 1857. Capacity to seat 250. Rev. Mr. Demarest, D.D., officiating pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY NAME, North State, corner Superior Street. Erected 1854. Cost \$100,000. Capacity to seat 1,400 persons. Congregation about 1,000. Rev. Joseph P. Roles, Rev. Fred. Smyth, and Rev. Max Albrecht, pastors. There is a Sunday school connected with the church on North Market Street, where about four hundred children receive instruction. The Sisters of Charity have also a Sunday school, attended by about six hundred girls. The Sunday school for boys in the basement of the cathedral is attended by about three hundred and fifty pupils. There is a free library attached to the school on Market Street, under the charge of a society of young ladies and gentlemen, who have associated to teach the catechism. The Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society attends to the distribution of alms and visitation of the destitute.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, North Franklin, near Schiller Street. Rev. Thaddeus J. Butler, D.D., pastor.

NOTRE DAME DE CHICAGO, Halsted, near Harrison Street. Erected 1865. Cost \$8,000. Capacity to seat 500. Rev. Jacob Cote, pastor.

ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, Bridgeport. Rev. John Grogan, pastor.

ST. BONIFACE'S CHURCH, Connell, north-east corner Noble Street. Philip Albrecht, pastor.

ST. COLUMBKILLE CHURCH, North Paulina, corner West Indiana Street. Rev. Thomas C. Bourke, pastor.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM (German Congregation), Clinton, north-east corner Mather Street. Erected 1851. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Clark, corner Eighteenth Street. Rev. John Waldron, pastor.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, east side Prairie Avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets. Rev. P. Conway, pastor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH (German Congregation), Chicago Avenue, north-east corner Cass Street. Erected 1864, at a cost of \$60,000. Capacity to seat 2,000. Congregation 1,000. Rev. Lewis Maria Fink, O.S.B., pastor; Revs. P. Meinrad, M.O.S.B., Maria Corbinian, M.O.S.B., Maria Leander, assistant pastors. There is a well-selected library for the use of the societies. There are five societies connected with this church: St. Benedictus, young men's; St. Gertrude's, young ladies'; St. Joseph's, married men; St. Mary's, married ladies',—all of which are for the promotion of practical religion and morality.

ST. LOUIS CHURCH, Sherman, near Polk Street. Rev. P. Noonan, pastor.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, Wabash Avenue, south-west corner of Madison Street. Erected 1845. Rev. T. J. Halligan, pastor. Rev. B. D. Murphy, assistant pastor. Rev. P. T. Butler, chancellor.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, (German Congregation), North Avenue, corner Church Street. Erected 1853. Capacity to

seat 850 persons. Rev. Pet. Zimmer, C.S.S.R., pastor. An extensive library, under charge of M. S. A. Bauer, librarian.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, South Desplaines, north-west corner of West Adams Street. Erected 1857. Very Rev. D. Dunne, V.G., D.D., pastor.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH (German Congregation), Clark, corner of Polk Street. Organized 1846. Present edifice erected 1863, at a cost of \$50,000. Capacity to seat 1,500 persons. Congregation about 1,000. Rev. Peter Fisher, pastor.

ST. WENZESLAUS CHURCH (Bohemian Congregation), De-Koven, north-east corner Desplaines Street. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor.

There are eleven convents connected with the Roman Catholic Church.

SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH.

TEMPLE OF THE NEW JERUSALEM, east side of North Reuben Street, near West Chicago Avenue. Erected 1857. Organized March, 1864. Cost \$1,700. Capacity to seat 160. Congregation 35. Rev. John H. Ragatz, pastor; residence 293, North Reuben. Sunday school with about 40 scholars. Free library, containing E. Swedenborg's works in German, etc. E. Wolter, librarian; F. Peters, J. Kuhl, E. Wolter, E. Priborsks, D. Ginther, and M. Dohn, trustees.

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST

FIRST CHURCH, Clinton, south-west corner of Wilson Street. Organized October 17, 1860. Erected 1862. Cost \$2,500. Capacity to seat 250. Congregation 150. Rev. E. A. Vasant, pastor. Sabbath school 1 P.M. 275 scholars.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, West Washington Street, north-east corner Sangamon. Erected 1861. Organized 1859. Cost \$5,000. Capacity to seat 550. Congregation 450. Rev. T. E. St. John, pastor. The Skinner Library Association, connected with the church, has 1,300 volumes.



Theological library

SCHOLARLY THEOLOGY

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER,
PUBLISHERS,
87, WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO,
*Are prepared to supply the public and the trade
with*

THE WORKS
OF
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,
Both Scientific and Theological,
IN THE (ORIGINAL) LATIN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN,
AND SWEDISH LANGUAGES.

"I remember nothing in Lord Bacon superior, few passages equal, either in depth of thought, or in richness, dignity, and felicity of diction, or in the mightiness of the truths contained in these articles (Swedenborg's). I can venture to assert, that, as a *Moralist*, *Swedenborg is above all praise*; and that, as a Naturalist, Psychologist, and Theologian, he has strong and varied claims on the gratitude and admiration of the professional and philosophical faculties." — *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*.

"His (Swedenborg's) writings would be a sufficient library to a lonely and athletic student. Not every man can read them; but they will reward him who can. The grandeur of the topics makes the grandeur of the style. One of the missouriums and mastodons of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars." — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

"There is one grand and beautiful idea underlying all his revelations or speculations about the future life. . . . His remarkably suggestive books are becoming familiar to the reading and reflecting portion of the community. They are not unworthy of study." — *John Greenleaf Whittier*

*The following collateral works of the NEW
CHURCH will be sent by mail, prepaid, to any address,
on receipt of the retail price.*

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER.

LIFE OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Together
with a Brief Synopsis of his Writings, both Philo-
sophical and Theological. By WILLIAM WHITE. 1 vol.,
12mo. \$1.50.

If it lead any to form an acquaintance with the writings of "the most
unknown man in the world," and, I may add, the most abused man in the
world, my end will be gained. I believe the day is not far distant when it will
be the greatest reproach of these times that the works of Swedenborg lay in
our midst and only a few men cared for them. Happily, this number is stead-
ily increasing; and, by and by, we may expect a general acknowledgment of
the fact, that Swedenborg was, without exception, the most gifted and extra-
ordinary man that has ever lived. — *Preface.*

LIFE: ITS NATURE, VARIETIES, AND PHE-
NOMENA. By LEO H. GRINDON, Lecturer on
Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester. 1
vol. \$2.25.

To those who care for the illustration which physical science casts upon
the science of mind, and upon the truths of Revelation, there will probably be
much that is both novel and inviting. . . . Science without religion is
empty and unvital. True wisdom, finding the whole world expressive of God,
calls upon us to walk at all times and in all places in the worship and reverent
contemplation of Him. — *Preface.*

PHENOMENA OF PLANT LIFE. By the same
author. Price \$1.00.

Full of beauty and full of wisdom: a reverent recognition of the handi-
work of God in all vegetable life, from the moss upon the stone to the monarch
of the forest.

Also, by the same author,

'THE LITTLE THINGS OF NATURE,' considered
especially in relation to the Divine Benevolence.
Price \$1.00.

OUR ETERNAL HOMES. By a Bible Student.
Contents: I. What is Heaven? II. Guardian Angels.
III. Heavenly Scenery. IV. Death the Gate of Life. V.
Do the Departed forget us? VI. Man's Book of Life.
VII. Infants in Heaven. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.25.

"This is a charmingly written book, on a very important subject. The chapter entitled 'Infants in Heaven' is especially beautiful. To those who wish for strikingly original views on this most important of all subjects, verified constantly by appeals to Bible texts, conveyed in clear and beautiful language, and in a tone devoutly reverential, we confidently recommend this handsome little volume."—*English Paper*.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER. By MARY G. CHANDLER. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.25.

"This work is entitled to a place among the higher productions of American female literature."—*Harper's Magazine*.

THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN. By the same author. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.50.

DEATH AND LIFE. By the same author. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.25.

The above three books bound in a uniform style, extra cloth, in sets, \$4.00.

ESSAYS. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

FIRST SERIES. 1 vol., 16mo \$0.75

SECOND SERIES. 1 vol., 16mo 1.00

THIRD SERIES. 1 vol., 16mo 1.00

By the set, bound uniformly 2.75

LECTURES ON THE INCARNATION, ATONEMENT, AND MEDIATION OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. CHAUNCY GILES. 1 vol. 50 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GROWTH OF THE MIND. By SAMPSON REED. 1 vol. \$1.25.

THE JOURNEY OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS. By D. H. HOWARD. \$1.00.

TEN LECTURES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION. By Rev. WILLIAM B. HAYDEN. \$1.00.

TEN CHAPTERS ON MARRIAGE: its Nature, Uses, Duties, and Final Issues. By the same author. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.00.

LECTURES ON THE NEW DISPENSATION. By Rev. B. F. BARRETT. 1 vol. \$1.50.

LECTURES ON THE SYMBOLIC CHARACTER OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. By Rev. ABIEL SILVER. 1 vol. \$1.50.

THE HOLY WORD IN ITS OWN DEFENCE. Addressed to Bishop Colenso, and all other earnest seekers after truth. By the same author. 1 vol. \$1.50.

A SEAL UPON THE LIPS OF UNITARIANS, TRINITARIANS, and all others who refuse to acknowledge the sole, supreme, and exclusive divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By Rev. ROBERT HINDMARSH. 1 vol. \$1.50.

AN APPEAL in Behalf of the Views entertained by the New-Jerusalem Church, embracing answers to all principal objections. By Rev. S. NOBLE. 1 vol. \$1.50.
A remarkably persuasive volume.

SERMONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By H. A. WORCESTER. 1 vol. \$1.00.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS CHRIST EXPLAINED ACCORDING TO THEIR SPIRITUAL MEANING. By Rev. J. CLOWES. 1 vol. \$1.50.

THE PARABLES OF JESUS CHRIST EXPLAINED. By the same author. 1 vol. \$1.50.

A DICTIONARY OF CORRESPONDENCES. 1 vol. \$2.00. A convenient manual for reference in explanation of Correspondences.

COMPENDIUM AND LIFE OF SWEDENBORG. *Contents:* Emanuel Swedenborg, as a Man of Science; as a Mathematician, and Philosopher of Nature; as a Civilian, Seer, and Theologian; and as a Philosopher of the Spirit: with a brief view of all his works on Science, Philosophy, and Theology, together with a Life. 1 vol. pp. 446. \$3.50.

 Especial attention given to importing Books to order. Send for our Catalogue.

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER,

CHICAGO

The Theological Works

OF

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,

*in the (original Latin), English, French, German,
and Swedish Languages.*

—◆—

AMERICAN EDITIONS SENT PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS ON
RECEIPT OF PRICE.

—◆—

Arcana Cœlestia, 10 vols. per vol \$2.00
(*Each volume sold separately.*)

Heaven and Hell. 1 vol. cloth, 12mo	1.00	
" " " cloth, 8vo	1.25	
" " " cloth, extra, 8vo	2.50	
The Last Judgment	.40	
The White Horse	.10	
Earths in the Universe	.40	
The New Jerusalem	.10	
Divine Love and Wisdom. Cloth, \$1.00; cloth extra	2.00	
Four Leading Doctrines. Cloth	1.00	

(*Separately.*)

Doctrine of the Lord	.15	
" " Sacred Scriptures	.15	
" " Life	.15	
" " Faith	.15	
Divine Providence. Cloth	1.00	
Apocalypse Revealed. 2 vols. per vol.	1.50	
Conjugal Love. Cloth	1.00	
Brief Exposition	.25	
Intercourse between the Soul and Body	.10	
True Christian Religion. Cloth	3.00	
Apocalypse Explained. 5 vols. 8vo per set	10.00	
Exposition of the Ten Commandments	.15	
Exposition of Prophetic Books and Psalms	.15	
Doctrine of Charity	.10	
Worship and Love of God. Cloth	1.00	

For information of foreign editions, address

E. B. MYERS AND CHANDLER,

Chicago.

THE SCIENTIFIC WORKS
OF
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG
(*So far as translated.*)

THE PRINCIPIA; or, the First Principles of Natural Things. Two vols. 8vo. \$7.00.

THE ECONOMY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically. Two vols. 8vo. \$7.50.

THE GENERATIVE ORGANS, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically. One vol. 8vo. \$3.50.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically. Translated by WILKINSON. Two vols. 8vo. (*Out of Print. Second-hand Copies are occasionally to be had.*)

OUTLINES OF A PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT on the Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation. One vol. 8vo. \$2.00.

SOME SPECIMENS OF A WORK ON THE PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY, with other Treatises. One vol. 8vo. 21 Plates, comprising 159 Figures. \$3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS connected with the Physical Sciences: with an Appendix, containing Swedenborg's Papers, from the *Acta Literaria Sveciæ*. One vol. 8vo. 9 Plates, comprising 86 Figures. \$2.00.

POSTHUMOUS TRACTS. One vol. 8vo. \$2.00.

A HIEROGLYPHIC KEY to Natural and Spiritual Mysteries by way of Representations and Correspondences. Paper. \$1.25.

The above will be sent to any address, by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER, PUBLISHERS,
87, Washington Street, Chicago.

A COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. By the Rev. WILLIAM BRUCE, of London. 1 vol. 8vo. 682 pages. Price \$4.00.

The New Church already possesses two Commentaries on this Gospel, Mr. Clowes' and Mr. Goyder's; and, were it not that this work differs in its plan from both, the author would not think of adding another to the number.

Besides his excellent summary of the internal sense, and his valuable notes and observations, Mr. Clowes' work consists entirely of extracts from the writings of Swedenborg. In the present work, an attempt is made to explain the whole. The author's object has been to produce a Commentary on the largest and most comprehensive of the Gospels, suitable for family reading. He has given the internal sense as correctly and clearly as his knowledge of the subject enabled him; and has endeavored never to lose sight of the important truth, that the end of all instruction is edification.

Also,

OBSERVATIONS ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE GOSPELS. By a Layman. 1 vol. 16mo. Price, cloth, \$1.25; gilt edges, \$1.50.

Contents.

Testimony of the Evangelists.	Second Coming of the Lord.
Tone of Existing Skepticism and Unbelief.	The Science of Correspondences Not Mere Symbolism.
Bishop Colenso.	A Universal Language.
Strauss's Life of Christ.	The Scriptures written on this Principle.
Renan's Life of Christ.	The Science of Correspondences known to the Ancients.
The Fourth Gospel.	Mr. Palfrey's Account of Josephus.
The Synoptical Gospels.	Difficulties in the Literal Sense of the Bible.
Effort of Modern Skeptics.	Character of Swedenborg.
Swedenborg's Doctrine of an Internal Sense.	Essays of Mr. Parsons.
Historical Evidence Unanswerable, but not Satisfactory.	List of the Works of Swedenborg.

This is a concise statement, by a Layman, of the present state of the controversy respecting the Authenticity and Genuineness of the Gospels. It contains accounts of the theories of Renan, Strauss, and others on the subject. The author comes to the conclusion, that the theory of Biblical Interpretation contained in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg is the true one, removing the infidels' objections. The work also contains a statement of the doctrines of Swedenborg on this point.

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER, PUBLISHERS,
87, Washington Street, Chicago.

DEUS HOMO. GOD-MAN. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 455 pages. Price \$2.50.

"It bears marks of profound and honest thought, and a sincere desire to help the world on towards a fuller and clearer knowledge of absolute and eternal truth."—*Chicago Journal*.

"Apart from the interest of this volume to readers who share the convictions of the author, it presents no small attractions to a wider circle, by the excellence of its literary execution, its temperate and dignified tone, and the philosophical suggestiveness of its discussions."—*New-York Tribune*.

"Perhaps no book has appeared from the scholars of the New Church that has promised more light to the inquirer, or bestowed more satisfaction upon the reader."—*Historical Magazine*.

"As a literary effort, Professor Parsons's book deserves notice. His exposition is made with a care that has not labored except long and patiently. His illustrations are apt, and his interpretations racy."—*The Round Table*.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GROWTH OF THE MIND. By SAMPSON REED. 1 vol. 16mo. 110 pages. Price \$1.25.

"This little book has run through six editions, and yet it is still sought after by all lovers of truth.

The title of the work expresses its character. It is an attempt to show *how the mind grows*, and, after defining the essential character of the mind, the author points out, in a most interesting and original manner, the actual development required.—The effect of the sciences, of poetry and music, of the actual condition of society, of the word of God, of the spirit of God and the character of the Bible."—*Boston Transcript*.

SWEDENBORG, THE PHILOSOPHER. By RUDOLPH LEONARD TAFEL. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 333 pages. Price \$2.25.

"Science cannot go beyond the theories already indicated by him.

"We invite our readers to peruse Prof. Tafel's book. Its reading will acquaint them with one of the greatest thinkers and one of the purest characters that ever lived."—*St. Louis Paper*.

"As a work relating to a remarkable man, and to that part of his history least known, it is well worthy of examination."—*New-England Paper*.

The above sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of price.

E. B. MYERS & CHANDLER, PUBLISHERS,
Chicago.

~~336925~~

F
548.62 **P55** **Phillips, George Searle, 1815-1889.**
Chicago and her churches. By George S. Phillips (January
Searle) ... Chicago, E. B. Myers and Chandler, 1868.

568 p. 20cm.

The first section of the work treats also of the settlement and early history of Chicago.

Contents.—Chicago and her churches.—Portraits of the officiating clergymen.—Appendix (list of churches of the various denominations,

1. Chicago—Churches. 2. Chicago—Hist. 3. Clergy—Illinois—Chicago. I. Title.

Library of Congress

548.62.P55

CCSC/ehw

AL6644

